

Sunday Paper

Ashley Gearing

I'm tired of hearing your voice on my
Answering machine
Seems like you've forgotten
All the things you did to me
So don't pretend you're lonely
And start saying "I love you"
You're the one who walked away
So here's what you can do

Put it in the Sunday paper
Hang it on a billboard on the street
Say it on a sixty second infomercial on tv
Tell it to your dog walker
Tell it to the clerk at the grocery store
Put it in the Sunday paper
I don't want to hear it anymore
Put it in the Sunday paper
I don't want to hear it anymore

You said that you needed space
So why do you keep crowding me?
And why you dropping by my house?
You know this ain't your street
I got the phone number
If you want to place an ad or two
They've got friendly operators
Who will gladly assist you

You got so much time on your hands
Then give it to charity
Go into therapy
Get yourself a hobby
Put it in a melody
Sing it on the Opry
Just stop bugging me

Put it up in sky writing
On the scoreboard of the football game
Write it with a sharpie on your forehead
And walk around for days
Tell it to your nosy neighbor
And put it up on your front door
Put it in the Sunday paper
I don't want to hear it anymore

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I don't want to hear it anymore