

## Sunday Morning Here With You

Michael Franks

Buried alive hoping to survive  
'Til the weekend  
Can't write the song  
Struggle all week long  
Bitter blue  
But up on the roof we are living proof  
Love's nutritious  
Such delicious Like the river we journey déjà vu  
Sunday morning here with you

Your kisses made with orange marmalade  
Apple blossoms toast and tea  
I cannot think of any place I'd rather  
I'd rather be  
My sleepy friend I always want to spend  
Sunday morning here with you  
I cannot think of anything I'd rather  
I'd rather do

Lounging in bed Sunday papers read  
Windows open  
First day of spring hear the kettle sing  
Tea for two  
Lady in lace sunlight on your face  
Quite an eyeful  
Such delightful déjà vu  
Sunday morning here with you