

Hogwash "Sunday Morning"

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Sunday morning
I'm sad in the heart
Nothing to do 'till it's dark
When I'll be drunk again

Sunday morning
Warm under the blanket
Left alone just like me
While everybody sleeps.

Thinking of her that I already miss
Where have we thrown
The love we made
In this same bed
And how many times
Had I Hated me for this?

...Thinkin' of her on a sunday...

Thinking of her that I already miss
Where have you thrown
The love we made
In this same bed
And how many times
Had I hated me?

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