Sunday Rider

David Gates

Sunday riders, ridin' out along the highway
Sunday gliders, glidin' up along the skyway
Some must fly and some must speed
To satisfy the human needPaper dresses, wear them once and throw away
Plastic flowers, try to smell them anyway
No matter what the future brings
Nothin's like the real thingsSunday lovers, sneakin' in forsaken places
Under covers, so's to hide the guilty faces
Take my wife and take my pay
But don't take my Sunday lady from me

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