

# Why Are Sundays So Depressing

The Strokes

I sing a song  
I paint a picture  
My baby's gone  
And I don't miss her  
Like a swan  
I don't miss swimming  
All my friends left  
And they don't miss me

Can't take it, babe  
Your body talks to me  
Like in a movie, babe  
I let it resonate, yeah

I want your time (Time, time)  
Don't ask me questions (Questions, questions)  
That you don't want (Want, want)  
The answers to (To, to)

I love you in the morning, so you know it's no lie  
You're hiding in the background, but you wanna be found  
You've got me on my back and now I've gotta think fast  
You're hiding in the background, but you wanna be found

I take it easy, babe, I  
I get down, it's automatic, I

I've come to believe in that  
That too much time is evil

I transition in  
I'm making your body wait  
Like on an aeroplane  
Please baby, take me away, yeah

I want your time (Time, time)  
Don't ask me questions (Questions, questions)  
That you don't want (Want, want)  
The answers to (To, to)

I know  
I know  
I know  
I know

I kinda miss the nine to five, yeah  
Do those things that you can't hide  
I scramble, fight just like a child

I'm staying hungry  
I'm staying hungry  
I'm staying hungry  
I'm staying hungry  
Not getting angry  
I'm staying hungry  
Not getting angry  
Still staying hungry, yeah