

Marcella Bella**"Sunday"**

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Well, there's a word for stress
It's called suck-sess
All this work and no play
Could make anybody a physical wreck
Well, i'll be checkin' out
Next time it comes around
You can call me anytime
But don't be surprised if i don't wanna hear it
On a sunday
'Cause that's the one day i can
Have a gin and tonic iv
Become one with my settee
Contemplate my navel or just breathe
La, la, la, la la la la.....
A million bombs could fall
They could burn down the mall
But when i've made my mind up
I just got to get away from it all
When i start growing hair
On things that were'nt there
I know it's time to stop
My head will pop if i have to hear it

On a sunday
'Cause every other day
I've worked so hard i've needed a clone
Feel like i had a shot of testosterone
Just wanna vegetate and blow up the phone
La, la, la, la la la la
Not on a sunday
'Cause that's the one day i can
Get undressed with nowhere to go
Brush up on my greta garbo
Get in contact with my alter ego
La, la, la, la la la la
Just one day please
To be careless and free
Before i go crazy.....

