

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Every Sunday Sky"

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Slumber stills
She hears the angels sing
And drink the empty air

When the light of day
Has laughed it's last
They sing 'til morning fair

As the whisper
Of cathedral bells
Cause the winds to stir

Children dance
And game the night away
Angel voices purr

She searches
Every sunday
Every sunday sky

She seaches
Every sunday
Tears fill her eyes

Violets intertwined
In a garland from on high
Adorn her bitter face
Forming rings of golden grace

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