

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

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

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