

Lazy Sunday

Small Faces

A wouldn't it be nice
To get on with me neighbors
But they make it very clear
They've got no room for ravers

They stop me from groovin'
They bang on me wall
They doing me crust in
It's no good at all, ah

Lazy Sunday afternoon
I've got no mind to worry
I close my eyes and drift away-a

Here we all are sittin' in a rainbow
Go blimey hello Mrs. Jones
How's old Bert's lumbago?
(He mustn't grumble)

Tweedle dee bite
I'll sing you a song with no words and no tune
Tweedle dee bite
To sing in the khazi while you suss out the moon, oh yeah

Lazy Sunday afternoon-a
I've got no mind to worry
Close my eyes and drift away-a

Root-de-doo-de-doo, a-root-de-doot-de doy di
A-root-de doot de dum, a-ree-de-dee-de-doo dee
Doo, doo, doo

There's no one to hear me
There's nothing to say
And no one can stop me
From feeling this way, yeah

Lazy Sunday afternoon
I've got no mind to worry
Close my eyes and drift away

Lazy Sunday afternoon
I've got no mind to worry
Close my eyes and drift a

Close my mind and drift away
Close my eyes and drift away