

Cactus 12

"Last Sunday"

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I'm sitting here thinin' of how it would be
If we traded places, and you were me
I wish I'd of been there like I should
I think you should come back,
I wish you would.

I don't know where you are, or what you're thinking
But I hope you're in the right place, laughing
You know I think of you everyday
I think of you when I eat, sleep, work, and pray.

Where were you last Sunday?
When we lost our own way,
And where were you on Friday?
Now we know you're gone.

I think you were afraid of something inside
You never found your new light, you never found your
guide
I think there was something holding you down
You never broke free, it had you bound.

Where were you last Sunday?
When we lost our own way,
And where were you on Friday?
Now we know you're gone.

Where were you last Sunday?
When we lost our own way,
And where were you on Friday?
Now we, Now we...

Where were you last Sunday?
When we lost our own way,
And where were you on Friday?
Now we know you're gone.

I think you were afraid of something inside
You never found your new light, you never found your
guide.

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