

Blue Sunday

Tom Petty

She took a rolled up twenty
Out of her pocket
And paid for my cigarettes
We were friends at first sight
In the 7-11 light
She said, "Here, lemme cover it"

And I rode shotgun all that night
She drove, and never made a sound
I asked if there was anything wrong
She said, "Nothin' worth talkin' 'bout"

It's a blue Sunday
Down the interstate
Yeah a blue Sunday
Blue, with shades of grey

Her backseat could've been a hotel
I slept for a thousand years
Every now and then she'd laugh out loud for no reason
I pretended not to hear
And rolled my jacket up under my head
And stretched my body out
Couldn't be too far in front of her daddy's blood hounds
But I ain't gonna worry now

It's a blue Sunday
Down the interstate
Yeah a blue Sunday
Blue, with shades of grey

A blue Sunday
We never met before
It's a blue Sunday
When it's time to leave you go