

# Don't Tell Your Mother

## The Sundays

Don't tell your mother about  
Where you go when the lights are down  
And don't tell your mother how  
You're up to no good, nowhere to be found  
Well, it's time to learn not to work so hard  
Or not at all  
How will we know when the end is nigh  
On a day much as any other?  
Run and play, while away the hours  
And you know I would go if I could go  
But I can't so, thank you all the same  
[Incomprehensible] to say I've turned away from it all  
And don't think I'll be home for a while  
'Cause who needs a mother to shout  
When I'm doing very well by myself  
How will we know when the end is nigh  
On a day much as any other?  
Get out this house and while away the hours  
[Incomprehensible] began well before the summer  
And you know I would go if I could go  
But I can't go now  
Would go if I could go  
But I don't know how  
You're exactly like the others  
Oh, no

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