The Zutons "Not A Lot To Do"

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Sunday afternoon
Not a lot to do
Think of all
The places I could be
People I could meet
Life so small

I'm watching drops of rain On my window pane Empty streets

And no one knocks around No one goes to town

I'm a-going out Sick of staying in Living life

With worries on my mind Waste away the time

Days that I was born Closed up all the doors So restricted

Put my life of shame Through the window pane Now I'm blessed

Cause god created Sundays So we could stay in And watch the rain fall down I lay on my bed I feel all left out I switch off my head

And I can live on my own
And stay in all day
And watch the rain falling down
I lay on my bed
I feel all left out
And switch off my head

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