Sunday

Tori Kelly

Ey yeah
Ah ey

When the world looks at me
I wonder what they see
Underneath these eyes
Oh, smiles masquerade as pain
And grow up to be shame
Then leave me with a lie

I know they, they don't see my flaws
Or these hidden scars
And all the mess I've made
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya
Here's my hallelujah
Every single day, I'm running to Your grace
Ey, ey, ey

I'm tired of this dirty heart
That keeps our world apart
I need Your loving fire
And even in these church clothes
I can't dress up my soul
To be free is my desire

I'm so far from where they think I am
But when I raise my hands
I'm reaching out for life
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya
Here's my hallelujah
Every single day, I'm running to Your grace

I know they, they don't see my flaws
Or these hidden scars
And all the mess I've made
Oh, so don't, don't let Sunday fool ya
Here's my hallelujah
Every single day, I'm running to Your grace

Running to Your grace
Ooh, I need it everyday

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