

# Sunday Morning And Saturday Night

James Otto

My ol' man was a contradiction  
A real hard man to figure  
He'd read the King James Bible  
While sippin' on corn liquorHe'd get drunk and he'd get to preachin'  
Right out on the porch  
Alternatin' between cussin' and a prayin'  
Spittin' and a praisin' the LordNo doubt about it  
He was a man of both extremes  
He had his share of demons  
But on Jesus he would leanHe'd say, "Fly high like the angels  
Run wild like the devil  
We're all tryin' to find the middle  
Between saint and sinner, wrong and right  
Sunday morning and Saturday night" Well, I have sung 'Amazing Grace', hymnal in my hand  
Played 'Stairway To Heaven' in a three piece pick up band  
I know the straight and narrow is the path that I should take  
But out here in the fast lane, you tend to get a little sidewaysI still hear him preachin'  
Slurrin' his words a bit  
Sayin' the thing about temptation  
Is it so hard to resistHe'd say, "Fly high like the angels  
Run wild like the devil  
We're all tryin' to find the middle  
Between saint and sinner, wrong and right  
Sunday morning and Saturday night" Back then I didn't realize  
The wisdom in the sermon  
It took a while to understand  
The lesson I'm still learnin'He'd say, "Fly high like the angels  
Run wild like the devil  
We're all tryin' to find the middle  
Between saint and sinner, wrong and right  
Sunday morning and Saturday night" Saint and sinner, wrong and right  
Sunday morning and Saturday nightHe said, "Fly high like the angels"

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