

'Til Tuesday, On Sunday

You should take a walk
But it's just the same wherever you go
You just wish the ghost was gone
So you make some calls
But it's talking while you're wanting to go
You're just ringing phones for fun
You can always make a new excuse to cry
But you don't have to use it on yourself

So why spend your sadness now
Save it up for me on Sunday
And why is lonely all you have
When love is what you'll find on Sunday

You might guard your heart
But it's awfully fun to have it broken
Or at least to leave a bruise
It becomes an art
Though the rules of which are rarely spoken
By the lucky ones who can choose
So your pain becomes another souvenir
And your souvenirs become your world

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