

Sunday Blues

Marshall Crenshaw

I wish I could go walking
Walk out of this place
Maybe see a friendly face
But it's raining and raining I'm looking down from below
From a thirteenth floor window
It's Sunday afternoon, the sky is ugly grey
I'm here or down there
Right now it's bad news either way Well, I can't stay
So I guess I'll go out there anyhow
What I don't want right now is
A day of reflection and solitude
With this bitter mood, I'm in again I tried to call you on the phone
Now I'm stir crazed enough
To go walking in the rain alone I heard the last church bell's ring
And got the Sunday blues
For this and that and everything
The Sunday blues That feeling goes stealing down to your shoes
In my head and in my heart
The Sunday blues I'm on the wrong side of Sunday
Can't get away from dark thoughts today
I've been made blue, been lied to But enough's enough
I don't need this stuff ok?
Regret and rage, just go back to underground
Mean old Sunday blues, I've had it with you hanging 'round Yeah, alright I'm done with the Sunday blues
Everyone now and then has to play and lose
So I'll waste no more tears on last year's news
'Til the next time around with the Sunday blues

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