Everyday Is Like Sunday

10,000 Maniacs

Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen
This is a coastal town
That they forgot to close down
Armageddon come Armageddon come Armageddon come
Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and grey
Hide on a promenade
Etch on a post card
How I dearly wish I was not here
In the seaside town
That they forgot to bomb
Come, come nuclear bomb!
Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and grey
Trudging back over pebbles and sand
And a strange dust lands on your hands
(and on your face)
Everyday is like Sunday
"win yourself a cheap tray"
Share some grease tea with me
Everyday is silent and grey

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