

The Living End "Sunday, Bloody Sunday"

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I can't believe the news today
Oh, I can't close my eyes
And make it go away
How long...
How long must we sing this song?
How long? How long...
'cause tonight...we can be as one
Tonight...
Broken bottles under children's feet
Bodies strewn across the dead end street
But I won't heed the battle call
It puts my back up
Puts my back up against the wall
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
And the battle's just begun
There's many lost, but tell me who has won
The trench is dug within our hearts
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters
Torn apart
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
How long...
How long must we sing this song?
How long? How long...
'cause tonight...we can be as one
Tonight...
Wipe your tears away
Wipe your tears away
Wipe your tears away, ect
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

END OF SONG

*PLAYS THE INTRO TO "WITCH DOCTOR"

Chris(guitarist/singer): Ladies and Gentlemen, Trav
Dempsy on the drums!

Trav(drummer): I've been thinking very hard about this
Chris, and it seems our show is lacking something.

Chris: What's that?

Trav: It's lacking controversy, There's no controversy in rock n' roll! And I've just decided, right now, that every time we play, I'm gonna stop the show and get shit off my chest! It will be therapy. Is that ok with everyone?!

Crowd: *Applause*

Scott(bassist): You gonna get naked?

Trav: Nah

Scott: Ok, good!

Trav: This is my controversy for this show...

Some Drunken Fan: Are you a Prisoner of Society?!

Trav: *Long Pause* No. Can I just have my little 3 minutes of fame, thank you! One night, me and Scott were out drinking...

Chris: No!

Trav: ...and rumored to be taking drugs, I won't confirm those allegations and we went to a nightclub. And its like, 5 in the morning and ya know what, I get to the door and the guy says; "You can't come in!". I thought because it was 5 in the morning.

Crowd: Boo!

Trav: And I said "Oh, No worries, mate!" and he says "Nah, You can't come in because you got tattoos."

Crowd: Boooooo!

Trav: And I said to him, "Haha, You have GOT to be kidding!" and he says "Nah mate, Honest, You can't come in because you got tats!". I said "That is fucking discrimination cunt!!"

Crowd: *Cheers*

Chris: It IS discrimination!!...we got one song left...

Trav: Hang on! Hey! No! Fuck it! I know this is on tape, but I've got my controversy! And anyway, to cut a long story short, Club 161 on the corner of I believe it's High Street and Chapel Street in Prane...Get Fucked You

Pricks!

Crowd: *Eruption of Applause*

Scott: Haha...Black bagged!

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