

# I Hate Sunday

Cilla Black

I hate Sunday  
When the postman don't come  
And there's nothin' to do  
But think about how much I miss hearin' from you  
And Sunday drags on  
And I can't, no I can't wait for Monday

I don't mind Saturday  
Well, nobody does  
Except maybe the bosses  
'Cause even if you miss the last boat on Friday  
There's parties across the road  
I don't mind, I don't mind Saturday

But I hate Sunday  
The postman don't come  
And my cupboard is empty  
Just soggy old sandwiches, stale beer and bad-goin' tater chips  
Smile at my guitar and yell 'cause he's stone-deaf from Saturday  
I don't wanna wake up to your letter on Monday  
'Cause I, I really hate Sunday

Oh, I hate Sunday  
When the postman don't come  
And my cupboard is empty  
Just soggy old sandwiches, stale beer and bad-goin' tater chips  
Smile at my guitar and yell 'cause he's stone-deaf from Saturday  
I don't wanna wake up to your letter on Monday  
'Cause I, I really hate Sunday

I really hate Sunday  
Oh, I hate Sunday  
Oh, I hate Sunday  
I really hate Sunday  
I really hate Sunday