

# Augustana, Sunday Best

When she's sleeping on the sofa,  
When she's laying in her Sunday best,  
When she's turning over Friday,  
I could swear I'm sleeping less and less...  
and the ocean's getting warmer,  
and California's on her mind,  
Los Angeles is tired, but we always seem to feel alright,

And I won't  
No I won't...  
No I won't...

Cause she's already out the door,  
she's already out of here  
she's already gone away...already gone away...

When I'm coming over Sunday  
and I think about you all the time,  
I wonder what you're doin'  
I wonder why you never cry,  
When Boston's always raining,  
And we never ever seemed alive,  
I sung about you once now, I guess I might as well

But I won't...  
No I won't...  
No I won't...

Cause I'm already out the door,  
I'm already out of here  
I'm already gone away...already gone away...

Well I'm already out of the door,  
She's already out of here,  
I've already gone away,  
Already gone away...