

Sober Saturday Night

Chris Young

I feel terrible, sunlight's hurting my eyes.
So I pull the shades and I make my place as black as night
I feel miserable, and I'm missing you and me.
Another Sunday morning all alone underneath these sheets.

No, I'm not hungover it's true, but I'm still not over you.
All messed up. All strung out. I was sitting at home breaking d
own.
Not out there getting high underneath some neon lights.
Ain't no whiskey strong enough to make things right.
I'm just getting over another sober Saturday night.

Besides the pain. I don't feel a thing.
When my buddies call me up I just let it ring.

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