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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