

Sunday in the South

Shenandoah

Mill worker houses lined up in a row
Another southern Sunday's morning glow
Beneath the steeple all the people have begun
Shakin' hands with the man who grips the gospel gun
While the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the ground
Heals up the morning air, ain't nothin' sweeter around
I can almost hear my mama pray
"Oh lord forgive us when we doubt
Another sacred Sunday in the south
A ragged rebel flag flies high above it all
Poppin' in the wind like an angry cannon ball
The holes of history are cold and still
But they smell the powder burnin' and they probably always will
And on the old town square under the barber
shop pole
They sat me up in the chair when I was four years old
I can almost hear my papa say
"Won't you hold still son? Stop squirmn' around
Another southern Sunday's coming down
I can almost hear the old folks say
"You'll make it big one day, you'll leave this town
Some other lazy Sunday you'll come back around
I can feel the evening sun go down
And all the lights in the houses one by one go out
Softly in the distance nothing stirs about
And the night is filled with the sound of a whip-poor-will
On a Sunday in the south, alright
Just another Sunday
Just another Sunday in the south
Oh, another sacred Sunday in the south
Just another Sunday
How I missed those ol' sweet Sundays in the south
Another sacred Sunday
I can hear my mama call in the south alright
Just another Sunday, oh, oh, oh

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