

BXF

"Sunday"

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I came home from my trip today
And the house was so empty
All your things were gone

You left a note up on the door
Said you dont need me anymore
Said that were all wrong

And I crumpled to the ground
With just the walls to hear the sound
Of my breakin' heart

Breakin' into
A thousand pieces
Bleeding for you
A thousand pieces
Breakin' into

Feels like Im choking on broken glass

You didnt call until three days
Said you hoped I was okay
Said youd had this planned

Told me youd found someone new
And that they were so good to you
Just knew Id understand

And I crumpled to the ground
With just the walls to hear the sound
Of my breakin' heart

Breakin' into
A thousand pieces
Bleeding for you
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Feels like Im choking on broken glass

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