

# 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  
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  
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