

The Sundays, Don't Tell Your Mother

Don't tell your mother about,
where you go when the lights are down.
And don't tell your mother how
you're up to no good, nowhere to be found.
Well, it's time to learn not to work so hard,
or not at all.

How will we know when the end is nigh
on a day much as any other?
Run and play; while away the hours.
And you know I would go if I could go,
but I can't so thank you all the same.

Suffice to say I've turned away from it all,
and don't think I'll be home for a while.
'cause who needs a mother to shout,
when I'm doing very well by myself?

How will we know when the end is nigh
on a day much as any other?
Get out this house and while away the hours
And could we go well before the summer
and you know I would go if I could go,
but I can't go now.
Would go if I could go,
but I don't know how.
You're exactly like the others
older now.