

# Sober Sundays

The Castellows

Take my hands  
We'll shuffle our feet  
We'll tear up these roots  
Underneath this oak tree

We made it through the winter  
Now, we're dancing on splinters  
And the grass has grown up past your knees

Darling, do you ever remember  
Those dark nights in late December  
I stayed until it was over  
I held you 'til you got sober

I'll stay right here  
I won't ever go away  
I'll steady your hands  
Even when they shake  
Look in my eyes without all your shame  
Now, you won't have to ask, if I'll stay  
For sober Sundays

Time goes on  
And we're singing new songs  
And we're finally righting our wrongs  
And, darling, you cry  
When you remember those nights  
But I'm riding high on this time in our lives

You used to stumble underneath  
Expectations and lights in the street

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Even when they shake  
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