Sunday

Sia

For those who've slept
For those who've kept
Themselves jacked up
How Jesus wept, Sunday, Sunday
For those in need
For those who speed
For those who try
To slow their minds with weed
Sunday, Sunday
For those who wake
With a blind headache
Who must be still, who will sit and wait
For Sunday to be Monday
Yeah, it will be okay
Do nothing today
Give yourself a break
Let your imagination run away

For those with guilt
For those who wilt under pressure
No tears over spilt milk
Sunday, Sunday
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday
Yeah, it will be okay
Do nothing today
Give yourself a break
Let your imagination run away
Yeah, it will be okay
Do nothing today
Give yourself a break
Let your imagination run away
Over me

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