

## Tony Lucca

### "Sunday Morning"

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It was Sunday morning when you told me  
we were at our, little place  
sittin at a nook in the corner  
I could tell by the expression on, your face  
buried my head in my hands as you went and paid the  
bill  
how could you just walk out  
when I know you know how, I loved you still

and it came without a warning  
as it ended all too soon  
the thought of you becomes the pain of Sunday  
morning  
another tearstained day a sleepless night  
a week goes by and I'm all right  
still I can't seem to get past Sunday morning

I came home to an empty house  
the footsteps' echo followed me on up the stairs  
thoughts of you run through my head  
as I lie in the bed you and I once shared  
visions of you cloud my dreams  
your face is everywhere  
it pains me as I reach for you  
realizing you're no longer there.

and it came without a warning  
as it ended all too soon  
the thought of you becomes the pain of Sunday  
morning  
another tearstained day, a sleepless night  
a week goes by and I'm all right  
still I can't seem to get past Sunday morning

I long to learn to love again  
until then I'll long for the  
love you gave me  
prayed for God to save me from the  
pain of Sunday morning, that painful Sunday morning

and it came without a warning

as it ended all too soon  
the thought of you becomes the pain of Sunday  
morning  
another tearstained day a sleepless night  
a week goes by and I'm all right  
still I can't seem to get past Sunday morning

it came without a warning...

it ended all too soon...  
another tearstained day a sleepless night  
a week goes by and I'm all right  
still I can't seem to get past Sunday morning

Sunday morning...

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