

Sunday

Pinegrove

i woke up it was saturday
grey in the sky
there's nothing more to say on that i got up got out of my bed
stretched my arms wide
it's time to let this fall from me it's time to let it fall: i move through & just as soon
my clothes are catching on
(my eyes closed, lost in my room)
i move through & just assume
my clothes are catching on thorns
but I'm bringing them with me
bringing them with me
call me on sunday
call me!
call me!
call me on sunday i move through & just as soon
my clothes are catching on
i'll come through, i always do
when I'm movin i just assume
my clothes are catching on thorns
but i'm bringing them with me
bringing them with me i never kept good touch
but it's alright, you never expected much

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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