

Tom Petty "Blue Sunday"

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By Tom Petty

She took a rolled-up twenty
Out of her pocket
And paid for my cigarettes
We were friends at first sight
In the 7-Eleven light
She said here let me cover it
And I rode shotgun all that night
She drove and never made a sound
When I asked if there was
Anything wrong
She said nothin' worth talking about
It's a blue sunday
Down the interstate
It's a blue sunday
Blue with shades of gray

Her back seat could have been a hotel
I slept for a thousand years
Every now and then she'd
Laugh out loud for no reason
I pretended not to hear
And rolled my jacket up under my head
And stretched my body out
Couldn't be too far in front
Of her daddy's bloodhounds
But I ain't gonna worry now

It's a blue sunday
Down the interstate
It's a blue sunday
Blue with shades of gray
Yeah you know me
We've never met before
It's a blue sunday

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