

Feel Alright

Graham Coxon

Those Sunday mornings
Not a scrap in sight
I'll go without
I do it out of spite All by myself, yeah Food's lost it's flavor
I refuse to bite
Do myself no favors
Stay in every night
Ashtrays in rows
but you know [chorus]
I Feel alright
It's just another Sunday morning
Then it's Sunday night
I feel alright
It's just the ghost of you behind me
Sitting right up tight I'll read the paper
But it's yesterdays
The world's gone mad
And I'm going the same way All by myself, yeah When the sun is shining
I didn't get no hope
I'm new to whining
And I'm all out of soap It's good to feel dirty, yeah [chorus]
When you feel alright
It's just another Sunday morning
Everything's alright
I feel alright
It's just the ghost of you behind me
Sitting right up tight x2 So many miles
Between me and you
So many days
I don't know what to do Be by myself Then I know I'll be alright
On another Sunday morning
Another Sunday night
I'll be alright
With the ghost of you behind me
Sitting right up tight x4

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