Sundays

Trashmonkeys

Colored rubbers and a bedroom set
I wouldn't know it if it hit me
You take a little step and then it feels like love
I think I better get a little of it in me
Give me a kiss, I think it feels like love
Give me a kiss, I think it feels like sunshine
C'mon baby, light me up
I wanna look into your eyes until I go blind
You think that you can do without me
I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything at all
Your mother made you in a parking lot
My mother made me out of flesh and wire
Try to remember what you might forget
I try to remember everything
Try to remember so you don't disappear
Try to remember so you don't fade away
Your mother made you out of smoke and rain
Your mother made you in a fire that's fading
You think that you can do without me
And I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything at all
I wanna touch you for the things I'm losing
I wanna touch you for my self-respect
Give me a reason or I might stop breathing
Give me a reason why I'm soaking wet
Gotta stop breathing 'cause the sky is falling
I might go out and watch the moon explode
Give me directions to the highway crossing
I'll go lie down in the middle of the road
And you think that you can do without me
I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything at all

I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything
And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything
And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything
And I don't believe and I don't believe in anything, in anything
And I don't believe in anything at all

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