

## Sunday Evening

The Black Angels

What if I told you that everything you know  
Isn't even really true?

I don't think that you think much, do ya?  
You don't think that I notice, do ya?

And if I told you that nothing matters in the end

I'm not sure if you care much, do ya?  
I don't guess that you scare much, do ya?

I'm so tired of those fears I have, dear  
I'm so tired of those fears we have, dear

I can do what you can  
Even if my beliefs are broken  
Even if my pockets broke too  
I can do anything that you can do

One day, some Sunday, you'll realize you taste death  
And just one day away from you

Then I think that you care more, won't ya?  
I'm pretty sure that you'll pay more, won't ya?

Well, who would you ask if you had to find the truth?

I don't know that you know much, do ya?  
Not that anyone does, now do they?

I'm so tired of your fears you have, dear  
I am tired of those fears we have, dear  
We're on fire 'cause those fears they have, dear

I can do what you can  
Even if my beliefs are broken  
Even if my pockets broke too  
I can do anything that you can do  
Looking into the future  
I got a wild thought in my head  
It turns me up like a fine machine  
Turn me off like a worship machine

Show someone else your loin  
Watch their head hit the floor  
Pray to, pray what for  
Watch all heads hit the floor  
Keys, all gold and more  
Love us, not what for  
All the way past Sunday evening  
All the way to Monday's door