

# Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds - Sunday's Slave

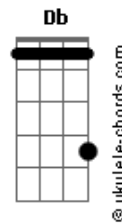
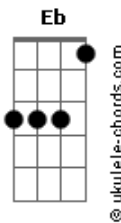
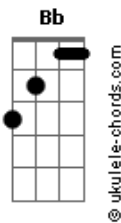
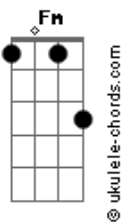
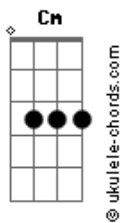
tom:  
Cm

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