

# Frank Sinatra, It's Sunday

(J. Styne, S. Birkenhead)

[Recorded February 28, 1983, Los Angeles]

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

[brief guitar solo]  
It is Sunday, it's Sunday  
[slightly longer guitar solo]

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