

Sunday Morning Nightmare

Sham 69

Me dad don't want me coming home late from the disco
And me mum doesn't want me hanging around with the lads
Me brother thinks he looks like John Travolta
And me sister thinks she's Olivia Newton JohnIt's a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmareI've been drinking too many pints of lager
I've been getting into to many bleedin' fights
I came home with sick all down me trousers
I've got lovebites all around me neckI've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmareDon't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do itI've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmareDon't tell me dad I've just smashed up his car
And don't tell me mum I've got me bird in the club
Tell my brother not to wear my clothes
And tell me sister to get her boyfriend outta me bedI've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmareDon't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do it
Don't do it, they won't let us do it

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