

The Morning After

Chumbawamba

Unholy sunday - a winter's day (mine is the kingdom)
Church bells ring a million miles away (forever and ever)
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
But stay here warm in bed with you
The morning after the night before

Sunday after sunday
The morning after the night before

Ice on the windows, let's thaw it away (it's a hell of a winter
)
So much time to waste, so much to say (peppered with laughter)
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
But move justalittlebitcloser to you
The morning after the night before

Sunday after sunday
The morning after the night before

Plasticine people we could be (do what you want to)
Squeezing together for now or forever (forever or never)
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
But roll up into a ball with you
The morning after the night before