

SUNDAY SOMEDAY

From the album *Get Real*

© 2004 by Billy Jonas (Bang-A-Bucket Music/BMI)

Sunday in Lena's living room
We lay by the propane fire
Burning blue through Monday afternoon
Sky full of dreamy desires
Someday we'll lay by a real fire in a real fireplace
In a house in the country with lots of space
But the love is new, it's barely begun
We do what we do with enough room to run until...
Tuesday, special delivery; Lena's in grad school – great!
Wednesday, strange possibility; Now, Lena says that she's late
Okay, it may be a false alarm, no need for concern
You play with fire and you learn
Or you burn pink as the litmus paper ablaze
We'll test it again in a couple of days because

Everything changes, everything shifts
Bodies collide, and continents drift apart
Like pieces of puzzles or cells divide inside

Thursday, in Lena's living womb, hint of a butterfly's flutter
Friday, in the waiting room; it's hard to look at each other
We could just leave for a real life, a family plan
Get a small apartment and save what we can
But the nurse is calling for her and for me
She says there's a discount with student ID
Sad day, Saturdays may come and go but this one goes on forever
Sad day, cry on the kitchen floor; all the tears don't make it better
Somehow we must find a real love here in this night
To bear us along through what's wrong and what's right
To shine above all through the things we've been through
Showing that we did the best that we knew

And still everything changes, everything shifts
Bodies collide, and continents drift apart
And open an ocean between before and evermore

Some days the propane fire burns blue like the infinite sky
Some days the propane fire burns blue like your unfinished eyes
Someday you'll lay by a real fire, in a real fireplace
In a house in the country with lots of space
If matter and energy must be conserved
You will return to the love you deserve
Sunday, ah ...someday ...someday