

Live Fish "Sunday"

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So that's your grand idea that on the surface seems
so deep
Well maybe you shouldn't believe everything you
think
You've got it all figured out but either way you look
It's been thought of before and no one's that
impressed

Since you're so keen on sharing your worn out
philosophies
Would you lend me the courtesy of letting me share
with you?

Open your blind eyes, and fix your broken soul
The ground is spinning with the rest of the world you
thought you owned
You clean up so nice and play the perfect role
Inside you're full of filth and way too short on love

Is that caution to the wind that's making this
nauseous feeling grow?
I can't help but think it's your remedy that's making
me sick
The pretension is so thick that you could slice it with a
knife
When what you need to taste is this fresh baked
humble pie

Now don't get me wrong I'm all about respect
But I'm losing a little more everyday
For those of you who never get the point
Don't give me your line about "raised to know
better"
And allow me to quote from the red letters
The part that calls your kind, "sons of Hell"

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