

Salford Sunday

Richard Thompson

Salford Sunday
Skies are weeping
Dawn is creeping
Through the blind
Salford Sunday
And I'm aching
For the night
I left behind
Salford Sunday
Morning after
Base drum beating
In my head
Sunday papers
Talking scandal
And a cold side of the bed
For I left a
Weeping willow
She should be
Lying on my pillow
If I wasn't such a hardnose
Such a perfect
Waste of time
Salford Sunday
And I'm dreaming
And it's all
In black and white
I do better
Oh, When I'm dreaming
Better than
I did last night
Salford Sunday
And I'm walking
Though the rain
Is pelting down
There's a train goes
Back to London
I hate to leave
This ugly town
For I left
A weeping willow
She should be
Lying on my pillow

If I wasn't
Such a hardnose
Such a perfect
Waste of time
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