

# Sunday Blues

**Marshall Crenshaw**

I wish I could go walking  
Walk out of this place  
Maybe see a friendly face  
But it's raining and raining I'm looking down from below  
From a thirteenth floor window  
It's Sunday afternoon, the sky is ugly grey  
I'm here or down there  
Right now it's bad news either way Well, I can't stay  
So I guess I'll go out there anyhow  
What I don't want right now is  
A day of reflection and solitude  
With this bitter mood, I'm in again I tried to call you on the phone  
Now I'm stir crazed enough  
To go walking in the rain alone I heard the last church bell's ring  
And got the Sunday blues  
For this and that and everything  
The Sunday blues That feeling goes stealing down to your shoes  
In my head and in my heart  
The Sunday blues I'm on the wrong side of Sunday  
Can't get away from dark thoughts today  
I've been made blue, been lied to But enough's enough  
I don't need this stuff ok?  
Regret and rage, just go back to underground  
Mean old Sunday blues, I've had it with you hanging 'round Yeah, alright I'm done with the Sunday blues  
Everyone now and then has to play and lose  
So I'll waste no more tears on last year's news  
'Til the next time around with the Sunday blues

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