

Stupid Sunday Song

Elin Sigvardsson

Well, I've done some stupid things that I regret
I wish I had wings, I'd fly right out of this building
And I'd like to speak my mind about it
I'd lay it all on the line if I got out of bed in time
But I'm still lying, yeah I'm still lying
I don't know why, but I'm still lying
Got a sundayhead, the beer taste like
October weather, and the light outside
Is a boring matter of time
But if you would come around I'd shine
I'd be at ease and you'd cross my mind
And kiss this lonely mouth
But you'll stay out, yeah you'll stay out
Sunday night and you'll stay out
Well, I've got these stupid days to waste
I sit and play them away and you say
Well, that's all a matter of taste
But it's just one big countdown to me
I swear it won't be long until
You forget this stupid song
And I'll be gone, yeah I'll be gone
It won't be long until I'm gone
And I'll be gone, yeah I'll be gone
It won't be long until I'm gone