

# 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

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Dark cloud has come into the way

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

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