

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
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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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