# Salford Sunday

## Richard Thompson

Salford Sunday
Skies are weeping
Dawn is creeping
Through the blind
Salford Sunday
And Im aching
For the night
I left behind
Salford Sunday
Morning after
Bass drum beating
In my head
Sunday papers
Talking scandal
And a cold side of the bed
For I left a
Weeping willow
She should be
Lying on my pillow
If I wasnt such a hardnose
Such a perfect
Waste of time
Salford Sunday
And Im dreaming
And its all
In black and white
I do better
Oh, When Im dreaming
Better than
I did last night
Salford Sunday
And Im walking
Though the rain
Is pelting down
Theres a train goes
Back to London
I hate to leave
This ugly town
For I left

A weeping willow
She should be
Lying on my pillow
If I wasnt
Such a hardnose
Such a perfect
Waste of time
Salford Sunday
Skies are weeping
Dawn is creeping
Though the blind
Salford Sunday
And Im aching
For the night
I left behind
For the night
I left behind.

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