

Feelin' Kinda Sunday (with Frank Sinatra)

[Nancy Sinatra](#)

(Feelin' kinda Sunday, feelin' kinda Sunday, feelin' kinda Sunday)
(Feelin' kinda Sunday, feelin' kinda Sunday, feelin' kinda Sunday) Hey Mr. Sunlight, gonna outshine your
bright,
I'm talking out of my head, I'm so high on life.
Don't you know that it's gonna be a "thousand-and-one" day.
And I'm feelin' kinda Sunday, (feelin' kinda Sunday), feelin' kinda Sunday. Pardon my glow-on, but from the
high I'm on,
I see myself in this world right where I belong,
There's nothing can hold me down, it's a "get-up-and-run" day.
And I'm feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday), feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday),
Feelin' kinda Sunday, (Sunday). The bells I hear in me say I should be getting up soon,
Been travelling all morning long, but I'm still here in my room.
Got to give in to (in to) this feelin' I'm on to, (I'm on to)
I'm looking at love coloured windows, and liking the view,
It's just the beginning of a happy go funday,
And I'm feelin' kinda Sunday (feelin' kinda Sunday),
Feelin' kinda Sunday (feelin' kinda Sunday),
Feelin' kinda Sunday (feelin' kinda Sunday). (La, la la la la, la la la la, la la la la la la la,) It's just the beginning
of a happy go funday,
And I'm feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday), feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday)
Feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday), feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday)
Feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday), feelin' kinda Sunday (Sunday)...

Songwriters

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