

Not A Lot To Do

The Zutons

Sunday afternoon
Not a lot to do
Think of all
The places I could be
People I could meet
Life so small

I'm watching drops of rain
On my window pane
Empty streets

And no one knocks around
No one goes to town

I'm a-going out
Sick of staying in
Living life

With worries on my mind
Waste away the time

day there was a storm
Closed up all the doors
So restricted

Put my life of shame
Through the window pane
Now I'm blessed

Cause god created Sundays
So we could stay in
And watch the rain falling down
I lay on my bed
I feel all left out
I switch off my head

And I can live on my own
And stay in all day
And watch the rain falling down
I lay on my bed

I feel all left out

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