

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

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Do nothing today
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Let your imagination run away

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