

City Boy "Bloody Sunday"

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(Mason, Thomas)

There's a gunsight between my eyes
Oh, the jungle's so full of surprises
Looking round for my friends to arrive
Maybe they stayed at home
To stay alive

It's Sunday
Seems to be another bloody Sunday
Weather's lousy
Sunday
Seems to be another bloody Sunday
Can you tell me where the week-end goes
'Cause it sure goes ... fast!

There's a church that stay's open all day
Saving souls as they're passing the plate around
So salute the American way
Keep your head down low

And don't make a sound

The hours are irregular
When your up against the Popular Front
But you'd rather be adventuring
Than serving up in Burger King
You cut the rug and wipe the floor
When they get theirs then you get your kicks
So who cares what your fighting for
You sure look good in uniform

Keep your eyes on the road up ahead
Someone's mine may be yours
Put barbed wire round the bed
Now you've shoo-ed all the ghosties away
Little man, you've had a busy day

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