

Sunday Papers

Joe Jackson

Mother doesn't go out any more
Just sits at home and rolls her spastic eyes
But every weekend through the door
Come words of wisdom from the world outside

If you want to know about the bishop and the actress
If you want to know how to be a star
If you want to know about the stains on the mattress
You can read it in the Sunday papers, Sunday papers

Mother's wheelchair stays out in the hall
Why should she go out when the TV's on
Whatever moves beyond these walls
She'll know the facts when Sunday comes along

If you want to know about the mad punk rockers
If you want to know how to play guitar
If you want to know about any other suckers
You can read it in the Sunday papers, read it in the Sunday papers

Sunday papers don't ask no questions
Sunday papers don't get no lies
Sunday papers don't raise objections
Sunday papers ain't got no eyes

Brother's heading that way now I guess
He just read something made his face turn blue
Well I got nothing against the press
They wouldn't print it if it wasn't true

If you want to know about the gay politician
If you want to know how to drive your car
If you want to know about the new sex position
You can read it in the Sunday papers, read it in the Sunday papers

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Read all about it, Sunday papers
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