

## Sunday

Bloc Party

Heavy night it was a heavy night  
Feels like we come back from the dead  
Heavy night it was a heavy night  
I cannot remember what I said to anyone

If we get up now we can catch the afternoon  
Watch the under 15s playing football in the park  
Let's sit in St. Leonards in this alcoholic day we're doing the  
best with what we've got

I love you in the morning ,  
When you're still hung-over  
I love you in the morning,  
When you're still strung out,  
I love you in the morning,

I would cry all week and so do you  
We discern to let us sleep  
Let all the draughts creep in to reach for this life  
There might be white to smatter you in  
That have the right answers  
That we British forget  
About those north eastern gaps

I love you in the morning ,  
When you're still hung-over  
I love you in the morning,  
When you're still strung out,  
I love you in the morning,

With you I am cut from a pearl in your oyster  
Head on my chest a silent smile, a private kind of happiness  
You see giant proclamations are all very well  
But our love is louder than words