

Mushroomhead

"Next Sunday"

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The sunbeam shines through my window
Reflects a picture of me and you
So happily that no one could ever know

Paper dolls and magazines
Baby pictures and movie scenes
There's so many things that remind me of you

Little blonde girls playing hopscotch
Across from my street
At their bus stop
I bet those are the things that you used to do

And as I sit back and watch tv
Every program has a silly scene
That I just can't escape thinking of you

There are those things that I can live without
But it doesn't phase me
I just block it out
You're the one I know for sure
You're the one I've been searching for
And after all is said and done
I'll see you at my door

Summer hangouts
The days we had
Sunday movies were not that bad
To make up for the time that I missed you

And I'll wait up by the phone for you
To call me back after I called you
But it seems sometimes I'll be waiting here forever

If I know you
You said you know me
Because it all adds up like we're on tv
Because it's good at first
But then you run out of ideas

And the truth only hurts

When you're too proud to say it first
But by then I already feel like it's too late

There are those things that I can live without
But it doesn't phase me
I just block it out
You're the one I know for sure
You're the one I've been searching for
And after all is said and done
I'll see you at my door
At my door

I guess I can only see you next Sunday
I guess I can only see you next Sunday
I guess I can only see you next Sunday
I guess I can only see you next Sunday

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