

# Sunday's Slave

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Sunday's got a slave  
Monday's got one too  
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Our sufferings are countless  
Our pleasures are motley few  
Spend all day digging my grave  
Now go get Sunday's slave

Tuesday sleeps in a stable  
Wednesday's in a chains  
Tuesday gathers up the crumbs under the table  
Wednesday dare not complain  
My heart has collapsed on the tracks of a run-a-way train  
Just whisper his name  
And here comes Sunday's slave

The hands in the stable are willing and able to pay  
If you feel at a loss, man, just who is the boss-man  
Ask the blood of one of its bad days  
For his nerve is to serve but the service is a mockery  
He insists that he piss in your fist  
But he still takes the money anyway  
The master's a bastard  
But don't tell Sunday's slave

Thursday's angered the master  
O.K. so Friday's gonna pay  
Thursday's angered the master  
Yeah, so Friday's gonna pay  
One night on the rack and he's back saddling up Saturday  
You can only whisper his name  
But not on Sundays  
Never on Sundays  
O Not on Sunday's slave