

# Sunday Morning

## Night Ranger

Staring at the telephone  
No, it doesn't ring  
Thinking of you lying there  
As you hide your wedding ring  
I'm always up for something new  
My timing's never right  
Maybe, I should be with someone else  
For just one night  
No more of your darkness  
No more stupid games  
No more staying out all night  
I wish to God I'd never known your name  
Sunday morning  
Yeah, you shake it up alright  
Your friends, they all agree  
And after you have had your fun  
Well, what becomes of me  
No more of your promises  
Clandestine Rendezvous  
And I feel your sweat all over me  
I wish that I had something left to lose  
Sunday morning  
Sunday morning  
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Alright, alright, alright, alright, oh  
Staring at the telephone  
No, it doesn't ring  
Staring out the window  
I have no wedding ring  
No more  
No, no, no more  
No, no, no more  
No, no, no, oh yeah  
Sunday morning

Sunday morning  
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two wrongs don't, two wrongs don't  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Sunday morning  
Sunday morning

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