

## Eric Boff

### "Cardboard Sunday"

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I'm not a dreamer anymore.  
I'm not alone but i wish i was.  
I'm not an ordinary soul, no...  
I'm just in between everything and it seems as though  
this is where I have to stay...  
Is this a concrete fate?  
I don't need a lifeboat to come this time,  
But I think the waters nearly filled my mind...my mind.

I need this consistent kind of instance to give me back  
the smile I know is still employed.  
I need a little time when time won't go so fast cause  
Relapse carries a bittersweet aftertaste.  
Perhaps it's just another Cardboard Sunday...

So Cardboard Sunday won't you leave me be?  
I know it's good sometimes, but this time this mind just  
needs to be released.

I'm not fishing for jaded things.  
I'm not wishing bad upon anything...  
I just, I just wait.  
And I think i'm close to something great.  
I think that heaven starts way before the "gates".  
Oh and it's true I grew up way to fast.  
So if you want to try me in my past well,  
I'm still that boy, I just lost my toys.

I want this consistent kind of instance where distance  
isn't so far from home.  
Oh and It's a long ride to become someone who can  
strum away all the pain.  
But, Perhaps It's just another Cardboard Sunday.

Cardboard Sunday let your walls fall down.  
And I'll pick out the color to the window panes.  
I'll pick out the color as my feelings change.  
And I'm gonna leave this space,  
Drive with my ambition to never trace...again.  
Never trace again...

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