

She keeps me waiting in the morning  
Tying ribbons in her hair  
And come the evening theres no warning  
Why I'm not to know why she isn't there

No time to tell her all the reasons  
Why I always disappear  
And in those desperate situations  
I just fade away still she never cares

But Glorafilia says  
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh  
And Glorafilia says  
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh

She keeps me wrapped around her finger  
So I don't know what to do  
And using my imagination  
She could set me free  
I bet she's dying to

And sipping wine around a table  
Her expense is plain to see  
Entertainging for a living

She's got everything that she doesn't need

But Glorafilia says  
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh  
And Glorafilia says  
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh

I can't sleep at night  
I must show that things just ain't right  
I really need to know

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