**OUR SOMBER SONG**

She lost her way home, and now she’s starting to crack

Everything she wanted, everything she won’t get back

And I won’t sing her song

So she promised she’ll hate them all from now on

And I know by now we all hate when Sunday comes

The day of the Lord has become our somber zone

Where we all recall things we hide inside

Unless we close our eyes

Hurrying to the airport she is glad to be on her way

The ride’s been playful, we’re pretending that it’s all ok

But I smell heartbreak and lies

So now that we can fake no more she’ll maybe stop denying

And I know by now we all hate when Sunday comes

On this day of rest we will sing our somber song

When we all recall things we hide inside

Unless we close our eyes

Unless we close our eyes

But I, I was only trying to rest all day

Then I, I will wear my usual frowning face

Because of you

‘Cause I got my reason to be hating every Sunday, too

Every single time I wake up and I miss you

And I won’t be alright

‘Cause I know I won’t see you ‘round in my hometown

And I know by now we all hate when Sunday comes

On this day of rest we all sing our somber song

When we all recall things we hide inside

Unless we close our eyes