

## Stupid Sunday Song

Elin Sigvardsson

Well, I've done some stupid things that I regret  
I wish I had wings, I'd fly right out of this building  
And I'd like to speak my mind about it  
I'd lay it all on the line if I got out of bed in time  
But I'm still lying, yeah I'm still lying  
I don't know why, but I'm still lying  
Got a sundayhead, the beer taste like  
October weather, and the light outside  
Is a boring matter of time  
But if you would come around I'd shine  
I'd be at ease and you'd cross my mind  
And kiss this lonely mouth  
But you'll stay out, yeah you'll stay out  
Sunday night and you'll stay out  
Well, I've got these stupid days to waste  
I sit and play them away and you say  
Well, that's all a matter of taste  
But it's just one big countdown to me  
I swear it won't be long until  
You forget this stupid song  
And I'll be gone, yeah I'll be gone  
It won't be long until I'm gone  
And I'll be gone, yeah I'll be gone  
It won't be long until I'm gone