

Cibo Matto, Sunday Part I

The bomb in my heart is beating me a B note
Maybe my ear dirt is cheating on me, yo
'Cuz missin' you on Sunday morning, I need somethin' new
It's Sunday morning
But nothing helps me... I'm just waiting for the milkman to come
I can't find it, I can't find it
Why do I feel so lonely? I don't know how to compromise
You are my one and only. What can I find 'til the moon rises?
I feel dizzy, you're so damn sleazy, I know you'll say "I was busy"
Baby, take me out, it's been rained out so I run to the bank to get my cash
And check our savings of love out but it's closed on Sunday
What can I say? I feel blue the rain starts soaking my shoes
We're losing glue I can't find a clue, I'm knocking on the door
Somebody is dancing on the floor, then I know the score, I can't take it no more
The Knicks winnin' can't even make me high, cuttin' coupons for nothing makes me sigh
I can't find it, it's been on my mind, I've been trying to find it day and night