

Sneaker Pimps, Wasted Early Sunday Morning

you're not the sun
it's just a light
waking on a sunday morning

you're not the church
it's just the bells
ringing sweetly through the house

and if this sense of mind
you got an answer
and I am not this rare
you're still in reach
I please myself
wasting early sunday morning

you're not my lead
you're just my help
tuck me in just denied
and in this state of mind
you want a want
nothing close to what I need

I breathe you in
I breathe you in
I breathe you in
I breathe you in
I breathe you in

suit yourself
lose myself
breaking early sunday morning
you're not the sun
you're not my church
I still hold some self control

But in this sense of mind
I'm still too high
look no hands

I breathe you in
breathe you in
breathe you in
breathe you in
breathe you in

(i breathe you
i breathe you
i breathe you
i breathe you
i breathe you)