

## Slackstring

### "Sunday Jen"

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Monday morn is taking this life away from me.  
I find myself in the same place again.

Staring at the same four walls,  
screen makes my eyeballs crawl,  
and no man was made to live the life I'm in.

But I won't spend time on your giant clock,  
my imagination just won't stop.  
I just can't let this feeling go,  
I guess I should just ask you so...

Sunday Jen, oh won't you let me come see you  
tomorrow,  
though I know my time is six days away.

Sunday Jen, oh this I know, the future can't be  
borrowed,  
but there's no one else who makes me feel this way.

No since forcing it, you just got to let it flow.  
And I can't think to say I let it go.  
After all this time, after all that we've been through,  
just one less car 'on down the avenue

Abstract thoughts on a page, were never really my  
forte,  
and too much logic and Savoir Faire for two souls in  
parallel.

Sunday Jen, oh won't you let me come see you  
tomorrow,  
though I know my time is six days away.

Oh Sunday Jen, won't you let me come see you  
tomorrow,  
but theres no one else that makes me feel this way

(solo)

Sunday Jen, oh wont you let me come see you

tomorrow;  
I know my time is six days away.

Sunday Jen, oh this I know, the future can't be  
borrowed,  
but there's no one else who makes me feel this way.

Oh Sunday Jen, won't you let me come see you  
tomorrow?

Oh Sunday Jen, won't you let me come see you  
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