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 comeI can't find it, I can't find itWhy 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 moreThe Knicks winnin' can't even make me high, cuttin' coupons for nothing makes me sighI can't find it, it's been on my mind, I've been trying to find it day and night

Songwriters
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