

Marti Webb, Tell Me On A Sunday

Don't write a letter when you want to leave.
Don't call me at 3 a.m. from a friend's apartment.
I'd like to choose how I hear the news.
Take me to a park that's covered with trees.
Tell me on a Sunday please.

Let me down easy, no big song and dance.
No long faces, no long looks, no deep conversation.
I know the way we should spend the day.
Take me to a zoo that's got chimpanzees.
Tell me on a Sunday please.

Don't want to know who's to blame,
It won't help knowing.
Don't want to fight day and night
Bad enough you're going.
Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door,
That's no way to end this,
I know how I want you to say goodbye.
Find a circus ring with a flying trapeze.
Tell me on a Sunday please.

I don't want to fight day and night,
Bad enough you're going.
Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door,
That's no way to end this.
I know how I want you to say goodbye.
Don't run off in the pouring rain.
Don't call me as they call your plane.
Take that hurt out of all the pain.
Take me to a park that's covered with trees.
Tell me on a Sunday please.