

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