

Tammany Hall NYC, Always On Sunday

Always on Sunday

We think about the used to be's

The where am I's

My fantasies

Always on Sundays

I think about you and I in the woods side by side

The autumn air and hayride

Always on Sunday

I think about my boys and the noise we would make in my car

Just seven guys, didn't get far, but that was still cool, cool, cool

It's better to live then to act like a fool

Than fool yourself to not living at all

Always Sunday (2x)

Always on Sunday she's on my eyelashes lingering

Tears have all dried up, but the stings still tingling

Let them fall

Tears have to fall

Always Sunday