Sick Day

Breaking Pangaea

Waiting Sunday, fall apart.
Time for all your worries, worried heart.
Weekends work begins, time is gone.
What was gold, slipped our fingers, moved on.
And I worry cause I think there's something wrong with me.
Do you feel it?
Feel the same?
Taking back Sunday is all that we can do
or remember days I spent with you.
Ignore the evidence.
Does anybody know the answer?
What went wrong?
Where'd the time go?
Cause I worry and I think there's something wrong with me again.
Do you feel it?
Feel the same way?
And I'm falling, are you with me?
Cause I'm falling down, are you with me?
And I'm falling, are you with me?

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