

Sunday Best

Washington

We get sick when we get started
What you got is what you wanted
I sleep in a lake of navy
I know how many times you played my song
Thirty-one

And the colour of my modern heart
Broken smile, broken art
I wonder how you ever made it
Holy shit, you sure can turn it on
You're twenty-one

Do you, do you, do you know
What's in my head when I'm below you?
Do I, do I, do I know you?
Do I, do I, do I make you hum?
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for

I want you to make a mess of me
In all my Sunday best
I'll get dressed and I'll get ready
Hold it, hold it, hold it steady
I will take the time to make it
Just so you've the chance to break it

We get sick when we get started
What you got is what you wanted
What you got is broken hearted, broken hearted

I watch you when you wonder how you ever made it
I start shaking when you shake it
Holy shit, you sure can turn it on

Do you, do you, do you know
What's in my head when I'm below you?
Do I, do I, do I know you?
Do I, do I, do I make you hum?
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for
Everybody's got somebody that they're looking for
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What you got is what you wanted
What you wanted