

Sunday By The Sea
by Peter Pavey (as Partridge Green)

Sunday mornin', wake up yawnin', 'ave a cuppa tea
Get the car out, let's take Ma out, we can 'ave a spree
Get some grub up, knock the pub up, grab a crate for me
And when we've got the whole lot packed
We'll stick the fishin' tackle in the back
And tear off down the open road at fifteen miles an hour? (it's ridiculous)
All the traffic's pilin' up, cor blimey what a shower
They're swervin', brakin', overtakein', what a liberty
But I wouldn't miss a Sunday by the sea

Lovely peaches, on the beaches, laid out in the sun
Costumes slippin', birds all drippin', splashin' ev'ry one
Paddlin' floatin', rowin' boatin', what a lot of fun
If there's a maiden in distress, we'll be the first to see her S.O.S.
So grab yerself a deckchair if you want a little doze
And read the Sunday papers while the sand slips through yer toes
Ice cream trollies, kids wiv lollies, 'appy as can be
Oh I wouldn't miss a Sunday by the sea

Piles o' litter, no more bitter, the sea's all gettin' rough
Burnin' blisters, loud transistors, and if that's not enough
Now it's rainin', who's complainin', pack up all the stuff
And when you're halfway back to town
You can feel the front tyre's goin' down
So get the spare out, tear yer 'air out, lookin' for the jack
Push it, pump it, kick it, thump it trying to get it back
By the time you get back home you find you've missed T.V.
Oh is it worth it for a Sunday by the sea
Is it worth it for a Sunday, when it's back to work on Monday?
Is it worth it for a Sunday by the sea?