

# On Sunday

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Em Am B  
Monday through Friday, life just drags on  
Em Am C B  
I pray for the weekend, and some intense fun  
Am B Am B  
For something good to occur, I'll need spend some time with her  
Am B Am  
Cuz I know that she'll, light my good time fuse  
C B  
And I'll respond to her cues

E A B E A B C B  
On Sunday, it's the one day, that takes away  
Em  
All of my blues.

Her voice just whispers, like the leaves in the trees,  
She's beautiful and exotic, really something to see  
She does things to me, makes me feel so loose and free  
I can't deny she's my lovin' muse  
As she lights my fuse

On Sunday, it's the one day, that takes away  
All of my blues.  
That lady, drives me crazy, as she swings and sways  
Without any shoes.

E Eb D Db Gb B Gb  
She's the kind of girl, that my Momma wouldn't like  
Gb F E Eb Ab A C B  
She has all the moves, that seem to work best at night.

## Instrumental

The way she speaks to me, makes it crystal clear to see  
Why she's the one, I have to choose  
I don't need an excuse

On Sunday, the one day, when she sweeps away  
All of my blues.  
She's the lady, who drives me crazy, when she sings so sweet  
And erases my blues.  
At my favorite venue  
She don't wear any shoes

Cuz she's singing the blues