

Ethel Cain, Sunday Morning

Swaying softly, streetlights glowing through my windows
Trying on each dress I bought for you
Do I look pretty
When I ask you to hit me?

Hands like barbed wire
Wrapped around my throat, making me cry like I told you I wanted
In the car, on the long drive home
Baby, we're alone now

Sunday morning, everything hurts except for you
Except for you
Except for you
Except for you

And I like thinking I'm no different from you
Different from you
Different from you
When I go home at night I think about the ways that I can get out
Of the hold you've got me in
Of the hold you've got me in

You've still got time, waiting on the other side
You'll still be alright, if you just make it to the other side
You'll still be alright, even after all this time
You'll still be alright, you'll still be alright

Sunday morning, nothing hurts, not even you
No, not even you
No, not even you