

Sunday Copyright 1995 Nick Fowler/Gregg Wattenberg

Sun pours on pillows in my dizzy dreams/I lie alone for the first time it seems/Freedom's peculiar in my city bed/I should be nil but I'm neutral instead

Sunday/She says leaving/Now it's come Tuesday/I'm still not grieving/I Wait until Friday, yeah/Still numb to the pain

Mom fires both barrels/ "They're empty," she swears/Snakes under our bed, so Dad calls the serp men/"You'll always fail me forever," he says/Words never spoken/But I will mend

Sunday/She says leaving/Now it's come Tuesday/I'm still not grieving/Wait until Friday, yeah/Numb the pain

(Guitar solo)

Faces look ugly, but I'm sunny day/Men turn to murder from riding the subway/Freedom's the drug that scares me into bed/What'll we do if we get our way?

(Breakdown Chorus)

Sunday/You wake up screaming/Now it's come Tuesday/I'm still not grieving/Wait until Friday/I cried all weekend/It finally hit me/Yet somehow I need this/Waited till Friday/ I cried all weekend/It finally hit me/Somehow I need this/Now back to Sunday/Here comes the pain

Verse G Amin F G

Chorus C Cmin G A7 C D