

## **The Soviettes**

### **"Sunday A.M."**

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We're talking early Sunday. You're standing last.  
Another bottlecap just hit the ground. You're almost  
falling over, around the corner lies the one that now  
just makes your heart hurt. You're feeling all alone.  
Can't talk to anyone, you need to ride it out. Feel like  
there's nothing left, like they just took your best.. The  
air is thicker, maybe. It doesn't help you smoked so  
much your lungs have had enough. You know you're  
almost broken and at this point it's not "I want you  
back" but "could i go with". So sick of left behind. Too  
empty now to try. You've got to ride it out. If they would  
have just called we could have had it all...

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