

Night Ranger, Sunday Morning

[lyrics] Staring at the telephone
No it doesn't ring
Thinking of you lying there
As you hide your wedding ring
I'm always up for something new
My timing's never right
Maybe I should be with someone else
For just one night
No more of your darkness
No more stupid games
No more staying out all night
I wish to God I'd never known your name

Sunday Morning

Yea, you shake it up alright
Your friends they all agree
And after you have had your fun
Well what becomes of me
No more of your promises
Clandestine Rendezvous
And feel your sweat all over me
I wish that I had something left to lose

Sunday Morning
Sunday Morning

Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Alright alright alright alright

Staring at the telephone
No it doesn't ring
Staring out the window
I have no wedding ring
No more
No no no more
No no no more
Oh oh oh

Sunday Morning
Sunday Morning

Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't
Two wrongs don't make a right
Sunday Morning
Sunday Morning