

## Feel Alright

Graham Coxon

Oh Sunday morning, not a scrap in sight  
I'll go without, I do it out of spite  
All by myself, yeah  
Food's lost its flavour, I refuse to bite  
Do myself no favours, I stay in every night  
Ashtrays in rows, but you know  
I feel alright  
It's just another Sunday morning, then it's Sunday night  
I feel alright  
It's just the ghost of you behind me, sitting right up tight  
I'll read the paper, but it's yesterdays  
The world's gone mad and I'm going the same way  
All by myself, yeah  
When the sun is shining, but it don't give no hope  
I'm into whining, and I'm all out of soap  
But it's good to feel dirty, yeah  
When you feel alright  
Just another Sunday morning, everything's alright  
I feel alright  
It's just the ghost of you behind me sitting right up tight  
Sitting right up tight  
So many miles, between me and you  
So many days, I don't know what to do  
Be by myself, then I know  
I'll be alright  
On another Sunday morning, another Sunday night  
I'll be alright  
With the ghost of you behind me sitting right up tight  
Sitting right up tight  
Sitting right up tight  
Sitting right up tight