

# Sunday

## Bloc Party.

Heavy night, it was a heavy night  
Feels like we've come back from the dead  
Heavy night, it was a heavy night  
I cannot remember what I said to anyone  
If we get up now, we can catch the afternoon  
Watch the under-15's playing football in the park  
Let's sleep in St. Leonard's on this alcoholic day  
We're doing the best with what we've got  
I love you in the morning  
When you're still hungover  
I love you in the morning  
When you're still strung out  
I love you in the morning  
I work hard all week, and so do you  
We deserve to let off some steam  
Less orthodox creeping  
We need to rage through this life  
There might be ones who are smarter than you  
That have the right answers, that wear better shoes  
Forget about those melting icecaps  
We're doing the best with what we've got  
I love you in the morning  
When you're still hungover  
I love you in the morning  
When you're still strung out  
When I'm with you, I am calm  
A pearl in your oyster  
Head on my chest, a silent smile  
A private kind of happiness  
  
You see, giant proclamations  
Are all very well  
But our love is louder than words  
When I'm with you, I am calm  
A pearl in your oyster  
Head on my chest, a silent smile  
A private kind of happiness  
(I love you in the morning)  
When I'm with you, I am calm

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