

# Everyday Is Like Sunday (2011 Remaster)

## Morrissey

Trudging slowly over wet sand  
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen  
This is the coastal town  
That they forgot to close down  
Armageddon - come Armageddon!  
Come, Armageddon! Come! Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and grey Hide on the promenade  
Etch a postcard:  
"How I Dearly Wish I Was Not Here"  
In the seaside town  
that they forgot to bomb  
Come, Come, Come - nuclear bomb Everyday is like Sunday  
Everyday is silent and grey  
Trudging back over pebbles and sand  
And a strange dust lands on your hands  
And on your face  
On your face  
On your face  
On your face  
Everyday is like Sunday  
"Win Yourself A Cheap Tray"  
Share some greased tea with me  
Everyday is silent and grey

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