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Title: Sundays Morning

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Sappy pathetic little me
That was the girl I used to be
You had me on my knees

I'd trade you places any day
I'd never thought you could be that way
But you looked like me on Sunday

You came in with the breeze
On Sunday morning
You sure had changed since yesterday
Without any warning
I thought I knew you
I thought I knew you
I thought I knew you well...so well

You're trying my shoes on for a change
They look so good but fit so strange
Out of fashion, so I can complain

chorus:

I know who I am, but who are you?
You're not looking like you used to
You're on the other side of the mirror
So nothing's looking quite as clear
Thank you for turning on the lights
Thank you, now you're the parasite
I didn't think you had it in you
And now you're looking like I used to!

You came in with the breeze
On Sunday morning
You sure have changed since yesterday
Without any warning
And you want me badly
You cannot have me
I thought I knew you
But I've got a new view
I thought I knew you well...oh well