

Sunday Sunday

Blur

Sunday, Sunday here again in tidy attire
You read the color supplement, the TV guide
You dream of protein on a plateRegret you left it quite so late
To gather the family around the table
To eat enough to sleepOh, the Sunday sleepSunday, Sunday here again a walk in the park
You meet an old soldier and talk of the past
He fought for us in two World WarsAnd the England he knew is no more
He sings the songs of praise
Then he reads, but always falls asleep
For that Sunday sleep but he knows what he knowsSunday, Sunday
Oh, that Sunday sleepSunday, Sunday here again in tidy attire
You read the color supplement, the TV guide
You dream of protein on a plateRegret you left it quite so late
You gather the family around the table
To eat enough to sleepAnd mother's pride is your epithet
That extra slice you'll soon regret
So going out is your best bet
Then bingo yourself to sleepOh that Sunday sleep

Songwriters

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