Espen Lind, Black Sunday

I was you and you were me And you broke my heart so easily Then you left a message on my radio I sleep all day stay up all night Hanging out 'til dawn to feel alright Now that I am lost there's nothing left to lose So I'm dancing in a coma While I'm downing holy cola I'm not happy acting this way Take me back Sunday take me back black Sunday Maybe things are different when I wake up Monday How was I supposed to know That I would have to let you go Why wasn't I told It's like everything is slipping away on a black Sunday. I was you and you were me And I thought you came to rescue me But you left a message on my radio I'm drunk by 7.20 And I sleep around a-plenty I'm not happy acting this way Take me back Sunday take me back black Sunday Maybe things are different when I wake up Monday How was I supposed to know That I would have to let you go Why wasn't I told It's like everything is slipping away on a black Sunday. It's darker than me It's dark as can be It's everything that I feel It's hard to let go Now I need to know Where do I go from here? Take me back Sunday take me back black Sunday Maybe things are different when I wake up Monday How was I supposed to know That I would have to let you go Why wasn't I told It's like everything is slipping away on a black Sunday.