

## On Sunday

'Til Tuesday

You should take a walk  
But its just the same wherever you go  
You just wish the ghost was gone  
So you make some calls  
But its talking while you're wanting to go  
You're just ringing phones for fun  
You can always make a new excuse to cry  
But you don't have to use it on yourself

[Chorus:]

So why spend your sadness now  
Save it up for me on Sunday  
And why is lonely all you have  
When love is what you'll find on Sunday

You might guard your heart  
But its awfully fun to have it broken  
Or at least to leave a bruise  
It becomes an art  
Though the rules of which are rarely spoken  
By the lucky ones who can choose  
So your pain becomes another souvenir  
And your souvenirs become your world

[Chorus x2]