

**Paul Janz****"Just A Regular Sunday Morning"**

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Sunday morning... On this street  
Sunday morning... Dirty street  
I just walk away

Sometimes I feel like I am going nowhere  
Long hair has grown too long to see or to sing a song  
Ring a bell of the house where you live to say hello  
No one's home that's what the door says  
Walking down the narrow street to get some sweets  
Both the hands in my pocket looking for something I  
need

Sunday morning... On this street  
Sunday morning... Dirty street  
I just walk away

Sometimes I feel like I am the only one looking down  
Looking down the ground covered up with all kinds of  
leaves  
I hear a baby crying and dog is barking warning me  
I walk away from everything I see...

Cheese cake is what I want to eat  
A few cups of cupcinis will wake me up from the day  
dream...

How can I? How can I? How can I make myself go?  
Before baby stop crying... before all the leaves fall...

Looking for the word on the dirty street...  
On the dirty street where I used to sleep...

Only street where I'll be walking tomorrow...

Looking for the word on the dirty street...  
On the dirty street where I used to sleep...  
Only street where I'll be walking tomorrow...

Sunday morning... On this street  
Sunday morning... Dirty street  
Sunday morning... On this street

Sunday morning... Dirty street  
I just walk away!

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