

Sunday Painter

The Temper Trap

Enter into her world
They call her Sunday painter
She is killing time with her brush
That's the way she likes it
Yeah

She lighting up a cigarette
It's hanging on the side of her mouth
But beside that cloud of smoke
She is just a pretty girl in need of love

Look and see
You and me
We are Sunday painters
We're Sunday
Oh

Enter into her world
They call her Sunday painter
She likes to tire like she's all alone
But the places she calls from

She like coffee, black, strong
She looks scared, she stares kind of sad
Now I feel her possession
For a minute I was in her heaven

Look and see
You and me
We are Sunday painters
We're Sunday
Oh

Enter into her world
She is a little day dreamer
She stands around whenever I'm alone
And wouldn't reason

For some reflect we're always there
Passing by, passing by
Some reflect we're always there
Pass Sunday painter
We're Sunday

Tell yourself it's OK
The things that are, lead this way