

Butch Walker, Number 1 Summer Jam

Don't put another thing on my plate
My brain is so full of your face
I ache, I counted the hours
Since the minute that I drove by you

And I got a scar where she saw me
Don't think I'll see her around

Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)
Every day's a Monday
Now that you're gone
Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)
Before I got a minute
The minute was gone
Think you kinda dug me
But other guys are up above me
Trying to get to you 'cuz I let you go

I like to think I'm a pretty slick guy
But something in the sunlight between your thighs
Turned me into mush with a certified crush on you

And oh, what a fool I must be
You're so far ahead of my world

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Every day's a Monday
Now that you're gone
Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)
Before I got a minute
The minute was gone
Think you kinda dug me
But other guys are up above me
Trying to get to you 'cuz I let you go

And it's never been so weird
To be at the bottom looking up
And I went into this movie of blood and guts
Thinking I was the shit, I was all grown up
And I wonder, if you wonder, what we could be