

Sunday Morning

Lowkey

When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday
Her memory's a bloodstain
The paper showed his young face
Who remembered his mum's name?
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child
He's not dead he's just napping for a while
She thinks backwards with a smile
On a clock, the hands stop
Can't accept all the plans
Lost sunny Sundays
Dancing to Vandross like:
I used to be such a bad bad boy
But I gave it up
When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin
Preserving every little thing
How can she ever begin
To move on?
Sunday mornings getting the groove on
His little hands wave, they [?]
She thinks he's coming in from school
Made his favourite dinner too
Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to
Tried to treat her but
They thought solution was medicinal
No
And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it
Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended
Now she's sitting talking to herself
Where the bench is
Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses

In her mind, he grew
Walked the passage to a man
They branded it as madness
Never planned to understand
She can't quite touch him
She imagines that she can
Holding the fabric to her face
Squeezing the blanket in her hand
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday
More times he knows the situation ends one way
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone
Only darkness every day
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop
Asking for a spare pound
His shoes are getting tattered
And he's losing all his hair now
Sees him in his dreams but
He doesn't know his whereabouts
Sees him in the mirror
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout
Sees him in the crowd but
The truth is, he isn't there
Goes after him and chases but
Every time, he disappears
Cars pass him by
And passengers just sit and stare
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)
I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)
I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you
I need you
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you (I need you)
I need you