

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "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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