

Sunday Morning Call

Oasis

Here's another Sunday morning call
You hear your head banging on the door
You slip those shoes on and then out you crawl
Into a day that couldn't give you more
But what for?

And In your head, do you feel
What you're not supposed to feel
And you take, what you want
But you don't get it for free
You need, more time
Coz your thoughts and words won't last forever more
But I'm not sure
If it ever works out right
But it's OK
It's alright

When you're lonely and you start to hear
The little voices in your head at night
You will only sniff away the tears
So you can dance until the morning light
But at what price?

And In your head, do you feel
What you're not supposed to feel
And you take, what you want
But you can't get hope for free
You need, more time
Coz your thoughts and words won't last forever more
But I'm not sure

If it ever ever ever works out right
If it ever ever ever works out right
Coz it never never never works out right