

Tell Me On a Sunday

Bernadette Peters

Don't write a letter when you want to leave
Don't call me at 3 a.m. from a friend's apartment
 I'd like to choose how I hear the news
 Take me to a park that's covered with trees
Tell me on a Sunday, please
 Let me down easy, no big song and dance
 No long faces, no long looks, no deep conversation
 I know the way we should spend that day
 Take me to a zoo that's got chimpanzees
Tell me on a Sunday, please
 Don't want to know who's to blame
 It won't help knowing
 Don't want to fight day and night
 Bad enough, you're going
Don't you leave in silence with no word at all
 Don't get drunk and slam the door
 That's no way to end this
 I know how I want you to say goodbye
 Find a circus ring with a flying trapeze
Tell me on a Sunday, please
 Don't want to fight day and night
 Bad enough, you're going
 Don't leave in silence with no word at all
 Don't get drunk and slam the door
 That's no way to end this
I know how I want you to say goodbye
 Don't run off in the pouring rain
 Don't call me as they call your plane
 Take the hurt out of all the pain
 Take me to a park that's covered with trees
 Tell me on a Sunday, please

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