

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