



## Really Some Party On Sunday

It must be eight thirty, it must be a fact  
As the light fights its way through the curtain crack  
I've got aches in my legs  
I've got pains in my back  
That was really some party on Sunday

Oh good God above  
May the Angels take me away  
Oh good God above  
That was really some party on Sunday

I'm feeling real beat up, I'm feeling corrupt  
I need seven strong people to help me up  
But I won't try to stand  
Cos I know I'd just drop  
That was really some party on Sunday

Oh good God above  
May the Angels take me away  
Oh good God above  
That was really some party on Sunday

I feel like a rowing boat caught in a storm  
Like a fox that the local hunt hounded  
I feel like an icicle brought in to the warm  
Oh if I were a plane, I'd be grounded  
Oh good God above  
May the Angels take me away  
Oh good God above  
That was really some party on Sunday