

Stormy Monday

Leslie West

They call it stormy Monday, yes but Tuesdays just as bad.

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Wednesdays even worse; Thursdays awful sad. The eagle flies on Friday, Saturday I go out to play.

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Sunday I go to church where I kneel down and pray. And I say, "Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy on me.

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Just trying to find my baby, wont you please send her on back to me." The eagle flies on Friday, on Saturday I go out to play.

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Sunday I go to church, where I kneel down, Lord and I pray. Then I say, "Lord have mercy, wont you please have mercy on me.

Lord, oh Lord have mercy, yeah, wont you please, please have mercy on me.

Im just a-lookin for my sweet babe, so wont you please send him home,

Send him on home to me

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