

Of Montreal, Everyday Feels Like Sunday

Everyday feels like Sunday baby everyday feels so good
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I'm further and further away from the fall everyday

And for years I bowed I could not sleep so very well
Even standing up I crawled yet there is a softness I can tell

I'm electric now from the pure brilliant sparks you shot
Like a little man all I can say is thanks a lot

Ah I must destroy this artificial darkness
That's how it seems to me to be, art artificial now 'cause