

Sunny Afternoon

Tom Jones

In the summertime
The tax man's taken all my dough
And left me in my stately home
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
And I can't sail my yacht
He's taken everything I've got
All I've got's this sunny afternoon
Save me from this squeeze
I've got a big fat momma tryin' to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury, lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime, in the summertime
Everything seems fine
My girlfriend's gone off with my car
And gone back to her Ma and Pa
Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty

And now I'm sitting here
Sipping on my ice cold beer
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
Help me, sail away
Give me two good reasons why I ought to stay
'Cos I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury, lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime, everything is fine
Because it's the summertime
I don't care about a doggone thing
I'm broke, I'm skint, but it's the summertime
In the summertime
Even though I ain't got a dime
In the summertime, I don't have a dime
I just got this ice cold beer
Everything seems fine in the summertime
Nothing seems to matter

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