

Buffalo Tom, Sunday Night

Sunday night and now I know
How the night can pass slow
All kinds of ugly outside that's right
And I'm all alone tonight

Distant highway din
Leaky roof my doubt drips in
And as the street lights and my prospects dim
She turns in bed and thinks of him

Where's the solace you can find
At the bottom of your mind?
Friends pushed me from behind
And I feel so empty I could die

A ladder to the edge
Hangover throbs inside my head
And all the stupid things I've ever said
Now make me wish that I was dead

It's night time, Greenwich mean time
A man puts on a detour sign
And the waterfalls of regret
Unleash in a torrent of cold sweat

Where's the solace you can find
At the bottom of your mind?
Friends pushed me from behind
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Sunday night
Sunday night

Where's the solace you can find
At the bottom of your mind?
Friends pushed me from behind
And I feel so empty I could die
Die, oh die