

Acid House Kings, Sunday Morning

You forgot your dreams
I wonder why you let that happen
I've seen it all before

You take someone else's dreams
And try to make them your own

Sunday morning
Wake up moment
Trying hard not to make out
Sunday morning
Break up slowly
Sunday morning
Break of dawn comes
Pa-ram-pam-pa-ra-ram

You don't love me
You don't love anyone
Not even yourself

I am not so sure
Whether I, I like the new you

Sunday morning
Wake up moment
Trying hard not to make out
Sunday morning
Break up slowly
Sunday morning
Break of dawn comes
Pa-ram-pam-pa-ra-ram

Pa-pa-pa-ra-pa-pa-ram
Pa-pa-pa-ram
Pa-pa-pa-ra-pa-pa-ram
Pa-pa-pa-ram
Pa-pa-pa-ram
Pa-pa-pa-ram

Sunday morning
Wake up moment
Trying hard not to make out
Sunday morning
Break up slowly
Sunday morning
Break of dawn comes
Pa-ram-pam-pa-ra-ram