

Name Taken "For Sunday"

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For Sunday

For 17 years I've let this go, I've let this go

No one cares now, not even I now,

that this familiar place has never once felt like home

So when you think that you have the right to say,

why doesn't your heart burn like ours?

I'll let the ashes go, this wound you can't replace

No one including you cared to comfort the flame

Because you can't see me,

so don't pretend like I owe it to you, like you saved me

It's not of your hands

I owe nothing to you

You never reached out when I needed anyone

But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've
never seen,

then and only then do I truly feel home in this hope

So befriend me and smile to my face, I swear I'm lying
this time

I've never been so far away when these regrets are
worthless to me

And God why do I blame them?

I'm begging you to forgive me

But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've
never seen,

then and only then do I feel home in a hope that will
embrace the sky

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