

Mr. Sunday Morning

Sweating Honey

Mister Sunday Morning wake up, don't you take so long
'Cause I've got roads that need traveling on
And I've got time, yes I do
A bottle of sweet red wine
Roads that been left behind
Well please excuse me crying
We've all been down there before, for sure
You got to stay empty with that fire inside
Run and hide, oh run and hide

Got a tune on this old guitar
An ancient blues melody

Mister Sunday Morning, wake up...

Lyrics submitted by A.

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