

# 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

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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  
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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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