

She keeps me waiting in the morning
Tying ribbons in her hair
And come the evening theres no warning
Why I'm not to know why she isn't there

No time to tell her all the reasons
Why I always disappear
And in those desperate situations
I just fade away still she never cares

But Glorafilia says
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh
And Glorafilia says
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh

She keeps me wrapped around her finger
So I don't know what to do
And using my imagination
She could set me free
I bet she's dying to

And sipping wine around a table
Her expense is plain to see
Entertainging for a living

She's got everything that she doesn't need

But Glorafilia says
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh
And Glorafilia says
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh

I can't sleep at night
I must show that things just ain't right
I really need to know

But Glorafilia says
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh
And Glorafilia says
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh

But Glorafilia says
She says its just another Sunday afternoon oh oh
And Glorafilia says
She says there ain't no point in loving you no oh