

Everyday Is Like Sunday

Morrissey

Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen
This is the coastal town that they forgot to close down
Armageddon, come Armageddon, come, Armageddon, come

Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and gray

Hide on the promenade, etch a postcard
How I dearly wish I was not here
In the seaside town that they forgot to bomb
Come, come, come, nuclear bomb

Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and grey

Trudging back over pebbles and sand
And a strange dust lands on your hands
And on your face, on your face
On your face, on your face

Everyday is like Sunday
Win yourself a cheap tray
Share some greased tea with me
Everyday is silent and gray