

Sundays

Box Set

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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Sundays, Performed by Box Set
Transcribed by Parker Lord
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{t:Sundays}
{st:Box Set}
Capo 3

[G]I met a sister in the [Am]dead of night
A gin-soaked smile, [C]worn just right
Her eyes half-blazed with the [D]color of the rising [G]sun
"Please help keep my [Am]baby fed"
A parade of silence [C]filled my head
I walked on past, my c[D]onscience keeps me on the [G]run--

{soc}
Well my [D]eyes have seen the [C]coming of this [G]feeling
Where s your pity [Am]now? You ve lost the strength some[C]how
When you ve [D]swallowed so much [C]shit your head is [G]reeling
and you don t feel a [Am]thing no more
Immune to all life [C]has in store
[tab][Am]Are there Sundays [G]now? [Am] [C] [D] [G]
{eoc}[/tab]

[G]I met a brother on the [Am]picket line
Blistered hands a [C]lot like mine
Leathered skin worn [D]in by the lessons of [G]age
I ll fight the man to my [Am]dying day
Scabs walk in and [C]take my pay
I pray this story even [D]makes it to the second [G]page--

Chorus

[D]Like an angel fell by [Em]sin,
once you re gone it s [C]so damn hard
to [G]get back up a[D]gain
and I ve seen my feelings whirl [Em]away
Don t look now, you re [C]headed for a [G]drop that falls [D]like [C]rain
[G] [Am] [D] [G]

I met a woman with a [Am]frozen smile
took her hand and [C]walked a while
Swore out loud the [D]woman was the world to [G]me
A year or two went [Am]through the door
I couldn t feel her [C]anymore
I knew deep down to[D]morrow was the place to [G]be--

Chorus