

Blue Sunday

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

She took a rolled-up twenty out of her pocket
And paid for my cigarettes
We were friends at first sight in the 7-Eleven light
She said here let me cover it And I rode shotgun all that night
She drove and never made a sound
When I asked if there was anything wrong
She said nothin' worth talking about It's a blue Sunday
Down the interstate
It's a blue Sunday
Blue with shades of gray Her back seat could have been a hotel
I slept for a thousand years
Every now and then she'd
Laugh out loud for no reason I pretended not to hear
And rolled my jacket up under my head
And stretched my body out, couldn't be too far in front
Of her daddy's bloodhounds but I ain't gonna worry now It was a blue Sunday
Down the interstate
A blue Sunday
Yeah, blue with shades of gray Yeah, you know me
We've never met before
It's a blue Sunday
When it's time to leave you go

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