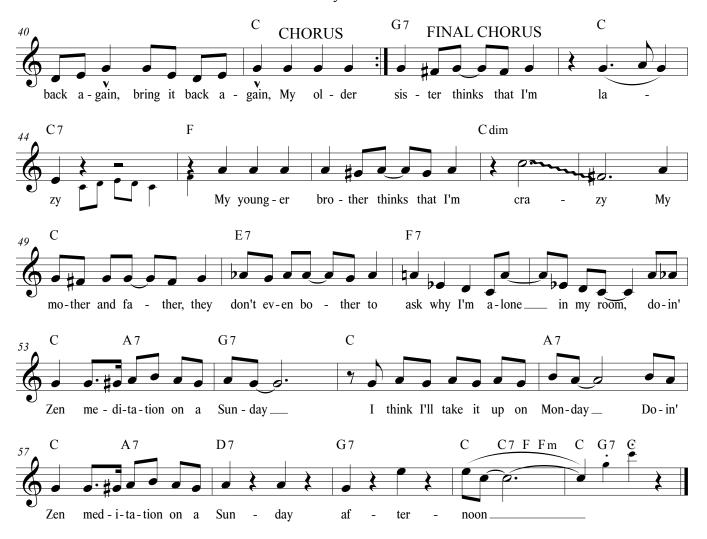
## Sunday Afternoon



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## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

## **CHORUS**

My older sister thinks that I'm lazy My younger brother thinks that I'm crazy My mother and father, they don't even bother To ask why I'm alone in my room Doin' Zen meditation on a Sunday afternoon

It wasn't all that hard to begin it
At first I just sat down for a minute
I watched my breath going in and out of my nose and then
When my mind started wandering, I would
Bring it back again, bring it back again,
Bring it back again (CHORUS)

I didn't need a whole lot of pushin'
To get myself a mat and a cushion
The peace and quiet improves my diet and soothes my stress
I confess, I'm worrying less and less,
Worrying less and less,
Worrying less and less (CHORUS)

A tiny Buddha figure with candles
A shiny incense burner with handles
A little altar is my Gibraltar when things get rough
What's so tough when breathing is enough,
Breathing is enough,
Breathing is enough (CHORUS)

My room's become a regular zendo
I might as well just sell my Nintendo
My friends don't get it, but I don't let it disturb my poise
Girls and boys need a break from all the noise,
Break from all the noise,
Break from all the noise (CHORUS)