

## Joe Dassin "Sunday Times"

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Well, 't was Sunday morning when we met  
The streets were still empty and glistening wet  
I said "How would you like  
To share my Sunday Times?  
The way to read a paper is over  
Somebody else's shoulder"  
You said "Yes", you said "Yes  
I'd like to read the Times with you"  
And we had tea and Times for two  
We went through good times and bad  
Side by side and hand by hand  
With Times and Sundays flying by  
Like paper planes in the summer sky  
And Sunday was my favorite day  
Until that Sunday you went away  
Now you're gone and there's no one  
To talk about elections with  
And argue over sections with

It's Sunday morning, Sunday blue  
Got piles of old papers full of bad news  
And I won't get out of bed  
Until the sun has set  
I've read the editorial, the weekend reviews  
But I can't get through all the rest of the news  
'Cause now you're gone, now you're gone...  
I think of you between the lines  
And I can't get through the Sunday Times

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