

Blue Sunday

Citizen

On my blue Sunday
There's nothing else that I can do
I throw my troubles away
Don't do nothing I don't want to
And as your body takes shape
I draw your shadow in my room
I got a lot to take in and nowhere to begin
She told me, she told me oh no
don't you keep me waiting baby

Don't want to be something
If I gotta sell my wounds to you
Dig up a memory I hate
Get some attention when I do
Now everybody knows best
Only see things how they want to
When papers roll in, it doesn't have to be me
But it will, but it will never be you

Kick me down, mess me up a little more than last time
Kick me down, mess me up a little more than last time

In the back of my head
Where the devils come play
Nothing better than this
I'm not missing a thing

And if you lay me down
Just let me burn instead
And if I get knocked down
I don't want to go back

In the back of my head
Where the devils come play
Nothing better than this
I'm not missing a thing
In the house that I live
Where I spend all my days
Nothing better than this
I don't miss anything