

Better Than Sunday

Ladyhawke

I'm in an empty room; I've waited here since noon.
The walls are closing in, the room is getting dim.
I'm feeling something wrong, the time is getting on.
You've left me here alone; you're holding all I own.

I can't walk the line I can't see the time.
I'm falling out of view I'm sinking into you.
I can't walk the line I can't see the time.
I'm falling out of view I'm sinking into you.

I'm leaving Monday its better than Sunday, it's better than Sunday, it's better than....
I'm feeling younger it's better than wiser, it's better than wiser, it's better than....
I'm leaving Monday its better than Sunday, it's better than Sunday, it's better than....
I'm feeling younger it's better than wiser, it's better than wiser, it's better than....

It's getting dark outside; I shrink and try to hide.
There's no one else to blame, it's always been the same.
I'm leaving notes around, so when I'm gone they're found.
You'd wish you treated me, with much more dignity.

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I'm falling out of view I'm sinking into you.
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