

# This Time

## Everyday Sunday

Everything is coming down  
And I can find my way around this town anymore.  
So I walked out the door and waited for you to come.  
But I couldn't figure out what it was for.  
So now I'm looking out still waiting for you to come,  
and it seems like I can do anything to help you.  
But I'm doing it all wrong.  
I don't wanna be here anymore,  
but I can do it for you that not what it for.  
And I don't wanna look at the stars one more time,  
and I think I can do it and I'll be fine.  
I said I'm not giving it to you this time It for God,  
nothing more, and I think I'll be fine.  
You tied these strings around me  
and choked me up to where I couldn't feel anything, and I just wanna move.  
I can sit here anymore,  
I'm so sick of the floor, there just something more.  
He going back there, back where,  
everyone got a line, but if there no love I don't want it this time.  
I don't wanna fight it anymore, so here I am, and I'm not yours.  
I said I don't wanna do it for you this time.

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