

Sunday Sunday (feat. Kick Horns)

Blur

Sunday, Sunday, here again in tidy attire
You read the color supplement, the TV guide
You dream of protein on a plate
Regret you left it quite so late
To gather the family round the table to eat enough to sleep
Oh, the Sunday sleep Sunday, Sunday here again, a walk in the park
You meet an old soldier and talk of the past
He fought for us in two world wars
And says the England he knew is no more
He sings the Songs of Praise every week but always falls asleep
For the Sunday sleep Sunday
Sunday
Oh Sunday sleep Sunday, Sunday, here again in tidy attire
You read the color supplement, the TV guide
You dream of protein on a plate
Regret you left it quite so late
To gather the family round the table to eat enough to sleep

Songwriters

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