

Iggy Pop, Sunday

This house is as slick as a senator's statement
This job is a masquerade of recreation
Like a wreck, I'm sinking fast

The key to everything
I crawl for Sunday
When I don't have to move
Caught up in dreams untangled one day
Where I don't have to prove
The days roll on and finally Sunday
A Sunday afternoon
I've got it all
But what's it for?
But getting some more
Always ready, always steady
And always ready, always steady
The street is as cold as a corporate-law suit
A pride, I can ___ telling me to wipe my boots
I'm a wreck
What did you expect?

The key to everything
I crawl for Sunday
When I don't have to move
Caught up in dreams untangled one day
Where I don't have to prove
The days roll on and finally Sunday
A Sunday afternoon
I've got it all
And so what now?
Do what they say and then do what they say, go back
Do what they say and then do what they say go back
Do what they say and do what they say till Sunday
Until I'm black and blue
And what can I do ?
Always ready, always steady
And always ready, always steady.

Got all I need
And it's killing me and you
/6x