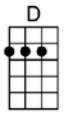
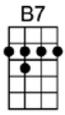
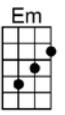
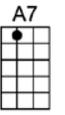
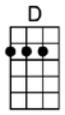
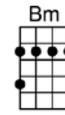
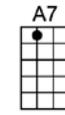
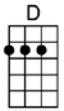
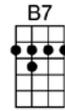
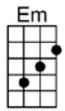
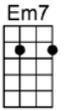


# SUNDAY WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

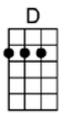
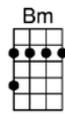
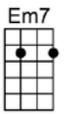
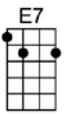
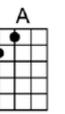
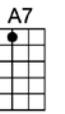
4/4 1...2...1234

-Terry Cashman/Gene Pistilli

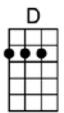
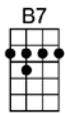
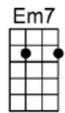
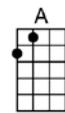
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

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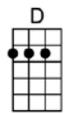
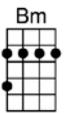
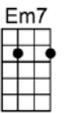
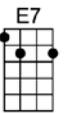
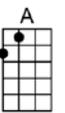
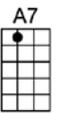
I remember Sunday morning, I would greet her at the park

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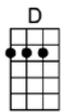
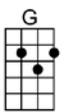
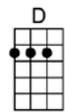
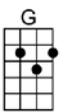
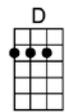
We'd walk together hand in hand, 'til it was almost dark

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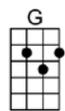
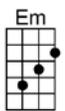
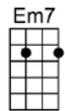
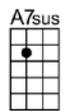
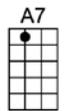
Now I wake up Sunday morning, walk a-cross the way to find,

 |  |  |  |  | 

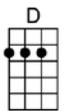
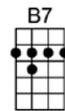
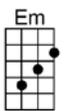
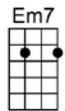
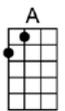
No-body waiting for me, Sunday's just an-other day

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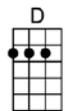
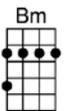
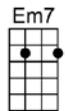
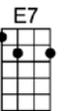
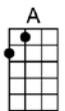
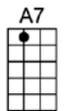
Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)

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I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain

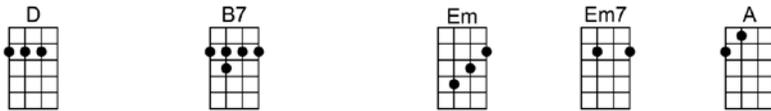
 |  |  |  | 

Sunny after-noons that make me feel so warm in-side,

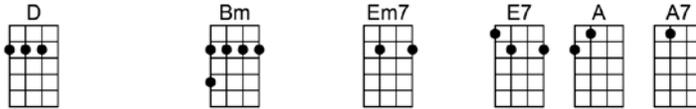
 |  |  |  |  | 

Have turned as cold and gray as ashes, as I feel the embers die

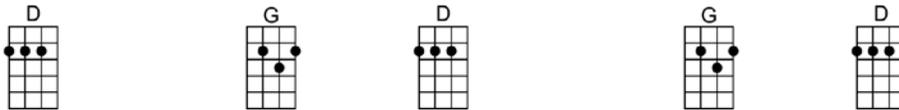
**p.2. Sunday Will Never Be the Same**



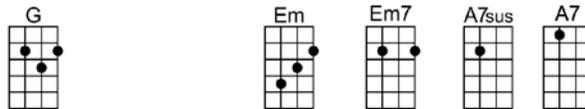
**No longer can I walk these paths, for they have changed**



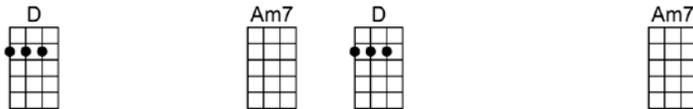
**I must be on, the sun is gone and I think it's gonna rain**



**Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)**



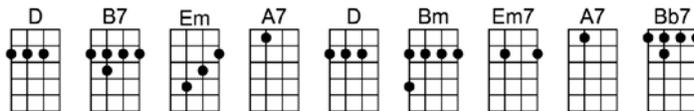
**I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain**



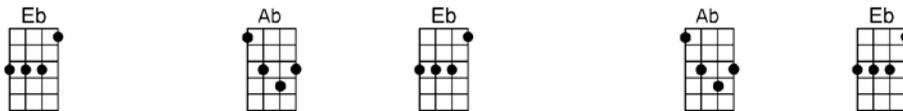
**I remember children, feeding flocks of pigeons**



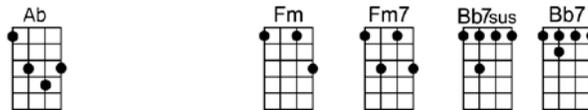
**I remember sunshine, and you were mine**



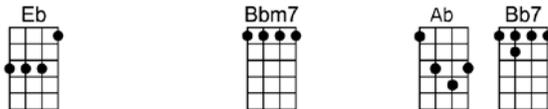
**Inst:**



**Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)**



**I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain**



**Sunday will never be the same (fade)**

# SUNDAY WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

4/4 1...2...1234

-Terry Cashman/Gene Pistilli

Intro: | D B7 | Em A7 | D Bm | Em7 A7 |

D B7 Em Em7 A  
I remember Sunday morning, I would greet her at the park  
D Bm Em7 E7 A A7

We'd walk together hand in hand, 'til it was almost dark

D B7 Em Em7 A  
Now I wake up Sunday morning, walk a-cross the way to find,  
D Bm Em7 E7 A A7

No-body waiting for me, Sunday's just an-other day

D G D G D  
Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)  
G Em Em7 A7sus A7

I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain

D B7 Em Em7 A  
Sunny after-noons that make me feel so warm in-side,  
D Bm Em7 E7 A A7

Have turned as cold and gray as ashes, as I feel the embers die

D B7 Em Em7 A  
No longer can I walk these paths, for they have changed  
D Bm Em7 E7 A A7

I must be on, the sun is gone and I think it's gonna rain

D G D G D  
Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)  
G Em Em7 A7sus A7

I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain

D Am7 D Am7  
I remember children, feeding flocks of pigeons  
D Am7  
I remember sunshine, and you were mine

D B7 Em A7 D Bm Em7 A7 Bb7

Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb  
Sunday will never be the same (Sunday will never be the same)  
Ab Fm Fm7 Bb7sus Bb7

I've lost my Sunday song, she'll not be back a-gain

Eb Bbm7 Ab Bb7  
Sunday will never be the same (X3) end on Eb