

# Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Blue Sunday

She took a rolled up 20 out of her pocket  
And paid for my cigarettes  
We were friends at first sight in the 7-Eleven light  
She said "here, let me cover it";

And I rode shotgun all that night  
She drove and never made a sound  
I asked if there was anything wrong,  
She said "nothin worth talking about?";

It's a blue Sunday, down the interstate  
Yeah, a blue Sunday  
Blue with shades of gray

Her backseat could have been a hotel  
I slept for a thousand years  
Every now and then she'd laugh out loud for no reason  
I pretended not to hear

And rolled my jacket up under my head  
And stretched my body out  
Couldn't be too far in front of her daddy's bloodhounds,  
But I ain't gonna worry now

It's a blue Sunday, down the interstate  
Yeah, a blue Sunday  
Blue with shades of gray

A blue Sunday,  
We never met before  
It's a blue Sunday  
When it's time to leave you go