



Sunday, My Child and Me

Sunday morning, rain or shine, soon as she can talk
She wakes me, very gently, and she whispers "Sunday Walk"
So we put on boots of leather - head out of the town
To take some time together, taking in what's all around

And life has never been so sweet
Far from the cars and the heat of the street
Life has never been so sweet
As Sunday, my child and me

And who can stop a long-haired dog jumping in the mud
And looking like a rodent that's been washed up in the flood
As we pick on nuts of hazel, feed on fruits of briar
And gather golden grasses to be dried before the fire

For life has never been so sweet
Far from the cars and the heat of the street
Life has never been so sweet
As Sunday, my child and me
La la la etc...

And she's shining in the sunshine
She's laughing in the rain
She's talking to a pony who we meet along the lane
And there's music in the bushes, music on the wing,
There's music in the memories that these precious hours will bring

For life has never been more sweet
Far from the cars and the heat of the street
Life has never been more sweet
As Sunday, my child and me
La la la etc...