## Butch Walker, #1 Summer Jam

Don't put another thing on my plate My brain is so full of your face I ate I counted the hours
Since the minute that I drove by you And I got a scar where you saw it Don't think I'll see you around So don't you come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)
Everyday's a Monday
Now that you're gone

Now that you're gone Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)

Before I got a minute

The minute was gone Think you kinda dug me

But other guys are up above me Trying to get to you 'coz I let you go I like to think I'm a pretty slick guy

But something in the sunlight between your thighs Turned me into mush with a certified crush on you

Oh, what a fool I must be

You're so far away from my world

So don't you come back Sunday (Come back Sunday) Everyday's a Monday

Now that you're gone

Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)

Before I got a minute

The minute was gone Think you kinda dug me

But other guys are up above me

Trying to get to you 'coz I let you go

And it's never been so weird To be at the bottom looking up

And I went into this movie of blood and guts

Thinking I was the shit, I was all grown up

And I wonder (And I wonder)

If you wonder, what we could be

(If you wonder)

And I got a scar where you saw it

Don't think I'll see you around

So don't you come back Sunday

(Come back Sunday) Everyday's a Monday

Now that you're gone

Come back Sunday

(Come back Sunday)

Before I got a minute The minute was gone

Think you kinda dug me

But other guys are up above me

Trying to get to you coz I let you go So don't you come back Sunday

(Come back Sunday)

Everyday's a Monday

Now that you're gone

Come back Sunday

(Come back Sunday) Before I got a minute

The minute was gone

Think you kinda dug me

But other guys are up above me Trying to get to you 'coz I let you go