

Seven Ways to Sunday

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Seven ways to Sunday
Seven seperate ways to Sunday
But he did not know which one
Would save him so he had to try
Every code and combination
On the road to his salvation
There were no two ways about it
He had seven ways to try
With seven ways to test
He vowed that he would not rest
There was nothing up above
So he put everything aside
He had so much invested
He probably should have rested
Seven ways-He swore that
Every last one would be tried
What he was looking for
Is not much more
Then what we all are looking for
And nowadays seems
That there is precious little of
He looked high and he looked low
And there was nothing up above
He to try all seven
He tried them to high-heaven
From one end to the other
And then he turned around
He was thoroughly exhausted
His faith had been accosted
He tried seven ways and wondered
Why it was he hadn't found
What he was looking for
Is not much more
Then what we all are looking for
But nowadays it seems
That there is precious little of
Desprate and alone
He turned over every stone
He tried seven ways to Sunday
He was looking for love
He looked high and he looked low
And there was nothing up above
He been told where he could go
What he was looking for was love
What he was looking for
Is not much more
Then what we all are looking for
And nowadays it seems
That there is precious little of
Desperate and alone
He turned over every stone
Seven ways to Sunday
He was looking for love
He looked high and he looked low
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