

Sunday Times

Joe Dassin

Well, 't was Sunday morning when we met
The streets were still empty and glistening wet
I said "How would you like
To share my Sunday Times?
The way to read a paper is over
Somebody else's shoulder"
You said "Yes", you said "Yes
I'd like to read the Times with you"
And we had tea and Times for two
We went through good times and bad
Side by side and hand by hand
With Times and Sundays flying by
Like paper planes in the summer sky
And Sunday was my favorite day
Until that Sunday you went away
Now you're gone and there's no one
To talk about elections with
And argue over sections with

It's Sunday morning, Sunday blue
Got piles of old papers full of bad news
And I won't get out of bed
Until the sun has set
I've read the editorial, the weekend reviews
But I can't get through all the rest of the news
'Cause now you're gone, now you're gone
I think of you between the lines
And I can't get through the Sunday Times