

Matto Cibo

"Sunday Part I"

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The bomb in my heart is beating me a B note
Maybe my ear dirt is cheating on me, yo
'Cuz missin' you on Sunday morning, I need somethin'
new
It's Sunday morning
But nothing helps me...I'm just waiting for the milkman
to come

I can't find it, I can't find it

Why do I feel so lonely? I don't know how to
compromise
You are my one and only. What can I find 'til the moon
rises?

I feel dizzy, you're so damn sleazy, I know you'll say "I
was busy"
Baby, take me out, it's been rained out so I run to the
bank to get my cash
And check our savings of love out but it's closed on
Sunday
What can I say? I feel blue the rain starts soaking my
shoes
We're losing glue I can't find a clue, I'm knocking on
the door
Somebody is dancing on the floor, then I know the
score
I can't take it no more

The Knicks winnin' can't even make me high
Cuttin' coupons for nothing makes me sigh

I can't find it, it's been on my mind
I've been trying to find it day and night

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