

# Sunday

## Born Without Bones

Today felt like sunday  
So did yesterday  
And the day before tomorrows war will be waking up for another day  
Just like every other day

All my shirts don't fit  
All my words are shit  
Always looking for a flavor that don't exist  
Dependent on dependance that I don't declare  
So what's the problem here?  
Here's to another shitty year

Deflate my head  
Take me off of that cloud  
I am nothing to be proud of  
Take me off your back  
I want to run  
Off into the nearest setting sun

I avoid mirrors  
Haven't seen myself in years  
Is my hair still brown?  
Am I still a clown?  
Or did my makeup wash away?  
Did I melt on a summers day?

I can't change your view  
What I am to you is if I'm not good enough for myself  
Why am I too good for everybody else?  
Here's the bullet, take your best shot

Deflate my head  
Take me off of that cloud  
I am nothing to be proud of  
Take me off your back  
I want to run  
Off into the nearest setting sun, alright

Today felt like Sunday  
So did yesterday  
And the day before tomorrows war will be waking up for another day  
Just like every other day

Deflate my head  
Take me off of that cloud  
I am nothing to be proud of  
Take me off your back  
I want to run  
Off into the nearest setting sun

Deflate my head  
Take me off of these clouds  
Cause I am nothing to be proud of  
Take me off your back  
I want to run  
Off into the nearest loaded gun  
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