

## Small Faces, The

### "Lazy Sunday"

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A wouldn't it be nice  
To get on with me neighbors  
But they make it very clear  
They've got no room for ravers

They stop me from groovin'  
They bang on me wall  
They doing me crust in  
It's no good at all, ah

Lazy Sunday afternoon  
I've got no mind to worry  
I close my eyes and drift away-a

Here we all are sittin' in a rainbow  
Go blimey hello Mrs. Jones  
How's old Bert's lumbago?  
(He mustn't grumble)

Tweedle dee bite  
I'll sing you a song with no words and no tune  
Tweedle dee bite  
To sing in the khazi while you suss out the moon, oh  
yeah

Lazy Sunday afternoon-a  
I've got no mind to worry  
Close my eyes and drift away-a

Root-de-doo-de-doo, a-root-de-doot-de doy di  
A-root-de doot de dum, a-ree-de-dee-de-doo dee  
Doo, doo, doo

There's no one to hear me  
There's nothing to say  
And no one can stop me  
From feeling this way, yeah

Lazy Sunday afternoon  
I've got no mind to worry  
Close my eyes and drift away

Lazy Sunday afternoon  
I've got no mind to worry  
Close my eyes and drift a

Close my mind and drift away  
Close my eyes and drift away

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