

Sunday Night

Laakso

Sunday night arrives
And everything's too late again tonight
Another week is gone without me getting
Any of my stuff done

For the last six months
I've been waiting for the day to come
When I run
The thing in my life that I really wanna do
That I'm into doing
But no way
Another and another day

But I'm doing this for real
And I'm doing this for love
Yeah, I'm doing this for real
And I'm doing this for real, pure love

My good friends arrive
They're here to guide
They're here to give advice
That's really nice
But I'd rather see things
Through my very own eyes
So spair me your lifes important things
Your mama's put in your mouth
Oh mom
What a weakened son you've got

But I'm doing this for real
And I'm doing this for love
Yeah, I'm doing this for real
And I'm doing this for love

Yeah, I'm in this for real
And I'm in this for love
Yeah I'm in this for real
In this for real, pure love

I won't drink tonight
Alright, I'll have a smaller sized thin pint