

# Everyday Is Like Sunday

## The Smiths

Trudging slowly over wet sand  
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen  
This is a coastal town  
That they forgot to close down  
Armageddon, come Armageddon  
Come Armageddon come  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and gray  
Hide on a promenade  
Etch on a post card  
How I dearly wish I was not here  
In the seaside town  
That they forgot to bomb

Come, come nuclear bomb  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and gray  
Trudging back over pebbles and sand  
And a strange dust lands on your hands  
(And on your face)  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Win yourself a cheap tray  
Share some grease tea with me  
Everyday is silent and gray

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