

Ani DiFranco, Sunday Morning

Sunday morning
Slow beats seething
Through the screens in
The open windows
Eggs frying
Legs shaking
After we stayed lying
So long in bed
Sunday morning
Both of us reading
And looking up occasionally
Looking up occasionally
Sunday morning
You're doing your thing
And I am doing mine
Speaking words
More a formality
Cuz we can feel we
Are of one mind
Sunday morning
Sheets still warm
Kitties swarming
Around our feet
Life comes easy
Your sweet company
Making it so complete
Of all the Monday through Fridays
We joined the crusade
Of all the Saturday nights
In which we were made
Of all the exorcisms
I've done with your ghosts
Still it's Sunday morning
I miss you the most