

Maggie Walters "Sundays"

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Sorry that I gave you all my Sundays
Oblivious and blind believing everything you said

All the things I never knew I wanted
Chasing me and charming me and sleeping in my bed

And Iâ€™m sorry that I gave you all my Sundays
Sundayâ€™s never gonna be the same

Carelessly I drew my own conclusions
Missing pretty chances I was waiting for your call

Foolishly seduced by our illusions
The one who fit so perfectly did not exist at all

So Iâ€™m sorry that I gave you all my Sundays
Sundayâ€™s never gonna be the same

Let you wrap your promises around me
Suffocating, choking me in ways I canâ€™t explain

Made you love the little things about me
The very things you loved in me are the things you took
away

So Iâ€™m sorry that I left you in the morning
But morningâ€™s never wouldâ€™ve been the same

And Iâ€™m sorry that I gave you all my Sundays
Sundayâ€™s never gonna be the same

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