

This Time

Everyday Sunday

Everything is coming down
And I canæ° find my way around this town anymore.
So I walked out the door and waited for you to come.
But I couldnæ° figure out what it was for.
So now Iæ| looking out still waiting for you to come,
and it seems like I canæ° do anything to help you.
But Iæ| doing it all wrong.
I donæ° wanna be here anymore,
but I canæ° do it for you thatæ¬ not what itæ¬ for.
And I donæ° wanna look at the stars one more time,
and I think I can do it and Iæfl be fine.
I said Iæ| not giving it to you this time Itæ¬ for God,
nothing more, and I think Iæfl be fine.
You tied these strings around me
and choked me up to where I couldnæ° feel anything, and I just
wanna move.
I canæ° sit here anymore,
Iæ| so sick of the floor, thereæ¬ just something more.
Heæ¬ going back there, back where,
everyoneæ¬ got a line, but if thereæ¬ no love I donæ° want i
t this time.
I donæ° wanna fight it anymore, so here I am, and Iæ| not you
rs.
I said I donæ° wanna do it for you this time.