

Jimmy Eat World, A Sunday

On a Sunday I'll think it through.

On the drive back I'll think it through.

What you wish for won't come true.

Live with that.

On a Sunday she thought it through.

Now as I drive back, there's thirty-six less hours I have to change
the course I send myself.

Live with that.

On a Sunday go once around.

Because when the rides done, the hopes that you have carried,
they fall out from your hands back to the ground.

Live with that.

Learn as the drugs leave.

Learn as you lose it.

You will.

The haze clears from your eyes on a Sunday.