

Another Sunday

I Mother Earth

Sunday...
Always hard to get to sleep when
Weird noises are implying threats
On cold sheets I sweat
On any other day
It's all rest and flowers
And a long night of nothing
In the morning some coffee
'Cause when the sun goes
Down you close your eyes and think
That you might wake in the same place

I'm out of my head
That was what they said
There was no way I would
Ever trust again
There's something that fills you up
And it feels you up and then
It takes control of your better sense
There ain't no control of things
You take for granted
But they came and they
Held me up and they felt me up
And left...I miss them

Take me to your world
I want to know if I belong
There instead of here
Is there religion?
It is unordinary
To want this affection
But I don't have a real friend
And I hate my whole family
But from my bed, my window's
Lit by a red light
I have seen before, while floating away