

Leah Andreone, Come Sunday Morning

Charming you's a challenge
You've got these strings attached like bondage
For you I'll bring the holy house down
We'll get some peace and help our sorrows drown
Lay at the altar with me
Let's live deviantly
Maybe through you I can find God

Don't tell me that you love me
It seems so final that you love me
Even the blind see
It looks better when there's mystery
Can't lay my hands on you
It'd be selfish it's true
Cuz healing you could heal me too

Wrong is right come Sunday morning
We'll see the light come Sunday morning
Forgive ourselves come Sunday morning
Sunday Sunday

Invade my space invade my mind
Your intervention is so divine
Daddy I'm diggin' on your dark side
No more fingerprints on you that aren't mine
Can you de-program me
Help I need somebody
Everything I see I do I taste is part of you

Wrong is right come Sunday morning
We'll see the light come Sunday morning
Forgive ourselves come Sunday morning
Sunday Sunday

The sky is falling mayday mayday
My idle hands are getting weak
My mind's ignoring what they're saying
No one's perfect seven days a week

Wrong is right come Sunday morning
We'll see the light come Sunday morning
Forgive ourselves come Sunday morning
Sunday Sunday
Sunday Sunday