

# The Sundays, Something Wrong

Terrible things are going to happen and it's hit me right here in the eye.  
I'd like to receive all the things that I've loved  
and I don't know the reasons why?

Some of those things are going to happen.  
They're so sore, just killing my heart.  
Loving and fighting and losing my words  
but they're harder to understand.  
Oh, why should I be grateful?

I've never really known why I'm supposed to be? Lord knows why?  
...and it's all I ever wanted. But now, I want something more!  
It's all I ever wanted...but now, now, I want something more!  
Criminal things have happened, I couldn't begin to explain.

Hopefully no one ever will know. Will I still do the same again?  
No, no, no. It will make you feel worth it.  
but the (natural) blades that may cut in your heart, seem to come out again.

But oh, why should I be grateful?  
I've never really known why I'm supposed to be?  
Lord knows best! Oh, and it's all I ever wanted. But now, now,  
now I want something more! And it's now over.

And it's all I ever wanted. But now, now, I want something more.  
With a (natural) price to make a dozen remarks, just to see how they lie.  
'cause you know that suddenly I'm...I don't know what to decide?  
and now now now now, you really seem right. and I'm...  
and now now now now now you do seem right. I know that I'm wrong.