

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 John It's a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare I've been drinking too many pints of lager
I've been getting into too many bleedin' fights
I came home with sick all down me trousers
I've got lovebites all around me neck I've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare 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
Don't do it, they won't let us do it I've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare Don'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 bed I've got a Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare
A Sunday morning nightmare 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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