

Sunday Girl

Blondie

I know a girl from a lonely street
Cold as ice cream, but still as sweet
Dry your eyes, Sunday Girl
Hey, I saw your guy with a different girl
Looks like he's in another world
Run and hide, Sunday Girl
Hurry up, hurry up and wait
I stay away all week and still I wait
I got the blues, please come see
What your lovin' means to me
She can't catch up with the working crowd
The weekend mood and she's feeling proud
Live in dreams, Sunday Girl
Baby, I would like to go out tonight
If I go with you my folks will get uptight
Stay at home, Sunday...
(Ooh ooh ooh) Oh Sunday girl, yes...
how do you call your lovin' man?
I simply say
Baby, woah babe.
My sweet babe
You're the one
Hurry up, hurry up and wait
I stay away all week and still I wait
I got the blues, please come see
What your lovin' means to me
Oh Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up...
hurry up, hurry up
please come see what you do to me
I got the blues
...
hurry up, hurry up
please come see what you do to me
...

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