

## Marti "No Sundays"

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Sitting here all alone  
Looking outside  
A truck's just passed now  
The sun is setting and all  
Seems to be crystal clear  
But what is really under control?

Well I dunno who stared this  
what got me here  
if I should feel bad  
'Cause I am feeling  
weak, strange, grand

I got no Sundays anymore  
Or everyday is Sunday if you prefer

Sitting here on the porch  
Looking inside  
I'm just not part of anything  
Just trying to be a better man  
Either on the way up or on the way down

Well I dunno what got me here  
What drags my days  
Who's pulling strings but  
You got that way of smiling  
That makes me think it is just for me  
And it makes my day

I got no Sundays anymore  
I got no Sundays anymore  
I got no Sundays anymore  
Or every day everyday is Sunday if you prefer

Or everyday everyday is Sunday if you prefer

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