

# Sunday

Tori Kelly

Ey yeah  
Ah ey

When the world looks at me  
I wonder what they see  
Underneath these eyes  
Oh, smiles masquerade as pain  
And grow up to be shame  
Then leave me with a lie

I know they, they don't see my flaws  
Or these hidden scars  
And all the mess I've made  
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya  
Here's my hallelujah  
Every single day, I'm running to Your grace  
Ey, ey, ey

I'm tired of this dirty heart  
That keeps our world apart  
I need Your loving fire  
And even in these church clothes  
I can't dress up my soul  
To be free is my desire

I'm so far from where they think I am  
But when I raise my hands  
I'm reaching out for life  
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya  
Here's my hallelujah  
Every single day, I'm running to Your grace

I know they, they don't see my flaws  
Or these hidden scars  
And all the mess I've made  
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya  
Here's my hallelujah  
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Running to Your grace  
Ooh, I need it everyday