

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 gunWhile the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the ground

Heals up the morning air, ain't nothin' sweeter aroundI can almost hear my mama pray

"Oh lord forgive us when we doubt

Another sacred Sunday in the southA 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 willAnd on the old town square under the barber
shop pole

They sat me up in the chair when I was four years oldI can almost hear my papa say

"Won't you hold still son? Stop squirmn' around

Another southern Sunday's coming downI 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 aroundI 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, alrightJust another Sunday

Just another Sunday in the south

Oh, another sacred Sunday in the southJust another Sunday

How I missed those ol' sweet Sundays in the southAnother sacred Sunday

I can hear my mama call in the south alright

Just another Sunday, oh, oh, oh

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