

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds - Sunday's Slave

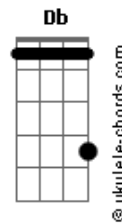
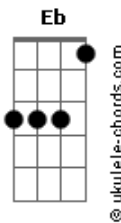
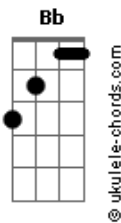
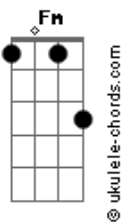
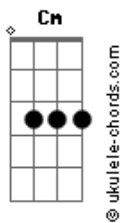
tom:
Cm

Cm
Sunday's got a slave
Fm
Monday's got one too
Cm
Sunday's got a slave
Fm
Monday's got one too
Bb
Our sufferings are countless
Eb Bb Cm
Our pleasures are a motley few
Bb
Spend all day digging my grave
Eb Bb Cm
Now go get sunday's slave

Cm
Tuesday sleeps in a stable
Fm
Wednesday's in a chains
Cm
Thursday gathers up the crumbs under the table
Fm
Wednesday dare not complain
Bb
My heart has collapsed
Eb Bb Cm
On the tracks of a run-a-way train
Bb
Just whisper his name
Eb Bb Cm
And here comes Sunday's slave

Db
The hands in the stable
Cm
Are willing and able to pay

Acordes



Db
If you feel at a loss man
Just who is the boss-man
Cm Bb Cm
Ask the blood on one of its bad days
Bb
For his nerve is to serve
Eb Bb Cm
But the service is a fucking mockery
Bb
He insists that he piss
Eb Bb
In your fist but he still
Cm
Takes the money anyway
Bb
The masters a bastard
Eb Bb Cm
But don't tell sunday's slave

Cm
Thursday's angered the master
Fm
O.k. so Friday's gonna pay
Cm
Thursday's angered the master
Fm
Yeah, so Friday's gonna pay
Bb
One night on the rack
Eb Bb Cm
And he's back saddling up Saturday
Bb
You can only whisper his name
Eb Bb
But not on sundays
Eb Bb
Never on sundays
Eb Bb Cm
Oh not on sundays slave