

# Late Sunday Evening

## Art Brut

Late Sunday evening  
I only just feel like eating  
Am I feeling unwell  
For what I've done or drunk  
Or for someone might tell I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight  
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep There's nothing that's been done  
That can't be undone  
You were sick, now you're better  
There's work to be done There's nothing that's been done  
That can't be undone  
You are sick, now you're better  
There's work to be done Everything has been shown to me  
With only a magazine for company  
Answers in the problem pages  
To problems I've been having for ages Late Sunday evening  
There's no way I'm gonna be sleeping  
Am I feeling unwell  
For what I've done or drunk  
Or for someone might tell I'm gonna find it hard to sleep There's nothing that's been done  
That can't be undone  
You were sick, now you're better  
There's work to be done When I feel my friends  
Have been conspiring against me  
I break into their bedrooms  
And I write in their diaries There's nothing that's been done  
That can't be undone  
You were sick, now you're better  
There's work to be done Every thing's gonna be alright  
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight  
Every thing's gonna be alright but I'm  
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight Every thing's gonna be alright but I'm  
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight  
Phone later if you like 'cause  
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight

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