

Sunday Afternoon

The 88

I don't know
I think it just depends
I'm on the high and flyin morning

It's just a Sunday afternoon
I'm feeling God and I believe him
I don't know

I think it's just the pills
I'm on the high and flyin morning
It's just a Sunday afternoon

I'm feeling God and I believe him
When all of your prostitutes are gone
It'll all be clear

When all of your anibuse is gone
Well I'll still be here

Fire up all the bad luck that you knew
Because it seems like something's got to give