

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.