

Big City Sundays

[Chris de Burgh](#)

Birds on the wing, we are the lost generation
We have to go breaking the hearts of a nation
Oh but I'm fine, this city's ok, this is my time
I'm finding my way in this brave new world
But there's one thing
Here on a Sunday, it's always the same
The streets are deserted, just me and the rain
On big city Sundays, it's when I'm alone
I'm holding back the tears, dreaming of home
Birds on the wind, sailing the highways of freedom
Birds have to sing, needing a dream to believe in
Oh but all changed, utterly changed in this land
That's losing it's way, like a ship adrift on the ocean
Here on a Sunday, it's always the same
The streets are deserted, just me and the rain
On big city Sundays, it's when I'm alone
I'm holding back the tears, dreaming of home
Home, where my heart is
Home, the sea and the sky and that feeling inside
And to be with my friends
How I long for that feeling again
Here on a Sunday, it's bringing me down
The streets are deserted, there's no one around
On big city Sundays, it's when I'm alone
I'm holding back the tears, dreaming of home
On big city Sundays, it's when I'm alone
I'm holding back the tears, dreaming of home
Dreaming of home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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