

# Sunday Morning In America

Keith Anderson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

She dresses up her children and she herds em to the car  
Drives down to the mega church but cant find a place to park  
Then she feels a little guilty when she takes His name in vain  
So she folds her last two dollars and she drops em in the plate  
It's Sunday morning, Sunday morning in  
America  
His back is out of kilter from sleeping on concrete  
And hed like to have some breakfast but hed trade it for a drink  
Those early morning joggers, theyre quick to pass him by  
And the ones who drop a dollar, dont dare look him in the eye  
Another Sunday morning, Sunday morning in  
America  
Sunday morning, Sunday morning in America  
Smell the eggs and bacon, I hear the church bells ring  
Cheerleaders shaking on a big screen TV  
Theres Winnebagos and boats on the lake  
And a red-head freckled face blows out the candles on his birthday cake  
It's Sunday morning, Sunday morning  
in America  
Hes hunkered in a bunker with a rifle in his hand  
Layin his life on the line, every inch of sand  
But hes dreaming about that freedom that hes been fighting for  
And the arms that will wrap around him  
When he comes walking through that door  
Some Sunday morning, it's Sunday morning in America  
Yeah, Sunday morning, Sunday morning in America  
Smell the eggs and bacon, I hear the church bells ring  
Cheerleaders shaking on a big screen TV  
Theres Winnebagos and boats on the lake  
And a red-head freckled face blows out the candles on his birthday cake  
Yeah, Sunday morning, Sunday  
morning in America  
Sunday morning, Sunday morning in America  
Well, I know it aint perfect  
Ya, theres a lot of things wrong in America  
But I thank God for those who lay down their lives  
To make this place my home  
Smell the eggs and bacon, I hear the church bells ring  
Cheerleaders shaking on a 57 inch big screen TV  
Theres trucks on a highway and sailboats on the lake  
And a red-head freckled face blows out the candles on his birthday cake  
It's Sunday morning, yeah, Sunday  
morning in America  
It's Sunday morning, beautiful Sunday morning in America

Oh, Sunday morning, Sunday morning in America, in America

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