

# Ugly Sunday

Mark Lanegan

I feel your blood run cold  
And it's a rainy Sunday morning  
I count the million miles  
I'm driftin' from here, to hell  
Today

Behind their windows people stare  
Can't recognize the kindness there  
Just prayers for drownin' ships at sea  
None for me  
And you

It'll take a hard rain to wash your taste away  
Still I wish there was a reason left to stay, yeah

I'm drunk half blind and it's an ugly Sunday morning  
The wind arrives with the clouds refusing to break apart, like  
me  
Why if all the world's stopped turnin', how can all this rain k  
eep fallin'  
Washin' me a million miles away  
From you

Why if I'm so alone now  
Is it getting hard, to say, goodbye, now  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Oh oh