

Mark Lanegan "Ugly Sunday"

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(lanegan/johnson)

I feel your blood run cold
And it's a rainy sunday morning
I count the million miles I'm driftin'
From here, to hell
Today

Behind their windows people stare
Can't recognize the kindness there
Just prayers for drownin' ships at sea
None for me
And you

It'll take a hard rain to wash your taste away
Still I wish there was a reason left to stay

I'm drunk half blind
And it's an ugly sunday morning
The wind arrives with the clouds refusing to break
Apart, like me
Why if all the world's stopped turnin'
How can all this rain keep fallin'
Washin' me a million miles away
From you

Why if I'm so alone now
Is it getting hard, to say goodbye now
Goodbye now

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