Matchbook Romance "Sunday Warning"

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Another Sunday for a weak end Struck from the bed, head first The arrow contact that carried further distance Where were you when you were here

Some memories often not quite remembered Some memories remain stains Train track star love of golf club hunting X marks the reason, X marks the reason

Sometimes the colors of my words upset the colors in your head Every Sunday warning Come back Casa Blanca Winter was our killer everywhere so long and lovely

Head for the comfort of your comfort I don't believe I still believe you Held for the last time Held long lasting until whether we were at all

Every Sunday morning
There's an early warning to the way we are
Used to talk for hours in the arctic showers of a driving
rain
Almost lost control of medicative holds on one winter
wonder year

We could cut our eyes out
We could cut our eyes out, we could cut our eyes
But through all the changes
It's the end that made us, made us what we are

Every Sunday morning
There's an early warning to the way we are
Used to talk for hours in the arctic showers of a driving
rain
Almost lost control of medicative holds on one winter
wonder year

We could cut our eyes out We could cut our eyes out, we could cut our eyes But through all the changes It's the end that made us, made us what we are

So you say the feelings remain Face the fall, we fail just the same This is how we fall, this is how we fall

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