

# Squeeze

## "Sunday Street"

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I'm down the lane on Sunday morning  
Hung over and forever yawning  
I look for trousers that will fit me  
She buys a yellow shirt that's sickly  
A sarsaparilla drink turns white teeth shades of pink

Sunday league play in the sunshine  
I hear the whistle blow at halftime  
With chapped legs and muddy shorts  
They walk home past the tennis courts  
A pint of prawns in hand, I hear a ragtime band

On Monday, I want the weekend to come  
On Tuesday, I'm glad that Monday is done  
Then Wednesday and Thursday fly by  
Then on Friday and Saturday night  
We get happy till Sunday is through

Siesta time in the living room  
Snores go in and out of tune  
After tea time we're off to the pub  
To play in the trivia club  
How long's the River Thames?

It's where the evening ends  
In my bed I'm reading poetry  
No one knows what's come over me  
I close the book and turning out the light  
I hear the sound of Monday outside

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