

## Wasted Early Sunday Morning

Sneaker Pimps

You're not the sun, it's just  
A light, Waking ealry Sunday  
Morning, You're not my church,  
It's just the belles, Ringing  
Sweetly through the house, And in  
This sense of mine, You're not an  
Answer, and I'm not this prayer.  
You're still in reach, I please  
Myself, Wasting early Sunday  
Morning, You're not my lead,  
You're just my help, Talk the  
Edge off sheardenial, And in this  
State of mine, you're what I want,  
Nothing close to what I need.  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in.  
Suit yourself, lose myself,  
Breaking early Sunday morning,  
You're not the sun, you're not  
My church, I still hold some self-  
Control, But in this sense of  
Mine, I'm still too high, look  
No hands.  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in,  
I breathe you in.