

# Sunday Nights

Frank Turner

Sunday nights are slow surrender  
It never lasts and we'll never learn  
We can still make this one to remember  
It's Sunday night and we've time to burn  
Tomorrow morning can wait its turn

Charge your glasses, raise a toast  
To the memory gained  
To the sleep that we lost  
Another weekend run to ground

Another passing coat of red  
Painted across our town  
Work is shallow, cuts are deep  
Who would waste two days respite?

You can't catch up on sleep  
So here we are, last chance saloon  
The ticking clock and a slow defeat  
It'll all be over soon

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Once more friends unto the breach  
Bleary eyed, the stuff of dreams  
Always slips out of reach  
Defiance dressed in crumpled clothes

Protest played out with a headache  
Starting late but going slow  
Though we know we have to be here  
We have tasted freer air, we don't have to care

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It never lasts and we'll never learn  
We can still make this one to remember  
It's Sunday night and we've time to burn  
Tomorrow morning can wait its turn

All our days will fade away  
In hazy nights and clear mistakes  
So here's to us and needs that must  
Let's raise a toast for one last boast

'Cause it's Sunday night and we've time to burn  
Tomorrow morning can wait its turn