

Sunday, Pt. 1

Cibo Matto

The bomb in my heart is beating me a benote
Maybe my ear dirt is cheating on me, yo
'Cause missin' you on Sunday morning, I need somethin' new
It's Sunday morning
But nothing helps me
I'm just waiting for the milkman to come I can't find it, I can't find it Why do I feel so lonely? I don't know how
to compromise
You are my one and only. What can I find 'til the moon rises? I feel dizzy, you're so damn sleazy, I know you'll
say "I was busy"
Baby, take me out, it's been rained out so I run to the bank to get my cash
And check our savings of love out but it's closed on Sunday
What can I say? I feel blue the rain starts soaking my shoes
We're losing glue I can't find a clue, I'm knocking on the door
Somebody is dancing on the floor, then I know the score, I can't take it no more The Knicks winnin' can't even
make me high, cuttin' coupons for nothing makes me sigh I can't find it, it's been on my mind, I've been trying
to find it day and night

Songwriters

MIHO HATORI, SEAN ONO LENNON, TIMO ELLIS, YUKA HONDA Published by

Lyrics © BUG MUSIC OBO 70% WATER Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>