Fuel, Sunday Girl

paints her sky light tangerine, maple laughter evergreen, frustrated, it's only believing, and she knows who mind she blows come on sunday girl u'll never change the world leave it girl let's go guess the flowers know her name brightest angels placed to shame must hate her, she had them believing and she knows wherever she blows come on sunday girl u'll never change the world leave it girl let's go keeps me high on her shelf treats me like no one else she wants me to fly but i fall, and i fall and i thought, i thought i had it all come on sunday girl u'll never change the world leave it girl let's go!!

carl bell