

Zutons, The

"Not A Lot To Do"

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Sunday afternoon, not a lot to do,
(Think of all)
The places i could be, the people i could meet,
(Life so small)
I'm watching drops of rain on my window pane,
(Empty streets)
And no-one knocks around, no-one goes to to town,

Im a going out, sick of staying in,
(Living life)
With worries on my mind, waste away the time,
Day there was a storm, closed up all the doors,
(So restricted)
Put my life to shame, though the window pane,
(Now i'm blessed)

'Cos God created Sundays, so we could stay in,
And watch the rain fall down,
I lay on my bed,
I feel all left out,
I switch off my head,

And i can live on my own and stay in all day
And watch the rain fallin' down,
I lay on my bed,
I feel all left out,
I switch off my head

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