Another Sunday

Stuart Murdoch

Sunday, always hard to get to sleep
When weird noises are implying threats
On cold sheets, I sweat
On any other day
It's all rest and flowers
And a long night of nothing
In the morning some coffee
'Cause when the sun goes down
You close your eyes
And think that you might
Wake in the same place
I'm out of my head
That was what they said
There was no way
I would ever trust again
There's something that fills you up
And it feels you up and then
It takes control of your better sense
There ain't no control of things
You take for granted
But they came and they held me up
And they felt me up and left
I miss them
Take me to your world
I want to know if I belong there
Instead of here
Is there religion?
It is unordinary
To want this affection
But I don't have a real friend
And I hate my whole family
But from my bed
My window's lit by a red light
I have seen before
While floating away
I'm out of my head
That was what they said
There was no way
I would ever trust again

There's something that fills you up
And it feels you up and then
It takes control of your better sense
There ain't no control of things
You take for granted
But they came and they held me up
And they felt me up and left, left, left, left
I'm out of my head
That was what they said
There was no way
I would ever trust again
There's something that fills you up
And it feels you up and then
It takes control of your better sense
There ain't no control of things
You take for granted
But they came and they held me up
And they felt me up and they left
I miss them

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