

## Sunday

Pinegrove

I woke up it was Saturday  
Grey in the sky  
There's nothing more to say on that

I got up got out of my bed  
Stretched my arms wide  
It's time to let this fall from me

It's time to let it fall

I move through and just as soon  
My clothes are catching on  
(My eyes closed, lost in my room.)  
I move through and just assume  
My clothes are catching on thorns  
But I'm bringing them with me  
Bringing them with me

Call me on Sunday  
Call me!  
Call me!  
Call me on Sunday

I move through and just as soon  
My clothes are catching on  
I'll come through, I always do

When I'm moving I just assume  
My clothes are catching on thorns  
But I'm bringing them with me  
Bringing them with me

I never kept good touch  
But it's alright, you never expected much