

## **Pretenders, The**

### **"Everyday Is Like Sunday"**

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Trudging slowly over wet sand  
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen  
This is the coastal town that they forgot to close down  
Armageddon, come Armageddon  
Come Armageddon, come

Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and grey  
Hide on the promenade, etch a postcard  
How I dearly wish I was not here  
In the seaside town that they forgot to bomb  
Come, come, come nuclear bomb

Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and grey  
Trudging back over pebbles and sand  
And a strange dust lands on your hands and on your  
face  
On your face  
On your face  
On your face

Everyday is like Sunday  
Win yourself a cheap tray  
Share some gris tea with me  
Everyday is silent and grey

Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is like Sunday

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