

## Sunday Morning Nightmare

Sham 69

Me dad don't want me coming home late from the disco  
And me mum doesn't want me hanging around with the lads  
Me brother thinks he looks like John Travolta  
And me sister thinks she's Olivia Newton John

It's a Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare

I've been drinking too many pints of lager  
I've been getting into to many bleedin' fights  
I came home with sick all down me trousers  
I've got lovebites all around me neck

I've got a Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare

Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it

I've got a Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare

Don't tell me dad I've just smashed up his car  
And don't tell me mum I've got me bird in the club  
Tell my brother not to wear my clothes  
And tell me sister to get her boyfriend outta me bed

I've got a Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare  
A Sunday morning nightmare

Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it  
Don't do it, they won't let us do it