It Must Be Sunday

Phoebe Snow

And I watched the world surround me
From inside a phone booth
And it began to astound me
I tried to keep my couth
I said it must be sunday
'cause ev'rybody's tellin' the truth
And then again it might be monday
Yeah it might be monday
'cause ev'rybody's drinkin' vermouth
She lent her hand
At the kissing stand
But she gave 'em away for free
With an acid joke and a box of smoke
She can barely see
She drives her bus at dusk
With headlights off
And headphones up
And for tomorrow
She has planned a shopping spree
There's a man who loved so hard
He was like a billboard grin
He toasted life and beauty
'til his head began to spin
He pressed his cheek
On rainwashed streets
And he wept into his gin
Reincarnation
And he came back as himself again
December thirty-first
Is the very worst time of the year
You got to think of people
That you like enough
To share your beer
Just when you're having fun
It's january one
And you wait for explanations
To appear

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