

Sunday Night

Buffalo Tom

Sunday night and now I know
How the night can pass slow
All kinds of ugly outside that's right
And I'm all alone tonightDistant highway dim
Leaky roof my doubt drips in
As the street lights and my prospects dim
She turns in bed and thinks of himWhere's the solace you can find?
At the bottom of your mind?
Now, friends pushed me from behind
And I feel so empty I could dieA ladder to the edge
Hangover throbs inside my head
And all the stupid things I've ever said
Now make me wish that I was deadIt's night time, Greenwich mean time
A man puts up a detour sign
And the waterfalls of regret
Unleash in torrent of cold sweatWhere's the solace you can find?
At the bottom of your mind?
Now, friends pushed me from behind
And I feel so empty I could dieSunday night
Sunday nightWhere's the solace you can find?
At the bottom of your mind?
Now, friends pushed me from behind
Feel so empty I could die
Die, oh die, yeah
I could die

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