

# Sundays

## Malkovich Music

Colored rubbers and a bedroom set  
I wouldn't know it if it hit me  
You take a little step and then it feels like love  
I think I better get a little of it in me  
Give me a kiss, I think it feels like love  
Give me a kiss, I think it feels like sunshine  
C'mon baby, light me up  
I wanna look into your eyes until I go blind  
You think that you can do without me  
I can't do anything at all  
You think that you can do without me  
But I don't believe in Sundays  
And I don't believe in anything at all  
Your mother made you in a parking lot  
My mother made me out of flesh and wire  
Try to remember what you might forget  
I try to remember everything  
Try to remember so you don't disappear  
Try to remember so you don't fade away  
Your mother made you out of smoke and rain  
Your mother made you in a fire that's fading  
You think that you can do without me  
And I can't do anything at all  
You think that you can do without me  
But I don't believe in Sundays  
And I don't believe in anything at all  
I wanna touch you for the things I'm losing  
I wanna touch you for my self-respect  
Give me a reason or I might stop breathing  
Give me a reason why I'm soaking wet  
Gotta stop breathing 'cause the sky is falling  
I might go out and watch the moon explode  
Give me directions to the highway crossing  
I'll go lie down in the middle of the road  
And you think that you can do without me  
I can't do anything at all  
You think that you can do without me  
But I don't believe in Sundays  
And I don't believe in anything at all

I don't believe in Sundays

And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything

And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything

And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything

And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything

And I don't believe in anything at all

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