

Sundays and Holidays

Red House Painters

What do you think in the back seat?
Traveling through the yellow open state
Am I too slow to turn my thoughts to words
To turn meaningless to meaning
Am I too down to notice smell and sound
To tell dull from bright Let the sad winter moon turn slow to my future
And the cool dark air cover me in my nearing bed
Where angels, men and mothers
Get to spend their Sundays and holidays
Where curtains hide the ugly scenes inside
From the rest of us What's inside the brick walls of divide?
Barred window screens
Hospital, not a love scene
Hospital, not a calm ocean

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