

Sunday Best

Augustana

When she's sleeping on the sofa
When she's laying in her Sunday best
When she's turning over Friday
I could swear I'm sleeping less and less.
And 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 When I'm coming over Sunday
And I think about you all the time
I wonder what you're doing
I wonder why you never cry
When Boston's always raining
And we never ever seemed alive
I sung about you once now
I guess I 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've already gone away
Already gone away Well I'm already out the door
I'm already out of here
I've already gone away
Already gone away

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