

World Without Sundays

"Everything We Never Meant To Say"

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I don't even know their names
I just know them as the people Im supposed to blame
Every week the people change
Are we slamming all the doors
Is it really so important to be keeping score
Of all the people gone
Who never come back again
Yesterday would be ok
If tomorrowd throw away
Everything it never meant to say
But we wont see a bit of change
If we always have to pay
For everything we never meant to say
Someone dying in the street
In a neighborhood a hundred million miles from me
Makes it easier to sleep
When the world is getting small
Our solution is to build a bigger stronger wall
But once you're locked inside
Youll never get out again
Yesterday would be ok
If tomorrowd throw away
Everything it never meant to say
But we wont see a bit of change
If we always have to pay
For everything we never meant to say
Everything we never meant to say
Is everything we'd never want from them
Everything that I hope with all I am
That we never meant to say

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