

# Not A Lot To Do

## The Zutons

Sunday afternoon  
Not a lot to do  
Think of all  
The places I could be  
People I could meet  
Life so small

I'm watching drops of rain  
On my window pane  
Empty streets

And no one knocks around  
No one goes to town

I'm a-going out  
Sick of staying in  
Living life

With worries on my mind  
Waste away the time

day there was a storm  
Closed up all the doors  
So restricted

Put my life of shame  
Through the window pane  
Now I'm blessed

Cause god created Sundays  
So we could stay in  
And watch the rain falling down  
I lay on my bed  
I feel all left out  
I switch off my head

And I can live on my own  
And stay in all day  
And watch the rain falling down  
I lay on my bed

I feel all left out

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