Bloody Sunday

Gary Pozner

You're telling me I can be your enemy
Your enemy
Another bloody Sunday
Another sunburn on my skin
Another lesson I begin
Another bridge you've burned
One more lesson you can't learn
Another cold one creeping in
And I don't need you telling me
All these messed up crazy things
You keep telling me I can be your enemy
The truth is so far away
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper
With a pretty face
On the day that your innocence died
You let it rot me away
You're telling me I can be your enemy
That bloody Sunday
The sun still looks the same to me
Out from my back door
Girl, I never knew before
And I don't need you telling me
All these messed up crazy things
You keep telling me I can be your enemy
The truth is so far away
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper
With a pretty face
On the day that your innocence died
You let it rot me away
You're telling me I can be your enemy
That bloody Sunday
You're telling me I can be your enemy
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper
With a pretty face
And I don't need you telling me
All these messed up crazy things
You keep telling me I can be your enemy
The truth is so far away
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper

With a pretty face
On the day that your innocence died
You let it rot me away
That bloody Sunday, that bloody Sunday
You keep telling me I can be your enemy
The truth is so far away
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper
You keep telling me I can be your enemy
The truth is so far away
You keep pushing it further, digging it deeper
Another bloody Sunday
Another sunburn on my skin
Another lesson I begin

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