

Why Are Sundays So Depressing

The Strokes

I sing a song
I paint a picture
My baby's gone
And I don't miss her
Like a swan
I don't miss swimming
All my friends left
And they don't miss me

Can't take it, babe
Your body talks to me
Like in a movie, babe
I let it resonate, yeah

I want your time (Time, time)
Don't ask me questions (Questions, questions)
That you don't want (Want, want)
The answers to (To, to)

I love you in the morning, so you know it's no lie
You're hiding in the background, but you wanna be found
You've got me on my back and now I've gotta think fast
You're hiding in the background, but you wanna be found

I take it easy, babe, I
I get down, it's automatic, I

I've come to believe in that
That too much time is evil

I transition in
I'm making your body wait
Like on an aeroplane
Please baby, take me away, yeah

I want your time (Time, time)
Don't ask me questions (Questions, questions)
That you don't want (Want, want)
The answers to (To, to)

I know
I know
I know
I know

I kinda miss the nine to five, yeah
Do those things that you can't hide
I scramble, fight just like a child

I'm staying hungry
I'm staying hungry
I'm staying hungry
I'm staying hungry
Not getting angry
I'm staying hungry
Not getting angry
Still staying hungry, yeah