

Counting Crows, Sundays

Colored rubbers and a bedroom set
I wouldn't know if it hit me
You take a little sleep and then it feels like love
I think I better get a little of it in me
Give me a kiss
I think it feels like love
Give me a kiss
I think it feels like sunshine
C'mon baby, light me up
I wanna look into your eyes until I go blind and

You think that you can do without me
I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything at all

Your mother made you in a parking lot
My mother made me out of flesh and wire
Try to remember what you might forget
I try to remember everything
Try to remember so you don't disappear
Try to remember so you don't fade away
Your mother made you out of smoke and rain
Your mother made you in a fire that's faded

You think that you can do without me
And I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything at all

I wanna touch you for the things I'm losing
I wanna touch you for my self-respect
Give me a reason or I might stop breathing
Give me a reason why I'm soaking wet
Gotta stop breathing 'cause the sky is falling
I might go out and watch the moon explode
Give me directions to the highway crossing
I'll go lie down in the middle of the road

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I can't do anything at all
You think that you can do without me
But I don't believe in Sundays
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I don't believe in Sundays
And I don't believe in anything
I don't believe in anything at all