

Sunday Morning

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Well I woke up feelin' rat shit,
with no way to hold me head
that didn't hurt,
Wonderin' what'd make me feel the best,
chunder or a squirt,
But I think I'll settle for a shit
'cause I've still got some chunder on me shirt,
And I rubbed me eyes and scratched me nuts
and staggered down
The stairs to greet the day, oh shit.
I got pissed again the day before
watchin' cricket on the telly with me mates,
There was Berne Simmons Matty Kim,
Lucky, and this big prick Wally Yates,
But Christ knows why I feel so crook,
must'a been somethin' that I ate,
By the time I found you're supposed
to peel your prawns before you eat 'em,
it's too late.

I'm into Sunday mornin' sideways,
oh Jesus Christ I'm bloody crook,
Havin' a quiet drink Saturday avo, is just like,
tryin' to have a quiet
Fuck with a chook,

And I think I'm bloody dyin',
like I've been fumbled by a truck,
On me knees out in the dunny,
Sunday mornin', throwin' up.

Sweatin' on the Sunday session,
tryin' to think of what I done last night,
I remember I got me end away,
oh Jesus, Wally Yates' wife,
A man's supposed to be a man so,
I should me a man and apologise,
Oh, but a root's a root, and I'm a cunt,
I'll call 'round next time while
He's workin' nights.

I'm into Sunday mornin' sideways,
oh Jesus Christ I'm bloody crook,
Havin' a quiet drink Saturday avo,
is just like, tryin' to have a quiet
Fuck with a chook,
And I think I'm bloody dyin',
like I've been fumbled by a truck,
On me knees out in the dunny,
Sunday mornin', throwin' up.

Ohh I think me ass just caved in,
Sunday mornin', chuckin' up.

Mm fuck.