

# Sunday Suit

## Hot Water Music

Shun me I've done you wrong.  
Mocked you and broke your home.  
Carried on as a king to throne. I know, I loathed.  
I've reconciled my faith with no way to explain where it comes from.  
Heard out suspicious ways, forwent the drowning pain. Oh, and I've had mine  
Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I never saw your light.  
Fear had its grip for quite sometime, so I obeyed and lied.  
Listen, don't hear this wrong, you've taught me what I know.  
Though I'm not what you want, I've found peace on my own.  
Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I left Siddhartha style.  
I choose a path of open minds, am I damned for it?  
I know the evils of mankind and I keep far from them.  
Do all I can to grow inside. Judge me for that.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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