

# Butch Walker, Sunny Day Real Estate

Messed up pantyhose  
Bloody nose from a candy cane habit that no one knows about  
This is your story nine to five  
The weekend comes, the weekend goes  
But the smoke and cum stains on your clothes  
Remind you that you had a good time  
And it all starts over where it all begins  
And you wake up and realize the movie ends  
Where the hangover started and the pills began  
Before she falls asleep she whispers

Yeah its another sunny day  
Outside of my rainy life, how long till its right?  
Yeah its another sunny day  
Drowning in the tears that I cry  
How long till I'm dry again?

Now you woke up cold, your face all red  
You swear that the morning joggers want you dead  
If the karma calls and bikers don't do it first  
You see you love this guy, you hate his girlfriend  
You don't give a shit its sex in the end  
You try to decide which is worse  
And you try so hard to disassociate  
With suicidal dark commas and negotiate  
With a razorblade and a palm pilot  
As you're looking at the back of your eyelids screaming

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