

Sunday Morning

Night Ranger

Staring at the telephone
No, it doesn't ring
Thinking of you lying there
As you hide your wedding ring I'm always up for something new
My timing's never right
Maybe, I should be with someone else
For just one night No more of your darkness
No more stupid games
No more staying out all night
I wish to God I'd never known your name Sunday morning Yeah, you shake it up alright
Your friends, they all agree
And after you have had your fun
Well, what becomes of me No more of your promises
Clandestine Rendezvous
And I feel your sweat all over me
I wish that I had something left to lose Sunday morning
Sunday morning Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Alright, alright, alright, alright, oh Staring at the telephone
No, it doesn't ring
Staring out the window
I have no wedding ring No more
No, no, no more
No, no, no more
No, no, no, oh yeah Sunday morning
Sunday morning Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right Sunday morning
Sunday morning

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