

Church on Sunday

Green Day

Today is the first day of the rest of our lives
Tomorrow is too late to pretend
Everything's all right
I'm not getting any younger as long as you don't get any older
I'm not going to state that yesterday never was Bloodshot deadbeat and lack of sleep
Making your mascara bleed
Tears down your face
Leaving traces of mistakes If I promise to go to church on Sunday
Will you go with me on Friday night?
If you live with me, I'll die for you
And this compromise I hereby solemnly swear to tell the whole truth
And nothing but the truth is what I'll ever hear from you
"Trust" is a dirty word that comes only from such a liar
But "respect" is something I will earn...
If you have faith

Songwriters

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