

## **Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause**

### **"Sunday Afternoon"**

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There's a symphony playing in the alley for free,  
I hear the timpani splashing in the puddles down the streets.

And there's a man sleeping in some garbage, he  
doesn't even make a sound,  
He's undisturbed, they go unheard, but he'll be dead  
before he's found.

Oh there's a genius playing folk songs sitting out  
underneath a tree,  
He's writing about politics and making history.  
He plans to send a letter to his sister out in L.A.  
But she's so busy memorizing lines for a role she's  
gonna play.

Ch: There's a violin singing my name somewhere,  
And I hear a piano that's slightly out of tune.  
Oh and I swear, and I swear, and I swear, I can smell  
apple pie,  
Oh it must be a Sunday afternoon.

There's a coroner crawling in the shadows of the  
morgue,  
He saw the ghost of Elvis sneaking out through the  
back door.  
A politician is keeping all the money he's got right up  
his nose,  
While he's fighting the war against drugs you know.

Ch: There's a violin singing my name somewhere,  
And I hear a piano that's slightly out of tune.  
Oh and I swear, and I swear, and I swear, I can smell  
pumpkin pie,  
Oh it must be a Sunday afternoon.

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