

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