

Everyday Is Like Sunday

Pretenders

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 gray
Hide on the promenade scratch out a postcard
And how I dearly wish I was not here
In the seaside town that they forgot to bomb
Come, come, come, nuclear bomb
Everyday is like Sunday, everyday is silent and gray
Trudging 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
Everyday is like Sunday, everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is like Sunday, everyday is like Sunday

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