Sunday

Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five

Your vision's blurred, your mouth is dry
It is Sunday, just another Sunday
Your body aches, your conscience sleeps
It is Sunday, just another Sunday
You say you don't wanna feel this way
You don't wanna feel
You say you don't wanna feel this way
You don't wanna feel
Your knees are weak, your heart's on speed
It is Sunday, just another Sunday
Your senses lie, your temple speaks
It is Sunday, just another Sunday
You say you don't wanna feel this way
You don't wanna feel
You say you don't wanna feel this way
You don't wanna feel
I think I'm outta my mind sometimes maybe
Feel, feel
No room in my head cause it's filled with a boom
I think I'm outta my mind sometimes maybe
Feel, feel
No room in my head cause it's filled with a boom
It is Sunday, just another Sunday
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]You say you don't wanna feel this way
You don't wanna feel
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You don't wanna feel
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Feel, feel
No room in my head cause it's filled with a boom
I think I'm outta my mind sometimes maybe
Feel, feel
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