

## Buffalo Tom "Sunday Night"

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Sunday night and now I know  
How the night can pass slow  
All kinds of ugly outside that's right  
And I'm all alone tonight

Distant highway dim  
Leaky roof my doubt drips in  
As the street lights and my prospects dim  
She turns in bed and thinks of him

Where's the solace you can find?  
At the bottom of your mind?  
Now, friends pushed me from behind  
And I feel so empty I could die

A ladder to the edge  
Hangover throbs inside my head  
And all the stupid things I've ever said  
Now make me wish that I was dead

It's night time, Greenwich mean time  
A man puts up a detour sign  
And the waterfalls of regret  
Unleash in torrent of cold sweat

Where's the solace you can find?  
At the bottom of your mind?  
Now, friends pushed me from behind  
And I feel so empty I could die

Sunday night  
Sunday night

Where's the solace you can find?  
At the bottom of your mind?  
Now, friends pushed me from behind  
Feel so empty I could die  
Die, oh die, yeah  
I could die

