# Sunday Morning

## The Last Chucks

You've been here before
Yeah, you've seen it all
And I won't even let you
Look over my walls
Say you're terrified
So am I but I won't give in
I could never tell you
It would let you in
You can stay, you offer
That's all I really wanted on

Sunday morning is what
Makes this life worth living
Yeah, Sunday morning, it gives me
Something to believe in
Please don't let me go

Your touch is simple
You're jaded, you're sweet
I tried so hard to
Make you fall in love with me
You kissed my fingertips
This is all I have
Do I really need to
Say anything back?
Please don't break me you plead
You've already broken me by

Sunday morning is what
Makes this life worth living
Yeah, Sunday morning, it gives me
Something to believe in
Please don't let me go

But nothing's ever permanent
No, nothing's ever permanent

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