Sunday Best

Steve Strauss

When she's sleeping on the sofa
When she's lying in her Sunday best
When she's turning over Friday
I could swear I'm sleeping less and less
When the ocean's getting warmer
And California's on her mind
Los Angeles is tired
But we always seem to feel alright
But I won't, no I won't, no I won't
'Cause she's already out the door
She's already out of here
She's already gone away
Already gone away, away
When I'm coming over Sunday
And I think about you all the time
I wonder what you're doin'
I wonder why you never cry

When Boston's always raining
And we never ever seem alive
I sung about you once now
I guess it might as well
But I won't, no I won't, no I won't
'Cause I'm already out the door
I'm already out of here
I'm already gone away
Already gone away
Well I'm already out the door
She's already out of here
I've already gone away
Already gone away
Don't go back, you don't go back
Don't go back, you don't go back
Don't go back, you don't go back

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