

Coors For Sunday

The Guess Who

Hey dream breaker, you gonna laugh now that you fell down?
You broke my will and stole my soul, without even a half-
ass frown

You got Coors for Sunday, you got a way with the negro boys
Comes to steppin' on their women, spendin' all your cash just t
o hear their noise

You got cool, not even you could ever get that hip
Seems your nose started runnin' every time you tried to let you
r backbone slip
You know it ain't right when you're screamin' in the morning

You got kings at your table, they're just a backstreet bunch of
clowns
Steppin' out, have a look over, I hope I'm there to see you tum
ble on down