

And I will sell myself for something I made out to be
And I will sell myself for something I wanted out to be
'Cause talking sucks I know you like it
It's just made up stuff beneath the ice cellar

We'll never know what love is
All we know is that love is
When you're really that happy to see me
When you're really that happy to see me smile

When she gets up and I'm still awake
Please go easy on me, Sunday
When she gets up and I'm still awake
Please go easy on me, Sunday
Woah please go easy on me, Sunday
Yeah yeah yeah please go easy on me, Sunday

And I will sell myself for something I made out to be
And I will sell myself for something I wanted out to be

'Cause all this talk is kinda boring
you got too much fun for someone boring

We'll never know what love is
All we know is that love is
When you're really that happy to see me
When you're really that happy to see me smile

When she gets up and I'm still awake
Please go easy on me, Sunday
When she gets up and I'm still awake
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Woah please go easy on me, Sunday
Yeah yeah yeah please go easy on me, Sunday