

## 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