

Bolshoi, Sunday Morning

I remember when I was young
Feeling sick on Sunday Morning
I don't wanna do it anymore

Standing in a line with a dirty mind
Clean it up on Sunday Morning
I don't wanna do it anymore

One day a week we turn the cheek (x2)

Chorus:
Oh, how we kneeled down
Oh, we were so quiet
never any light there
I don't care, it's not right there

Get up early, do your hair
Sunday best on Sunday Morning
I don't wanna see it anymore

Tea and toast in the social hall
We had it all on Sunday Morning
I don't wanna see it anymore

Week coming fair, so wash your hair (x2)

(chorus)

Strong to feel, strong to care
You must not steal, you must not swear

(chorus)

I don't wanna do it anymore
I don't wanna see it anymore