

Sunday Morning

The Bolshoi

I remember when I was young
Feeling sick on Sunday morning
I don't wanna do it anymore

Standing in a line with a dirty mind
Clean it up on Sunday morning
I don't wanna do it anymore

One day a week, we turn the cheek
One day a week, we turn the cheek

Oh, how we kneeled down
Oh, we were so quiet
Never any light there
I don't care, it's not right there

Get up early, do your hair
Sunday best on Sunday morning
Well I don't wanna see it anymore

Tea and toast in the social hall
We had it all on Sunday morning
I don't wanna see it anymore

Week coming fair, so wash your hair
Week coming fair, so wash your hair

Oh, how we kneeled down
Oh, we were so quiet
Never any light there
I don't care, it's not right there

Strong to feel, strong to care
You must not steal, you must not swear

Oh, how we kneeled down
Oh, we were so quiet
Never any light there
I don't care, it's not right there

I don't wanna do it anymore
I don't wanna see it anymore

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