

## Ani Difranco "Sunday Morning"

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Sunday morning  
Slow beats seething  
Through the screens in  
The open windows  
Eggs frying  
Legs shaking  
After we stayed lying  
So long in bed  
Sunday morning  
Both of us reading  
And looking up occasionally  
Looking up occasionally

Sunday morning  
You're doing your thing  
And I am doing mine  
Speaking words  
More a formality  
Cuz we can feel we  
Are of one mind

Sunday morning  
Sheets still warm  
Kitties swarming  
Around our feet  
Life comes easy  
Your sweet company  
Making it so complete

Of all the Monday through Fridays  
We joined the crusade  
Of all the Saturday nights  
In which we were made  
Of all the exorcisms  
I've done with your ghosts  
Still it's Sunday morning  
I miss you the most

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