

## Moody

Bitter:Sweet

On the seventh day of the week  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
My legs are moving slow  
The temperature outside is strangely  
Unlike anything I've known

Who's that lady in the dark?  
I think she's lost her way (Was it me?)  
Who's that standing all alone  
Looking for someone to take her soul

On the seventh night of the week  
I try to cry myself back to sleep  
Unfortunately then, the scent of what was once a memory  
that I loved has done me in

Who's that lady in the dark?  
I think she's lost her way (Was it me?)  
Who's that standing all alone  
Looking for someone to take her home

Take me home  
Take me home (Was it me?)  
Take me home (Was it me?)  
Take me home