

Everything She Touches is Gold to Me

Said the Whale

Hurry up Sunday, I cannot wait
I sent you a letter but I know it came late
I'll be there early dressed to the nines
If you got my message then I know we'll be fine
Nothing ever comes my way

Everything she touches is gold to me
Everything she touches is gold to me

Monday just drags on, Tuesday's the same
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday could be any old day
I just want Sunday, will you be there?
Did you get my letter and did you even care?

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Hurry up sunrise, I cannot wait
All the nights are lonely and tomorrow's the day

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