

Tom Buffalo

"Sunday Night"

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Sunday night and now I know
How the night can pass slow
All kinds of ugly outside that's right
And I'm all alone tonight
Distant highway din
Leaky roof my doubt drips in
And as the streetlights and my prospects dim
She turns in bed and thinks of him
Where's the solace you can find?
Is it at the bottom of your mind?
My friends pushed me from behind
I feel so empty I could die
A ladder to the edge
Hangover throbs inside my head
And all the stupid things I've ever said
Now make me wish that I was dead
It's nighttime, Greenwich Mean time
A man puts on a detour sign
And the waterfalls of regret
Unleash in a torrent of cold sweat
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