

# Sunday Best

## Augustana

When she's sleeping on the sofa  
When she's lying in her Sunday best  
When she's turning over Friday  
I could swear I'm sleeping less and less  
When the ocean's getting warmer  
And California's on her mind  
Los Angeles is tired  
But we always seem to feel alright  
But I won't, no I won't, no I won't  
'Cause she's already out the door  
She's already out of here  
She's already gone away  
Already gone away, away  
When I'm coming over Sunday  
And I think about you all the time  
I wonder what you're doin'  
I wonder why you never cry

When Boston's always raining  
And we never ever seem alive  
I sung about you once now  
I guess it might as well  
But I won't, no I won't, no I won't  
'Cause I'm already out the door  
I'm already out of here  
I'm already gone away  
Already gone away  
Well I'm already out the door  
She's already out of here  
I've already gone away  
Already gone away  
Don't go back, you don't go back  
Don't go back, you don't go back  
Don't go back, you don't go back

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