

The Sounds

"Sunday A.M"

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We're talking early Sunday. You're standing last.
Another bottlecap just hit the ground. You're almost
falling over, around the corner lies the one that now
just makes your heart hurt. You're feeling all alone.
Can't talk to anyone, you need to ride it out. Feel like
there's nothing left, like they just took your best.. The
air is thicker, maybe. It doesn't help you smoked so
much your lungs have had enough. You know you're
almost broken and at this point it's not "I want you
back" but "could i go with". So sick of left behind. Too
empty now to try. You've got to ride it out. If they would
have just called we could have had it all...

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