

Wasted Early Sunday Morning

Sneaker Pimps

You're not the sun, it's just a light
Waking early Sunday morning
You're not my church, it's just the bells
Ringing sweetly through the house And in this sense of mine, you're not an answer
And I'm not this prayer You're still in reach, I please myself
Wasting early Sunday morning
You're not my lead, you're just my help
Talk the edge off shear denial And in this state of mine, you're what I want
Nothing close to what I need I breathe you in, breathe you in
Breathe you in, I breathe you in
Breathe you in Suit yourself, lose myself
Breaking early Sunday morning
You're not the sun, you're not my church
I still hold some self control But in this sense of mine, I'm still too high
Look, no hands I breathe you in, breathe you in
Breathe you in, I breathe you in
Breathe you in I breathe you in, I breathe you in
I breathe you in, I breathe you in
I breathe you in

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