

Sunday Sunday

Blur

Sunday Sunday here again in tidy attire
You read the color supplement, the TV guide
You dream of protein on a plate, regret you left it quite so late
Together the family around the table, to eat enough to 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 says the England he knew
is no more
He sings songs of praise every week but always falls asleep
for that Sunday sleep

You dream of protein on a plate, regret you left it quite so late
Together the family around the table to eat enough to sleep
And mother's pride is your epithet that extra slice you will soon
regret
So going out is your best bet, then bingo yourself to sleep
oh the Sunday sleep