

## Untitled, anonymous

Everyday Sunday

Here I am again by myself in this room  
And I stare at the ceiling like the others  
The door closed, the light out, the window open  
The blinds shudder from the cold  
Empty walls are all staring at me  
While the faces in their frames look away  
The rain kisses the screen and then shatters and falls  
And there's something familiar about that  
I can't get away from myself  
And Im wondering where you are now

CHORUS

Seems like everyone else has the someone they need  
And there's an odd number of people like me  
But this can't be because I believe in something better than love

Here I am again by myself in this room  
There's no other place I can surface  
My insides want out while the outside wants in  
And the mirror is my window to the world  
Pictures of dreams are the words  
That I finally found tonight  
If I could show them to you  
Would you recognize the scene?  
I know that I may be lonely  
But am I ever alone?

CHORUS

Every part of me feels it tonight  
Alone to the tips of my fingers  
But it all goes away when the sun comes up  
So you'll never see this...