

Sunday Afternoon

Nathaniel Needle

Swing $\text{♩} = \text{♩}^{\text{3}}$

C A7 D7 G7 C Gdim G7 C CHORUS

My old - er

6 G7 C C7 F

sis - ter thinks that I'm la - zy My young - er bro - ther thinks that I'm

11 Cdim C E7

cra - zy My mo - ther and fa - ther, they don't ev - en bo - ther to

15 F7 C A7 D7 G7

ask why I'm a - lone in my room, do - in' Zen me - di - ta - tion on a Sun - day af - ter -

19 C Cdim G7 C VERSE G7 C C7

noon! It was - n't all that hard to be - gin it.

25 F Cdim C

At first I just sat down for a min - ute! I watched my breath go - ing

30 E7 Am

in and out of my nose and then when my mind start - ed wan - der - ing I would

35 2, 3. D7 4. D7 G7

I con - fess I'm Girls and Boys need a bring it back a - gain, bring it
what's so tough when

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40 C CHORUS G7 FINAL CHORUS C

back a - gain, bring it back a - gain, My ol - der sis - ter thinks that I'm la -

44 C7 F C dim

zy My young - er bro - ther thinks that I'm cra - zy My

49 C E7 F7

mo - ther and fa - ther, they don't ev - en bo - ther to ask why I'm a - lone ___ in my room, do - in'

53 C A7 G7 C A7

Zen me - di - ta - tion on a Sun - day ___ I think I'll take it up on Mon - day ___ Do - in'

57 C A7 D7 G7 C C7 F Fm C G7 C

Zen med - i - ta - tion on a Sun - day af - ter - noon _____

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)