

F#m **E** **A**
And tomorrow morning can wait its turn.

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.

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.

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.