

Last November "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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