

Sweet Sunday

Chris Rea

We get up early in the morning
Work our skin down to the bone
But whenever I hear that singing
I know that one day I'll get home
Oh the rhythm that I'm feeling
Seems to say something good to me
Oh on Monday, through the weekday
But then Sunday sets us free

Oh Sunday, sweet Sunday
When I lay my body down
Oh Sunday, my only one day
With a new love that I found
Sit by the water and watch the big tree
In the cool breeze gently sway
Til the day that we get free, well
We'll always love
Our sweet Sunday

Sweet Sunday

I go to church with my mother
I see the girl that I would love
Maybe one day she'll turn and smile at me
This is what I ask the Lord above
Oh when a singing
When it's over maybe I'll take her
Back to her home
Talk and laugh 'til night comes calling
Then I'll go back on my own

Sweet Sunday

I got no money to buy her new shoes
But Lord please listen what I say
Help me through this 'til I'm a free man
And get sweet Sunday every day

Sweet Sunday, sweet Sunday