

# Put On Your Sunday Clothes

Lied von Barbra Streisand und Michael Crawford

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## Text

Out there

There's a world outside of Yonkers

Way out there beyond this hick town, Barnaby

There's a slick town, Barnaby

Out there

Full of shine and full of sparkle

Close your eyes and see it glisten, Barnaby

Listen, Barnaby

Put on your Sunday clothes

There's lots of world out there

Get out the brillantine and dime cigars

We're gonna find adventure in the evening air

Girls in white, in a perfumed night

Where the lights are bright as the stars

Put on your Sunday clothes

We're gonna ride through town

In one of those new horse drawn open cars

We'll see the shows at Delmonico's

And we'll close the town in a whirl

And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out

Strut down the street and have your picture took

Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to turn around

That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine as you look

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile

That makes you feel brand new down to your toes

Get out your feathers, your patent leathers

Your beads and buckles and bows

For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday

No Monday in your Sunday

No Monday in your Sunday clothes

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out  
Strut down the street and have your picture took  
Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about  
That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine as you look

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile  
That makes you feel brand new down to your toes  
Get out your feathers, your patent leathers  
Your beads and buckles and bows  
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out  
Strut down the street and have your picture took  
Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn around  
That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine as you look

Beneath your bowler brim, the world's a simple song  
A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose  
Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers  
Your red suspenders and hose  
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes

Ermengarde, keep smiling, no man wants a little ninny  
Ambrose, do a turn, let me see  
Mr. Hackl, Mr. Tucker, don't forget Irene and Minnie  
Just forget you ever heard a word from me  
All aboard (all aboard), all aboard (all aboard)  
All aboard (all aboard, all aboard, all aboard, all aboard)

Put on your Sunday clothes there's lots of world out there  
Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes  
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air  
To town, we'll trot to a smokey spot  
Where the girls are hot as a fuse (wow!)

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned-up cuff  
We'll wear a handmade gray suede buttoned glove  
We wanna take New York by Storm  
We'll join the Astors at Tony Pastor's  
And this, I'm positive of  
That we won't come home  
No, we won't come home  
No, we won't come home until we fall in love