

Always On Sunday

Tammany Hall NYC

always on sunday,
i think about the "used-to be's",
the "where am i's", my fantasies.
always on sunday, i think about you and i
in the woods side-by-side.
the autumn air. a hay ride.

always on sunday, i think about my boys
and the noise we would make in my car.
with seven guys, we didn't get far,
but that was still cool, cool, cool.
it's better to live and to act like a fool
than to fool yourself into not really living at all.

always sunday.
always sunday.

always on sunday,
she's on my eyelashes lingering.
tears have all dried up,
but the sting's still tingling.
let em fall.
tears have to fall always.

always sunday.
always sunday.