

# Sunday Sunday

## Blur

Sunday, Sunday here again in tidy attire  
You read the color supplement, the TV guide  
You dream of protein on a plateRegret you left it quite so late  
To gather the family around the table  
To eat enough to sleepOh, the Sunday sleepSunday, Sunday here again a walk in the park  
You meet an old soldier and talk of the past  
He fought for us in two World WarsAnd the England he knew is no more  
He sings the songs of praise  
Then he reads, but always falls asleep  
For that Sunday sleep but he knows what he knowsSunday, Sunday  
Oh, that Sunday sleepSunday, Sunday here again in tidy attire  
You read the color supplement, the TV guide  
You dream of protein on a plateRegret you left it quite so late  
You gather the family around the table  
To eat enough to sleepAnd mother's pride is your epithet  
That extra slice you'll soon regret  
So going out is your best bet  
Then bingo yourself to sleepOh that Sunday sleep

Lyrics provided by

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