

Late Sunday Evening

Art Brut

Late Sunday evening
I only just feel like eating
Am I feeling unwell
For what I've done or drunk
Or for someone might tell
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep
There's nothing that's been done
That can't be undone
You were sick, now you're better
There's work to be done
There's nothing that's been done
That can't be undone
You are sick, now you're better
There's work to be done
Everything has been shown to me
With only a magazine for company
Answers in the problem pages
To problems I've been having for ages
Late Sunday evening
There's no way I'm gonna be sleeping
Am I feeling unwell
For what I've done or drunk
Or for someone might tell
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep
There's nothing that's been done
That can't be undone
You were sick, now you're better
There's work to be done
When I feel my friends
Have been conspiring against me
I break into their bedrooms
And I write in their diaries
There's nothing that's been done
That can't be undone
You were sick, now you're better
There's work to be done
Every thing's gonna be alright
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
Every thing's gonna be alright but I'm
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
Every thing's gonna be alright but I'm
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
Phone later if you like 'cause
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight