

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Blue Sunday

She took a rolled up 20 out of her pocket
And paid for my cigarettes
We were friends at first sight in the 7-Eleven light
She said "here, let me cover it";

And I rode shotgun all that night
She drove and never made a sound
I asked if there was anything wrong,
She said "nothin worth talking about?";

It's a blue Sunday, down the interstate
Yeah, a blue Sunday
Blue with shades of gray

Her backseat could have 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 bloodhounds,
But I ain't gonna worry now

It's a blue Sunday, down the interstate
Yeah, a blue Sunday
Blue with shades of gray

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