

Jimmy Eat World, 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
And 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
The haze clears from your eyes on a Sunday
On a Sunday Go Once Around
Because when the ride's done, the hopes that you have carried
They fall out from your hands back to the ground
Live with that
The haze clears from your eyes on a Sunday
Learn as the drugs leave
Learn as you lose it
You will
The haze clears from your eyes on a Sunday