

Sunday Morning Breakup

Christian Walz

I reach in my pocket
A number a name
It seems so familiar
The lose'ual game

A quick glance at first then
a small silent wink
Hands tremble and touch
not asking too much
Lights turned down low
in a one evening show

Sunday morning breakup
By noon she will be gone
Sunday morning wake up
You'll bet I'll be alone
It seemed to work out
At least over night
But soon she'll be gone
She said "This ain't right"

Everyone so special
with their own way to tease
But something is missing
it's catch and release

Hands tremble and touch not,
not asking a thing
There's always a note
and a promise to call
but we know that we're lying
The phone won't ring at all

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Day after day, week after week
Monday through Thursday
I feel like a freak
Wednesdays are better
when Friday's in sight
I hope I have met her

by Saturday night