

Sun Comes Up, It's Tuesday Morning

Cowboy Junkies

Sun comes up, it's Tuesday morning
Hits me straight in the eye
Guess you forgot to close the blind last night
Oh, that's right, I forgot, it was me

I sure do miss the smell of black coffee in the morning
The sound of water splashing all over the bathroom
The kiss that you would give me even though I was sleeping
But I kind of like the feel of this extra few feet in my bed
Telephone's ringing, but I don't answer it
Cause' everybody knows that good news always sleeps till noon

Guess it's tea and toast for breakfast again
Maybe I'll add a little T.V. too
No milk! God, how I hate that
Guess I'll go to the corner, get breakfast from Jenny
She's got a black eye this morning, `Jen how'd ya get it
She says, `Last night, Bobby got a little bit out of hand

Lunchtime. I start to dial your number
Then I remember so I reach for something to smoke
And anyways I'd rather listen to Coltrane
Than go through all that shit again

There's something about an afternoon spent doing nothing
Just listening to records and watching the sun falling
Thinking of things that don't have to add up to something
And this spell won't be broken
By the sound of keys scraping in the lock

Maybe tonight it's a movie
With plenty of room for elbows and knees
A bag of popcorn all to myself,
Black and white with a strong female lead
And if I don't like it, no debate, I'll leave

Here comes that feeling that I'd forgotten
How strange these streets feel
When you're alone on them
Each pair of eyes just filled with suggestion
So I lower my head, make a beeline for home
Seething inside

Funny, I'd never noticed
The sound the streetcars make as they pass my window
Which reminds me that I forgot to close the blind again
Yeah, sure I'll admit there are times when I miss you
Especially like now when I need someone to hold me
But there are some things that can never be forgiven
And I just gotta tell you
That I kinda like this extra few feet in my bed