

Morrissey

"Every Day Is Like Sunday"

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Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen
This is the coastal town
That they forgot to close down
Armageddon - come armageddon!
Come, armageddon! come!

Everyday is like sunday
Everyday is silent and grey

Hide on the promenade
Etch a postcard:
How I dearly wish I was not here
In the seaside town
... that they forgot to bomb
Come, come, come - nuclear bomb

Everyday is like sunday
Everyday is silent and grey

Trudging back over pebbles and sand
And a strange dust lands on your hands
(And on your face...)
(On your face...)
(On your face...)
(On your face...)

Everyday is like sunday
Win yourself a cheap tray
Share some greased tea with me
Everyday is silent and grey

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