

Sunday Best

Local H

Gets so low and the human toll gets so high
But I don't know if I ever will wanna die
Wanna die, wanna die
Never die

Is it all that it used to be? I don't know
If there was somewhere I would rather be then I'd go
I would go, I would go
I would go

Unadorned in my uniform I was late
Laid to rest in my Sunday best I was laid
I was laid, I was laid
I was laid

Got some good in me and I got something bad
Got my mom in me and I got some of dad
He's in me, he's in me
They are me

Am I really all I used to be? I don't know
You got somewhere else you'd rather be – you should go
You can go, you can go
Please don't go

On a road that I know I could never leave
In a shrine of the foolish kind no reprieve
No reprieve, no reprieve
No reprieve

Unadorned in my uniform I was late
Laid to rest in my Sunday best I was laid
I was laid, I was laid
I was laid

Everyone that I've ever loved ever knew
Has led me to the victory of finding you