

Novocaines

"Like A Sunday Morning"

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She's in the phone booth,
And I'm a looking in.
The smile on her face sets bloom to my skin.
Shes pushing numbers,
and I'll be driving her home.
And while I'm tired she screams you know.

Cos I'm feeling it so low,
And I've been going it solo,
And I've been holding, I.

Won't you come on over,
been feeling just a little bit lost sometimes.
Won't you come on over,
We'll be getting high.

She deserves better,
But i can't give more.
She's open wide, and she's still so ignored.
But i keep to myself man,
I keep holding her off.
Cos when I'm coming down my heads enough.

Cos I'm feeling it so low,
And I've been going it solo,
And I've been holding, I.

Won't you come on over,
been feeling just a little bit lost sometimes.
Won't you come on over,
We'll be getting high.

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