

## This Time

Everyday Sunday

Everything is coming down  
And I canæ° find my way around this town anymore.  
So I walked out the door and waited for you to come.  
But I couldnæ° figure out what it was for.  
So now Iæ| looking out still waiting for you to come,  
and it seems like I canæ° do anything to help you.  
But Iæ| doing it all wrong.  
I donæ° wanna be here anymore,  
but I canæ° do it for you thatæ¬ not what itæ¬ for.  
And I donæ° wanna look at the stars one more time,  
and I think I can do it and Iæll be fine.  
I said Iæ| not giving it to you this time Itæ¬ for God,  
nothing more, and I think Iæll be fine.  
You tied these strings around me  
and choked me up to where I couldnæ° feel anything, and I just  
wanna move.  
I canæ° sit here anymore,  
Iæ| so sick of the floor, thereæ¬ just something more.  
Heæ¬ going back there, back where,  
everyoneæ¬ got a line, but if thereæ¬ no love I donæ° want i  
t this time.  
I donæ° wanna fight it anymore, so here I am, and Iæ| not you  
rs.  
I said I donæ° wanna do it for you this time.