

# Black Sunday Afternoon

Anna Ternheim

On the black sunday afternoon  
The sun is pale like the moon  
When you look to the sky  
Holy holy why  
All fades into blue  
On the black sunday afternoon  
No good time to walk alone  
On a bike riding home  
When you look to the sky  
Holy holy why  
All fades into blue  
On the black sunday afternoon  
Bad luck comes or just a car  
On the right side, hears a call  
And sees a blackbird flying low  
Above her head no mistletoe  
Nothing really moves  
On black sunday afternoons  
You wake up in a waterbed  
On the back of your head  
A lump and just a tiny hole  
Almost no light at all in here  
And when you call  
You can't hear your own voice at all  
They gather up, something's wrong  
They ask around, no one knows  
Have you been where the rivers cross  
By the water in the moss  
Nothing really moves  
On black sunday afternoons  
Sun's pale like the moon  
When you look to the sky  
Holy holy holy holy why  
All fades into blue  
On black sunday afternoons