

## Seven Ways to Sunday

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Seven ways to Sunday  
Seven seperate ways to Sunday  
But he did not know which one  
Would save him so he had to try  
Every code and combination  
On the road to his salvation  
There were no two ways about it  
He had seven ways to try  
With seven ways to test  
He vowed that he would not rest  
There was nothing up above  
So he put everything aside  
He had so much invested  
He probably should have rested  
Seven ways-He swore that  
Every last one would be tried  
What he was looking for  
Is not much more  
Then what we all are looking for  
And nowadays seems  
That there is precious little of  
He looked high and he looked low  
And there was nothing up above  
He to try all seven  
He tried them to high-heaven  
From one end to the other  
And then he turned around  
He was thoroughly exhausted  
His faith had been accosted  
He tried seven ways and wondered  
Why it was he hadn't found  
What he was looking for  
Is not much more  
Then what we all are looking for  
But nowadays it seems  
That there is precious little of  
Desprate and alone  
He turned over every stone  
He tried seven ways to Sunday  
He was looking for love  
He looked high and he looked low  
And there was nothing up above  
He been told where he could go  
What he was looking for was love  
What he was looking for  
Is not much more  
Then what we all are looking for  
And nowadays it seems  
That there is precious little of  
Desperate and alone  
He turned over every stone  
Seven ways to Sunday  
He was looking for love  
He looked high and he looked low  
And there was nothing up above  
And he been told where he could go  
What he was looking for was love

What he was looking for was love  
What he was looking for was love