

Kevin Bloody Wilson

"Sunday Morning"

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Well I woke up feelin' rat shit, with no way to hold me
head that didn't
Hurt,
Wonderin' what'd make me feel the best, chunder or a
squirt,
But I think I'll settle for a shit 'cause I've still got some
chunder on me
Shirt,
And I rubbed me eyes and scratched me nuts and
staggered down
The stairs to greet the day, oh shit.
I got pissed again the day before watchin' cricket on
the telly with me
Mates,
There was Berne Simmons Matty Kim, Lucky, and this
big prick
Wally Yates,
But Christ knows why I feel so crook, must'a been
somethin' that I
Ate,
By the time I found you're supposed to peel your
prawns before you
Eat 'em, it's too late.

I'm into Sunday mornin' sideways, oh Jesus Christ I'm
bloody crook,
Havin' a quiet drink Saturday avo, is just like, tryin' to
have a quiet
Fuck with a chook,

And I think I'm bloody dyin', like I've been fumbled by a
truck,
On me knees out in the dunny, Sunday mornin',
throwin' up.

Sweatin' on the Sunday session, tryin' to think of what I
done last
Night,
I remember I got me end away, oh Jesus, Wally Yates'
wife,
A man's supposed to be a man so, I should me a man

and
Apologise,
Oh, but a root's a root, and I'm a cunt, I'll call 'round
next time while
He's workin' nights.

I'm into Sunday mornin' sideways, oh Jesus Christ I'm
bloody crook,
Havin' a quiet drink Saturday avo, is just like, tryin' to
have a quiet
Fuck with a chook,
And I think I'm bloody dyin', like I've been fumbled by a
truck,
On me knees out in the dunny, Sunday mornin',
throwin' up.

Ohh I think me ass just caved in, Sunday mornin',
chuckin' up.

Mm fuck.

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