

Butch Walker

"Sunny Day Real Estate"

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Messed up pantyhose
Bloody nose from a candy cane habit that no one
knows about
This is your story nine to five
The weekend comes, the weekend goes
But the smoke and cum stains on your clothes
Remind you that you had a good time
And it all starts over where it all begins
And you wake up and realize the movie ends
Where the hangover started and the pills began
Before she falls asleep she whispers

Yeah its another sunny day
Outside of my rainy life, how long till its right?
Yeah its another sunny day
Drowning in the tears that I cry
How long till Im dry again?

Now you woke up cold, your face all red
You swear that the morning joggers want you dead
If the karma calls and bikers don't do it first
You see you love this guy, you hate his girlfriend
You don't give a shit its sex in the end
You try to decide which is worse
And you try so hard to disassociate
With suicidal dark commas and negotiate
With a razorblade and a palm pilot
As you're looking at the back of your eyelids screaming

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Outside of my rainy life
How long till its right?
Yeah its another sunny day
Drowning in the tears that I cry
how long till Im dry again?

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