

# Sunday Morning Breakup

Christian Walz

I reach in my pocket  
A number a name  
It seems so familiar  
The lose'ual game

A quick glance at first then  
a small silent wink  
Hands tremble and touch  
not asking too much  
Lights turned down low  
in a one evening show

Sunday morning breakup  
By noon she will be gone  
Sunday morning wake up  
You'll bet I'll be alone  
It seemed to work out  
At least over night  
But soon she'll be gone  
She said "This ain't right"

Everyone so special  
with their own way to tease  
But something is missing  
it's catch and release

Hands tremble and touch not,  
not asking a thing  
There's always a note  
and a promise to call  
but we know that we're lying  
The phone won't ring at all

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Day after day, week after week  
Monday through Thursday  
I feel like a freak  
Wednesdays are better  
when Friday's in sight  
I hope I have met her

by Saturday night