

Tell Me On A Sunday

Marti Webb, Harry Rabinowitz, London Philharmonic

Don't write a letter when you want to leave
Don't call me at 3 a.m. from a friend's apartment
I'd like to choose how I hear the news
Take me to a park that's covered with trees
Tell me on a Sunday, please
Let me down easy, no big song and dance
No long faces, no long looks, no deep conversation
I know the way we should spend that day
Take me to a zoo that's got chimpanzees
Tell me on a Sunday, please
Don't want to know who's to blame
It won't help knowing
Don't want to fight day and night
Bad enough, you're going
Don't you leave in silence with no word at all
Don't get drunk and slam the door
That's no way to end this
I know how I want you to say goodbye
Find a circus ring with a flying trapeze
Tell me on a Sunday, please
Don't want to fight day and night
Bad enough, you're going
Don't leave in silence with no word at all
Don't get drunk and slam the door
That's no way to end this
I know how I want you to say goodbye
Don't run off in the pouring rain
Don't call me as they call your plane
Take the hurt out of all the pain
Take me to a park that's covered with trees
Tell me on a Sunday, please

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