Sunday Nights Frank Turner

Α Sunday nights are slow surrender. They ll never last and we ll never learn. D We can still make this one to remember. F#m E Dsus2 It s Sunday night and we ve time to burn. E And tomorrow morning can wait its turn. Dsus2 A Charge your glasses, raise a toast, F#m E D To the memory game, F#m To the sleep that we ve lost, Another weekend ran to ground, F#m Another passing coat of red, F#m E Painted across our town, Dsus2 A Work is shallow, cutting deep. F#m E Who would waste two days respite, F#m E Can t catch up on sleep, Dsus2 Α So here we are, last chance to live, E Ticking clock and slow defeat. E (I think) It ll all be over soon. D Sunday nights are slow surrender. They ll never last and we ll never learn.

We can still make this one to remember.

It s Sunday night and we ve time to burn.

E

Dsus2 So once more friends unto the breach, E Bleary eyed, the stuff of dreams F#m Always slips out of reach, Dsus2 Α Defiance dressed up, Crumpled clothes, F#m E Protest played out with a headache, F#m E Starting late, but going slow, Dsus2 A Don t we know we have to be there, F#m E D We have tasted freer air, E We don t have to care. D Sunday nights are slow surrender. They ll never last and we ll never learn. We can still make this one to remember. E Dsus2 It s Sunday night and we ve time to burn. And tomorrow morning can wait its turn. D A E All our days, F#m E D Will fade away, D A E And hazy nights, F#m E D And clear mistakes. D A E So here s to us, F#m E D Our needs that much, D AE Let s raise a toast, F#m E D E For one last boast, cos Ε It s Sunday night and we ve time to burn,

E

And tomorrow morning can wait its turn.

F#m

F#m E A

And tomorrow morning can wait its turn.