

Wasted Early Sunday Morning

Sneaker Pimps

You're not the sun, it's just
A light, Waking ealry Sunday
Morning, You're not my church,
It's just the belles, Ringing
Sweetly through the house, And in
This sense of mine, You're not an
Answer, and I'm not this prayer.
You're still in reach, I please
Myself, Wasting early Sunday
Morning, You're not my lead,
You're just my help, Talk the
Edge off sheardenial, And in this
State of mine, you're what I want,
Nothing close to what I need.
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in.
Suit yourself, lose myself,
Breaking early Sunday morning,
You're not the sun, you're not
My church, I still hold some self-
Control, But in this sense of
Mine, I'm still too high, look
No hands.
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in,
I breathe you in.