

The Sun

Street To Nowhere

The sun hangs over Sunday
and I'm tangled in sheets
it creeps between my eyelids
seems the blinds sprung a leak
pills crushed in wine are a headache sometimes
but not 'til the feelings worn off
still the sun hangs over Sunday
and I'm not getting up
There's nothing like a beautiful morning
no there's nothing like a beautiful day
no there's nothing like a beautiful morning
to make me hate the way I hate myself today
the sun hangs over Sunday
I pull the blankets over my head
and it creeps between the stitches
I melt like wax in my bed
there was someone here last night
before I closed my eyes
She's just a scent on the sheets
still the sun hangs over Sunday
and I'm gettin' the fuck back to sleep
the sun hangs over Sunday
and I'm hung over as well
the sun hangs over Sunday
and I'm hung over as hell

Songwriters

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