

I Never Work on a Sunday

Keith Urban

I never work on a Sunday
I've got a life of my own
And this here is the one day
I spend with my family at home

I left the office in a flash on Friday
Threw my boots in the car
Cashed my pay check and headed for the country
To sleep underneath the stars

I drove all day Saturday and right into the evenin'
'Til there were no more city lights
Those broken lines were gettin' blurry through my windscreen
Well I guess I drove all night

Then Sunday mornin' found me rollin' into sunrise
With my fuel gauge dead
I pulled into fill up, found the place deserted
And a little sign that read

I never work on a Sunday
I've got a life of my own
And this here is the one day
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All I could do is call up a tow truck
To take me further down the road
I fumbled round and round for some change in my pocket
Walked fifteen minutes to the phone

There in the phone book, I found a business advert
Saying, "Use us instead"
I dialed the number and a tape recorder answered
And it politely said

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I finally got back home and it took forever
Then at work the next day, somebody said
"Hey, the boss said he wants to see you in his office right away"
He told me just how far behind the work was getting
And on the weekend could I stay
I started laughin' and said, "You must be kiddin'"
I just got one thing to say, you know what I said

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I'm quite entitled to one day
To spend with my family at home"