

Far "Waiting For Sunday"

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I'm always frightened
I wear my helmet every day
I'm scared the sky might tumble
Down from Heaven

I blame my neighbors
I wish that they'd all move away
They're all on welfare, kill babies
Pass bad laws, start all the wars

I wait for a miracle
I go to big building, I pray
I dance with demons, they whisper my fate
Scare me into thinking I'm saved

We're all so tired
We wear our raincoats every day
To keep the wet and wind and world out
Waiting for Sunday, waiting for Sunday

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