Sunday

Tift Merritt

I'm gonna have a good cry over nothing but a handful of cigarettes
I'm gonna leave the windows open when I feel like getting dressed
I'm gonna think hard about leaving, see if the afternoon can tell
I'm gonna let him lie there sleeping then I'm gonna love him wellOne morning, gonna wake up far from this town where my body lies
But Sunday is nobody's business, Sunday is nobody's business
Tell all of the neighbors, take back all your favors
And look away, Lord, take down your eyesThe ice trays all are empty, there's nothing here to eat at all
I can't even find a pack of matches, I left the oven on along all night
My mother's 'cross town, I'm going to see her
My grandma's up there on the hill
She's drinking sherry with all of the angels, saving a little bit untilThat morning when I wake up far from this town where my body lies
Sunday is nobody's business, Sunday is nobody's business
Tell all of the neighbors, take back all the favors
And look away, Lord, take down your eyesI'm gonna spend it like I got it, take it like I want it
Love like no one loves me at all
'Cause in the place where I come from, you have to be careful
Everything is certain, when everything is fixed, when everything is fine
When everything is fineI'm gonna buy some flowers at the grocery with my last five dollars again
I don't care if lonely is coming, I've been practicingTonight in this window the moon is gonna rise
If you wanna give me something, give me something
But today, don't give me no surprise
Don't give me no surprise

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