

Every day is like Sunday

Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench where your clothes were stolen
This is the coastal town
That they forgot to close down
Armageddon - come Armageddon come Armageddon come

Every day is like Sunday
Every day is silent and grey

Hide on the promenade, etch on a postcard
How I dearly wish I was not here
In this seaside town
That they forgot to bomb
Come, come, come,
Nuclear bomb

Every day is like Sunday
Every day is silent and grey

Trudging back over pebbles and sand
and a strange dust lands on your hands
and on your face, on your face... on your face, on your face ace ace
ace

Every day is like Sunday
Every day is silent and grey