

# 10,000 Maniacs, Every Day Is Like Sunday

Trudging slowly over wet sand  
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen  
This is a seaside town  
That they forgot to close down  
Armageddon - come armageddon come armageddon come  
Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and grey  
Hide on a promenade  
Etch on a post card:  
How I dearly wish I was not here  
In the coastal town  
That they forgot to bomb  
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)  
Everyday is like Sunday  
"Win yourself a cheap tray"  
Share some grease tea with me  
Everyday is silent and grey