

# Seven Sundays

## Clay Walker

This tie's fitting just a little too tight  
Might have had one too many last night  
I wonder if it's written all over my face  
It's been a little while since I've seen this place Still I'm sitting here in the back row  
Like a long lost son is come back home  
When I bow my head and taken off my hat  
A Sunday morning takes me back Growing up under that hometown church steeple  
Learning God hates sin but still loves people  
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land  
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand And one hot summer when I was thirteen  
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean  
Feels so good, Lord, why can't there be  
Seven Sundays a week? Well, I can still hear daddy singing strong and low  
It is well, it is well with my soul  
And mama laid up the Sunday best  
I can still count every flower on her blue sun dress I've done a lot of living since those days  
But a boy comes back when he's been raised Growing up under that hometown church steeple  
Learning God hates sin but still loves people  
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land  
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand And one hot summer when I was thirteen  
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean  
Feels so good, Lord, why can't there be  
Seven Sundays a week? It was soft ball games  
And it was true love waits  
And all of those amazing things  
About amazing grace Growing up under that hometown church steeple  
Learning God hates sin but still loves people  
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land  
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand And one hot summer when I was thirteen  
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean  
It feels so good, Lord, why can't there be  
Seven Sundays a week? Seven Sundays a week

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