

# Wasted Early Sunday Morning

## Sneaker Pimps

You're not the sun, it's just a light  
Waking early Sunday morning  
You're not my church, it's just the bells  
Ringing sweetly through the house And in this sense of mine, you're not an answer  
And I'm not this prayer You're still in reach, I please myself  
Wasting early Sunday morning  
You're not my lead, you're just my help  
Talk the edge off shear denial And in this state of mine, you're what I want  
Nothing close to what I need I breathe you in, breathe you in  
Breathe you in, I breathe you in  
Breathe you in Suit yourself, lose myself  
Breaking early Sunday morning  
You're not the sun, you're not my church  
I still hold some self control But in this sense of mine, I'm still too high  
Look, no hands I breathe you in, breathe you in  
Breathe you in, I breathe you in  
Breathe you in I breathe you in, I breathe you in  
I breathe you in, I breathe you in  
I breathe you in

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