

# Ethel Cain, Sunday Morning

Swaying softly, streetlights glowing through my windows  
Trying on each dress I bought for you  
Do I look pretty  
When I ask you to hit me?

Hands like barbed wire  
Wrapped around my throat, making me cry like I told you I wanted  
In the car, on the long drive home  
Baby, we're alone now

Sunday morning, everything hurts except for you  
Except for you  
Except for you  
Except for you

And I like thinking I'm no different from you  
Different from you  
Different from you  
When I go home at night I think about the ways that I can get out  
Of the hold you've got me in  
Of the hold you've got me in

You've still got time, waiting on the other side  
You'll still be alright, if you just make it to the other side  
You'll still be alright, even after all this time  
You'll still be alright, you'll still be alright

Sunday morning, nothing hurts, not even you  
No, not even you  
No, not even you