

Nick Cave

"Sunday's Slave"

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Sunday's got a slave

Monday's got one too

Sunday's got a slave

Monday's got one too

Our sufferings are countless

And our pleasures are motley few

Spend all day digging my grave

Now go get Sunday's slave

Tuesday sleeps in a stable

Wednesday's in a chains

Tuesday gathers up the crumbs under the table

Wednesday dare not complain

My heart has collapsed

On the tracks of a run-a-way train

Just whisper his name

And here comes Sunday's slave

The hands in the stable are willing and able to pay

If you feel at a loss, man, as to who is the boss, man

Ask the blood of one of its bad days

I'm nervous to serve but the service is a fuckin'
mockery

He insists that he piss in your fist
But he still takes the money anyway
Oh the master's a bastard
But don't tell Sunday's slave
Thursday's angered the master
Okay so Friday's gonna pay
Thursday's angered the master
Yeah, so Friday's gonna pay
One night on the rack and he's back
Saddling up Saturday
You can only whisper his name
But not on Sundays, never on Sundays
No not on Sunday's slave

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