

# Ev'ry Sunday Afternoon

Ray Charles

I love to do my work,  
Never complain;  
Never get tired,  
Don't mind the strain.  
I always say, "Old man,  
Wait till you're through.  
Sunday will come-  
Thursday comes, too.  
In those two days  
Think what you'll do."  
For they're the lovely days with you.

Ev'ry Sunday afternoon and Thursday night,  
We'll be free as birds in flight.  
If on Sunday afternoon we ever fight  
We'll make up on Thursday night.  
Leave the dishes,  
Dry your hands.  
Change your wishes  
To commands.  
Ev'ry Sunday afternoon we'll be polite,  
But we'll make love on Thursday night.

I work my life away  
Thinking of play.  
What will I wear?  
What will you say?  
Then I remind myself,  
"Old girl, you're strong,  
And you're in love.  
Life can't go wrong.  
Smile your old smile,  
Sing your old song.  
Wait till those dear days come along."

Ev'ry Sunday afternoon and Thursday night,  
We'll be free as birds in flight.  
If on Sunday afternoon we ever fight  
We'll make up on Thursday night.  
I'm your slave, dear,  
But it's bliss.  
If you shave, dear,  
We can kiss.  
Ev'ry Sunday afternoon we'll be polite,  
But we'll make love on Thursday night.