

# Sunday Best

## Washington

We get sick when we get started  
What you got is what you wanted  
I sleep in a lake of navy  
I know how many times you played my song  
Thirty one, thirty one  
And the color of my modern heart  
Broken smile, broken heart  
I wonder how you ever made it  
Holy sh!t, you sure can turn it on  
Twenty one, twenty one, twenty one  
Do ya, do ya, do ya know what's  
In my head when I'm below you?  
Do I, do I, do I know you?  
Do I, do I, do I make you hum?  
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for  
(repeat) I want you to make a mess of me  
In all my Sunday best, I'll get dressed  
I'll get ready. anekatips  
Hold it, hold it, hold it steady  
I will take the time to make it  
Just to give you the chance to break it  
We get sick when we get started  
What you got is what you wanted  
What you got is broken-hearted, broken-hearted  
I watch you when you wonder how you ever made it  
I start shaking when you shake it  
Holy sh!t, you sure can turn it on  
Ah do ya, do ya, do ya know what  
in my heat when I'm below you?  
Do I, do I, do I know you?  
Do I, do I, do I make you hum?  
Everybody's got somebody that they're look for  
(repeat) We get sick when we get started  
What you got is what you wanted  
What you wanted

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