

# 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