

Sun Comes Up, It's Tuesday Morning

Cowboy Junkies

Sun comes up, it's Tuesday morning
Hits me straight in the eye
Guess you forgot to close the blind last night
Oh, that's right, I forgot it was me
I sure do miss the smell of black coffee in the morning
The sound of water splashing all over the bathroom
The kiss that you would give me even though I was sleeping
But I kind of like the feel of this extra few feet in my bed
Telephone's ringing but I don't answer it
'Cause everybody knows that good news always sleeps till noon
Guess it's tea and toast for breakfast again
And maybe I'll add a little T.V. too
No milk, God, how I hate that
Guess I'll go to the corner, get breakfast from Jenny
She's got a black eye this morning, "Jen, how'd ya get it?"
She says, "Last night, Bobby got a little bit out of hand"
Lunchtime, I start to dial your number
Then I remember so I reach for something to smoke
And anyways I'd rather listen to Coltrane
Than go through all that shit again
There's something about an afternoon spent doing nothing
Just listening to records and watching the sun falling
Thinking of things that don't have to add up to something
And this spell won't be broken by the sound of keys scraping in the lock
Maybe tonight it's a movie with plenty of room
For elbows and knees a bag of popcorn all to myself
Black and white with a strong female lead
And if I don't like it, no debate, I'll leave
Here comes that feeling that I'd forgotten
How strange these streets feel when you're alone on them
Each pair of eyes just filled with suggestion
So I lower my head, make a beeline for home seething inside
Funny, I'd never noticed
The sound the streetcars make as they pass my window
Which reminds me that I forgot to close the blind again
Yeah, sure I'll admit there are times when I miss you
Especially like now when I need someone to hold me
But there are some things that can never be forgiven
And I just gotta tell you I kinda like this extra few feet in my bed

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