# 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 foundWell, it's time to learn not to work so hard
Or not at allHow 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 myselfHow 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 nowWould go if I could go
But I don't know how
You're exactly like the others
Oh, no

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