

Mills "Speeding On Sunday"

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Everyone's got something
To say these days
Everyone knows how it should be
But it's a miracle man
Each day goes to plan
The ones that don't aren't so easy

I thought I'd write you a letter
Figured I'd call you instead
But it's hard to see the light
When it's so bright in your eyes
Another era of our history

Well the night's too young
For sleeping
And I can't be the last one to go
What I believe right now
Is we can work it out
I imagine later when it becomes so

Everyone's speeding on Sunday
Think they got someplace better to be
Let's not be the ones
Wishing we had done
Something better with our history

Everyone's speeding on Sunday
Think they got someplace better to be
Let's not be the ones
Wishing we had done
Something better with our history

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