

# Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers, Blue Sunday

She took a rolled up twenty  
Out of her pocket  
And paid for my cigarettes  
We were friends at first sight  
In the 7-11 light  
She said, &quot;Here, lemme cover it&quot;

And I rode shotgun all that night  
She drove, and never made a sound  
I asked if there was anything wrong  
She said, &quot;Nothin' worth talkin' 'bout&quot;

It's a blue Sunday  
Down the interstate  
Yeah a blue Sunday  
Blue, with shades of grey

Her backseat could've been a hotel  
I slept for a thousand years  
Every now and then she'd laugh out loud for no reason  
I pretended not to hear  
And rolled my jacket up under my head  
And stretched my body out  
Couldn't be too far in front of her daddy's blood hounds  
But I ain't gonna worry now

It's a blue Sunday  
Down the interstate  
Yeah a blue Sunday  
Blue, with shades of grey

A blue Sunday  
We never met before  
It's a blue Sunday  
When it's time to leave you go