

## **SUNDAY SOMEDAY**

From the album *Get Real*

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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