

Sunny Day In Hell

Argyle Johansen

I woke up today, to hear the weather man say
It was gonna be another sunny day in hell.
Now this got stuck in my hand and I just don't understand
How this got me through life but I'm still here.

So they stole my memory with the pictures on TV
and I sat through it and I took it on the chin
Now I sit here passively, smoking like a chimney,
And I wonder sometimes where it all went south

On a sunny day in hell, a sunny day in hell
On a sunny day in hell, a sunny day in hell

So they got me to my feet and pushed me out onto the street
In a taxi cab to a waiting room I sped
When in her Sunday clothes, passed a girl named Anna Rose
who said look up when I was looking low

On a sunny day in hell, a sunny day in hell
On a sunny day in hell, a sunny day in hell

For the times when I forgotten, when you called me Johnny Rotten
and then told me you'd be sittin' in the sun
Down at the riverside where I can sit and hide
and think about somethings I haven't done.

On a sunny day in hell, a sunny day in hell

Lyrics submitted by Malice None.

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