

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 tonight Distant highway dim
Leaky roof my doubt drips in
As the street lights and my prospects dim
She turns in bed and thinks of him Where'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 die A 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 dead It's night time, Greenwich mean time
A man puts up a detour sign
And the waterfalls of regret
Unleash in torrent of cold sweat Where'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 die Sunday night
Sunday night Where'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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