

Neneh Cherry "Somedays"

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[Incomprehensible]

Wake up, without a blink
To an even pace, where nothin' moves
Except the pressure from a funky Saturday
Droppin' like bricks on my head

Over the milky way
Starlit electric beams had only just touched me
I must have dreamt myself astray
The only milky way I have is in the middle of the day

Somedays are better than somedays
Good Sundays are better than somedays
Today I'd even take a bad Monday
'Cause this Sunday's a pure pressure inside of me

Danced till my feet were blue
Can erase the thoughts, I just remember you
Tears lost in the turn of the years
Return on days like this

Kissin' in the sun rays
I knew that it was Sunday
'Cause my memory's
Like blueprint in my head

Somedays are better than somedays
Good Sundays are better than somedays
Today I'd even take a bad Monday
'Cause this Sunday's a pure pressure inside of me

Give me grits and eggs, give me ham and bacon
And a pancake with some maple syrup 'cause it is
Sunday
[Incomprehensible]

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