

# Lucinda Williams, Sundays

I can't seem to make it through Sunday  
I can't seem to make it through Sunday

Monday through Saturday I get by just fine  
Every other day of the week I feel alright  
But I don't know why  
I don't know why

I can't seem to make it through Sunday  
I can't seem to make it through Sunday

Sunday's supposed to be the day for kicking off your shoes  
But how come that's the day I always get the blues  
And I don't know why  
I don't know why

I can't seem to make it through Sunday  
I can't seem to make it through Sunday

Ever since you had to go I just carry on  
But deep down inside I know there's something wrong  
And I don't know why  
I don't know why

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