

Sunday Nights
Frank Turner

A D A
Sunday nights are slow surrender.
A D E
They ll never last and we ll never learn.
A D A
We can still make this one to remember.
F#m E Dsus2
It s Sunday night and we ve time to burn.
F#m E A
And tomorrow morning can wait its turn.

Dsus2 A E
Charge your glasses, raise a toast,
F#m E D
To the memory game,
F#m E
To the sleep that we ve lost,
Dsus2 A E
Another weekend ran to ground,
F#m E D
Another passing coat of red,
F#m E
Painted across our town,
Dsus2 A E
Work is shallow, cutting deep.
F#m E D
Who would waste two days respite,
F#m E
Can t catch up on sleep,
Dsus2 A E
So here we are, last chance to live,
F#m E D
Ticking clock and slow defeat.
E (I think)
It ll all be over soon.

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Dsus2 A E

So once more friends unto the breach,

F#m E D

Bleary eyed, the stuff of dreams

F#m E

Always slips out of reach,

Dsus2 A

Defiance dressed up,

E

Crumpled clothes,

F#m E D

Protest played out with a headache,

F#m E

Starting late, but going slow,

Dsus2 A E

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.

A D A

Sunday nights are slow surrender.

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They'll never last and we'll never learn.

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We can still make this one to remember.

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It's Sunday night and we've time to burn.

F#m E A

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 A E

Let's raise a toast,

F#m E D E

For one last boast, cos

F#m E D

It's Sunday night and we've time to burn,

F#m

E

A

And tomorrow morning can wait its turn.