

# Sia, Sunday

For those who've slept  
For those who've kept themselves jacked up  
How Jesus wept  
Sunday  
Sunday

For those in need  
For those who speed  
For those who try to slow their minds with weed  
Sunday  
Sunday

For those who wake  
With a blind headache  
Who must be still, who will sit and wait  
For Sunday to be Monday

Yeah, it will be ok  
Do nothing today  
Give yourself a break  
Let your imagination run away

For those with guilt  
For those who wilt under pressure, no tears over  
Spilt milk  
Sunday  
Sunday

Sunday  
Sunday

Sunday  
Sunday

Yeah, it will be ok  
Do nothing today  
Give yourself a break  
Let your imagination run away

Yeah, it will be ok  
Do nothing today  
Give yourself a break  
Let your imagination run away