

Art Brut, Late Sunday Evening

Late Sunday evening -
I only just feel like eating.
Am I feeling unwell
For what I've done or drunk
or someone might tell

I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight.
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep.

There's nothing that's been done
that can't be undone
you were sick
now you're better
there's work to be done

There's nothing that's been done
that can't be undone
you were sick
now you're better
there's work to be done

Everything has been shown to me
With only a magazine for company
Answers in the problem pages
to problems I've been having for ages

Late Sunday evening
There's no way I'm gonna be sleeping
Am I feeling unwell?
For what I've done or drunk
or someone might tell

I'm gonna find it hard to sleep.

There's nothing that's been done
that can't be undone
you were sick
now you're better
there's work to be done

When I feel my friends
Have been conspiring against me
I break into their bedrooms
And write in their diaries

Everything's gonna be alright
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
Everything's gonna be alright but
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight

Everything's gonna be alright
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight
Phone later if you'd like 'cause
I'm gonna find it hard to sleep tonight