

# Sunday Papers

Joe Jackson

Mother doesn't go out any more  
Just sits at home and rolls her spastic eyes  
But every weekend through the door  
Come words of wisdom from the world outside  
If you want to know about the bishop and the  
actress  
If you want to know how to be a star  
If you want to know about the stains on the mattress  
You can read it in the Sunday papers, Sunday papers  
Mother's wheelchair stays out in the hall  
Why should she go out when the TV's on  
Whatever moves beyond these walls  
She'll know the facts when Sunday comes along  
If you want to know about the mad punk  
rockers  
If you want to know how to play guitar  
If you want to know about any other suckers  
You can read it in the Sunday papers, read it in the Sunday papers  
Sunday papers don't ask no questions  
Sunday papers don't get no lies  
Sunday papers don't raise objections  
Sunday papers ain't got no eyes  
Brother's heading that way now I guess  
He just read something made his face turn blue  
Well I got nothing against the press  
They wouldn't print it if it wasn't true  
If you want to know about the gay politician  
If you want to know how to drive your car  
If you want to know about the new sex position  
You can read it in the Sunday papers, read it in the Sunday papers  
Sunday papers don't ask no  
questions  
Sunday papers don't get no lies  
Sunday papers don't raise objections  
Sunday papers ain't got no eyes  
Sunday papers don't ask no questions  
Sunday papers don't get no lies  
Sunday papers don't raise objections  
Sunday papers ain't got no eyes  
Read all about it, Sunday papers  
Read all about it, Sunday papers  
Read all about it, Sunday papers  
Read all about it, Sunday papers  
Get your Sunday paper, get your Sunday paper, get your  
Read all about it, Sunday papers  
Get your Sunday paper, get your Sunday paper, get your  
Read all about it, Sunday papers

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>