

## Easter Sunday

Don Broco

I'm sick and tired, hearing the choir singing Sunday morning  
Travelling home, it wasn't far  
Easter Sunday and you told me my brothers were gone  
And the comfort is you tell me that the reason was love  
What a sacrifice  
I'm sick and tired, hearing the choir singing Sunday morning  
Suffering's some badge of honour  
Easter Sunday and you told me they're not coming home

And the comfort is you tell me that the reason was love  
What a sacrifice, oh Lord  
What a sacrifice, oh Lord  
All that sacrifice

Sick and tired, hearing the choir singing Sunday morning  
Innocent lives ripped apart  
Easter Sunday and you told me the doctors would come

But they couldn't and you tell me that the reason was love  
What a sacrifice, oh Lord  
What a sacrifice oh Lord  
All that sacrifice

I just need your mercy  
Allow me to worship  
I'm at your service  
Put me to work  
I just need your mercy  
Show me your mercy  
Allow me to worship

I'm getting sick and tired, hearing the choir singing Sunday morning  
Sick and tired, hearing the choir Sunday morning  
And you told me my brothers were gone  
And the comfort is you tell me that the reason was love  
What a sacrifice  
I'm sick and tired, hearing the choir singing Sunday morning  
Sick and tired hearing the choir  
What a sacrifice, oh Lord  
What a sacrifice, oh Lord