

## Marcella Bella

### "Same Father"

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Well, there's a word for stress  
It's called suck-sess  
All this work and no play  
Could make anybody a physical wreck  
Well, i'll be checkin' out  
Next time it comes around  
You can call me anytime  
But don't be surprised if i don't wanna hear it  
On a sunday  
'Cause that's the one day i can  
Have a gin and tonic iv  
Become one with my settee  
Contemplate my navel or just breathe  
La, la, la, la la la la.....  
A million bombs could fall  
They could burn down the mall  
But when i've made my mind up  
I just got to get away from it all  
When i start growing hair  
On things that were'nt there  
I know it's time to stop  
My head will pop if i have to hear it

On a sunday  
'Cause every other day  
I've worked so hard i've needed a clone  
Feel like i had a shot of testosterone  
Just wanna vegetate and blow up the phone  
La, la, la, la la la la la  
Not on a sunday  
'Cause that's the one day i can  
Get undressed with nowhere to go  
Brush up on my greta garbo  
Get in contact with my alter ego  
La, la, la, la la la la  
Just one day please  
To be careless and free  
Before i go crazy.....

