

Everyday Is Like Sunday

Morrissey

Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen
This is the coastal town
That they forgot to close down
Armageddon, come Armageddon!
Come, Armageddon! Come!Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and greyHide on the promenade
Etch a postcard :
"How I Dearly Wish I Was Not Here"
In the seaside town
That they forgot to bomb
Come, come, come, nuclear bombEveryday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and greyTrudging back over pebbles and sand
And a strange dust lands on your hands
(And on your face)
(On your face)
(On your face)
(On your face)Everyday is like Sunday
"Win yourself a cheap tray"
Share some greased tea with me
Everyday is silent and grey

Lyrics provided by

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