

## Sunday AM

The Soviettes

We're talking early Sunday. You're standing last. Another bottlecap just hit the ground. You're almost falling over, around the corner lies the one that now just makes your heart hurt. You're feeling all alone. Can't talk to anyone, you need to ride it out. Feel like there's nothing left, like they just took your best.. The air is thicker, maybe. It doesn't help you smoked so much your lungs have had enough. You know you're almost broken and at this point it's not "I want you back" but "could i go with". So sick of left behind. Too empty now to try. You've got to ride it out. If they would have just called we could have had it all...