

It's Sunday

Frank Sinatra

Drowsy morning sunlight, gentle kisses for my love
It's Sunday, it's Sunday

She needn't waken, I'll fix the eggs and bacon her way
While she just dozes
Lately I've taken to bringing her a flower on her tray
She's fond of roses

We'll talk away the morning, read the papers, misbehave
Enjoying each other
The world is ours to play in, we'll take a walk or stay in
Long and lazy hours to have and hide away in for one day
Thank goodness, it's Sunday

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