Bloody Sunday

Stiff Little Fingers

Take a look around you all is dead
A good look around makes me see red
What have they done to us
Taken all the fun from us
We might as well stay all day in bed

Of course we're right
You know we're right
It's worse than Monday
Yes of course we're right
And you know we're right
There's nothing to do on Bloody Sunday

They say the day of rest
Ought to be Sunday best
But they do what they can
To make it Sunday worst
The week is weak enough
Without a non day

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