

Josh Warren "Sunday"

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Friday plans fall through, I'm going nowhere
I say, "How 'bout tomorrow, can you come?"
The next day she heads home early
Sorry's not enough
Maybe my bad timings running out

Chorus:

Sunday comes and nothing matters anymore
She reminds me what I've been waiting for
All the times we have tried
To make it work and now I'm finally
Holding in my arms
Proof that the third times the charm

She takes me by the hand and says, "Let's go,"
My heart seems like it's beating out of my chest
The embrace we shared under the stars, the light on
her face
Makes me forget that anything was wrong

Chorus

I've had other girls
But no one else was what she means to me
The two that came before
No I can forget them
For this feeling
Could it be?
I guess we'll see when...

Chorus

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