Moby, Sunday (The Day Before My Birthday)

Sunday was a bright day yesterday
Dark cloud has come into the way

They sing to the darkest night
Long before

Why can't I face it
Am I too blind to see
Why did he go
Why did he leave me

Sunday was a bright day yesterday
Dark cloud has come into the way

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Why can't I face it
Am I too blind to see
Why did he go
Why did he leave me

Sunday was a bright day yesterday
Dark cloud has come into the way

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la