

The Blood Brothers

"Long Sunday Afternoon / My Friend"

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MICKEY
NO KIDS OUT ON THE STREET TODAY.
YOU COULD BE LIVING ON SHE MOON.
MAYBE EVERYBODY'S PACKED THEIR BAGS
AND MOVED AWAY
GONNA BEA LONG. LONG. LONG
SUNDAY AFTERNOON

JUST KILLING TIME ANO KICKING CANS AROUND
TRY TO REMEMBER JOKES I KNEW,
I TELL'EM TO MYSELF,
BUT THEY'RE NOT FUNNY SINCE I FOUND
IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, LONG, LONG
SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MY BEST FRIEND
ALWAYS HAD SWEETS TO SHARE,
KNEW EVERY WORD IN THE DICTIONARY
HE WAS CLEAN, NEAT AND TIDY
FROM MONDAY TO FRIDAY,
I WISH THAT I COULD BE LIKE
WEAR CLEAN CLOTHES, TALK PROPERLY LIKE
DO SUMS AND HISTORY LIKE

EDWARD/MICKEY
MY FRIEND
MY FRIEND
EDWARD
MY BEST FRIEND
HE COULD SWEAR LIKE A SOLDIER
YOU WOULD LAUGH TILL YOU DIED
AT THE STORIES HE TOLD Y'
HE WAS UNTIDY
FROM MONDAY TO FRIDAY
I WISH THAT I COULD BE LIKE
KICK A BALL AND CLIMB A TREE LIKE
RUN AROUND WITH DIRTY KNEES LIKE

EDWARD/MICKEY
MY FRIEND
MY FRIEND

MICKEY
FEELS LIKE EVERYBODY STAYED IN BED
OR MAYBE I WOKE TOO SOON.
AM I THE LAST SURVIVOR
IS EVERYBODY DEAD?
ON THIS LONG, LONG, LONG
SUNDAY AFIERNOON

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