

Sunday, Lovely Sunday

Edson

Sundays are slow
Never pretentious, oh no
Silent and closed
And we don't really have to know
Where to go

Holding hands with the one I love
She wears mittens, I wear gloves
There must be someone above
Holding hands with the one I love
We could catch a picture show
Rent a (Sunday) video
We could stay out in the snow
"Sunday slow"

Sundays are meant
To let the quilt become a tent
Sundays well-spent
Don't need a reason, no intent

Holding hands with the one I love
She wears mittens, I wear gloves
There must be someone above
Holding hands with the one I love
We could catch a picture show
Rent a (Sunday) video
We could stay out in the snow
Order greasy food to go