

# Tree63, Sunday

Nothing's sacred, the days are cheap  
Truth is thin on the ground  
Still our prophets are crucified  
Nobody believes we're stumbling  
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Someone's saying a prayer tonight  
For hungry mouths to be filled  
Someone kneels in the dark somewhere  
And darkness is already crumbling  
It's Friday, but Sunday comes

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away  
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away

Broken promises, weary hearts  
But one promise remains:  
Crucified, he will come again  
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming  
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away  
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away

And darkness is already crumbling  
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming  
Yeah, it's Friday but Sunday is coming  
Can you feel it: Here it comes

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away  
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, I'll come where Heavens stays