

## Everyday Is Like Sunday

Morrissey

Trudging slowly over wet sand  
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen  
This is the coastal town that they forgot to close down  
Armageddon, come Armageddon, come, Armageddon, come

Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and gray

Hide on the promenade, etch a postcard  
How I dearly wish I was not here  
In the seaside town that they forgot to bomb  
Come, 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, on your face  
On your face, on your face

Everyday is like Sunday  
Win yourself a cheap tray  
Share some greased tea with me  
Everyday is silent and gray