

Ugly Sunday

Mark Lanegan

I feel your blood run cold
And it's a rainy Sunday morning
I count the million miles
I'm driftin' from here, to hell
Today Behind their windows people stare
Can't recognize the kindness there
Just prayers for drownin' ships at sea
None for me
And you It'll take a hard rain to wash your taste away
Still I wish there was a reason left to stay, yeah I'm drunk half blind and it's an ugly Sunday morning
The wind arrives with the clouds refusing to break apart, like me
Why if all the world's stopped turnin', how can all this rain keep fallin'
Washin' me a million miles away
From you

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