

Sunday Morning

A Thousand Horses

There's an old letter tucked inside a Bible
Neither one she has read
Though every word speaks truth and revival
All she sees is no return addressShe was born on a Sunday morning
With angels all around
She was born on a Sunday morning
Singin' the sweetest soundLove's got a way of leavin' and sometimes too fast
And honey, you're too young to understand
Ya got his same blue eyes, the way he smiled and his last name
Some things don't always work out how ya plan
But you should knowYou were born on a Sunday morning
With angels all around
You were born on a Sunday morning
Singin' the sweetest soundAnd she needs to find forgiveness, ah yeah
Know why he ain't around
There's a letter in a Bible
That can free her now
Oh save her now'Cause you were born on a Sunday morning
With angels all around
You were born on a Sunday morning
Singin' the sweetest soundShe was born on a Sunday morning
With angels all around
She was born on a Sunday morning
Singin' the sweetest sound

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