Sunday's Slave

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Sunday's got a slave
Monday's got one too
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Our sufferings are countless
Our pleasures are motley few
Spend all day digging my grave
Now go get Sunday's slaveTuesday sleeps in a stable
Wednesday's in a chains
Tuesday gathers up the crumbs under the table
Wednesday dare not complain
My heart has collapsed on the tracks of a run-a-way train
Just whisper his name
And here comes Sunday's slave
The hands in the stable are willing and able to pay
If you feel at a loss, man, just who is the boss-man
Ask the blood of one of its bad days
For his nerve is to serve but the sevice is a mockery
He insists that he piss in your fist
But he still takes the money anyway
The master's a bastard
But don't tell Sunday's slave
Thursday's angered the master
O.K. so Friday's gonna pay
Thursday's angered the master
Yeah, so Friday's gonna pay
One night on the rack and he's back saddling up Saturday
You can only whisper his name
But not on Sundays
Never on Sundays
O Not on Sunday's slave
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