

Wild Strawberries, Everyone's Got The Blues On

Here comes Sadie
She's okay
She showed me her 45s
Down by the pool hall yesterday
Well hello Sadie
What's that you say?
Everyone's got the blues on Sunday
There goes Charlie
He's all right
He gave me a wet kiss
Outside the liquor store last night
Well so long Charlie
You're not to blame
Everyone's got the blues on Sunday
Turn to the left
Turn to the right
Till you see the man
Do you see him baby
With the wandering eye
Dig until you drop dig until you drop
I could be home
I could be home
I could be home free
I've been digging down below
Maybe it's garlic maybe it's gold
Maybe it's mercy maybe it's fate
Maybe it's the thought of you on Sunday