

## Phoebe Snow "It Must Be Sunday"

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And I watched the world surround me  
From inside a phone booth  
And it began to astound me  
I tried to keep my couth  
I said it must be sunday  
'cause ev'rybody's tellin' the truth  
And then again it might be monday  
Yeah it might be monday  
'cause ev'rybody's drinkin' vermouth  
She lent her hand  
At the kissing stand  
But she gave 'em away for free  
With an acid joke and a box of smoke  
She can barely see  
She drives her bus at dusk  
With headlights off  
And headphones up  
And for tomorrow  
She has planned a shopping spree  
There's a man who loved so hard  
He was like a billboard grin  
He toasted life and beauty  
'til his head began to spin  
He pressed his cheek  
On rainwashed streets  
And he wept into his gin  
Reincarnation  
And he came back as himself again  
December thirty-first  
Is the very worst time of the year  
You got to think of people  
That you like enough  
To share your beer  
Just when you're having fun  
It's january one  
And you wait for explanations  
To appear

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