Green Day, Church On Sunday

Today is the first day of the rest
Of our lives
Tomorrow is too late to pretend
Everything's allright
I'm not getting any younger as long
As you don't get any older
I'm not going to state that yesterday never was

Bloodshot deadbeat and a lack of sleep
Making your mascara bleed
Tears down your face
Leaving traces of my mistakes

(When I say)
If I promise to go to church on Sunday
Will you go with me on Friday night?
If you live with me, I'll die for you
And this compromise

I hereby solemnly swear to tell
The whole truth
And nothing but the truth is what
I'll ever hear from you now
"Trust" is a dirty word that comes
Only from such a liar
But "respect" is something I will earn..
If you have faith