

Blur, Sunday, Sunday

Sunday, sunday here again in tidy attire
You read the colour supplement, the tv guide
You dream of protein on a plate
Regret you left it quite so late
To gather the family around the table
To eat enough sleep
Oh, the sunday sleep

Sunday, sunday here again a walk in the park
You meet an old soldier and talk of the past
He fought for us in two world wars and
The england he knew is no more
He sings the songs of praise but always falls asleep
For that sunday sleep

But he knows what he knows
Sunday, sunday

Oh, that sunday sleep....

Sunday, sunday here again in tidy attire
You read the colour supplement, the tv guide
You dream of protein on a plate, regret you left it quite so late
You gather the family around the table to eat enough to sleep
And mother's pride is your epithet
That extra slice you'll soon regret
So going out is your best bet, then bingo yourself to sleep
Oh that sunday sleep....