

Just Another Sunday Morn

[Paul Henry Dallaire](#)

When I awoke this morning I scrambled to the kitchen
At the breakfast table argued with my wife
about some bills I didn't pay
two jobs still not enough to-day
to bring the bacon home I left for work

O ran downstairs and slammed the door
still woozy from the night before
from beer and cigarettes with my friend Ray
too much work and not enough play
can give a man a failing grade
like Jekyll 'N Hyde turn a nice guy to a drunk

Here's what I saw

A broken Vodka bottle here
a pool of blood just over there
guess from a fight the night before
across the street a young girl walked
a Hooker fourteen years no more
just another Sunday mornin comin down

I walked into a restaurant and ordered me a cup
the smile the waitress gave helped pass the day
Snake oil salesman on T.V.
Benny Hinn's false prophecies
at least Jimmy Swaggart can play a tune

The in walked two broken men vacant eyes open shut wide
late for work I paid my bill and left the place
and I thought about Kris's Pilgrim song
the Demons of Johnny Cash and all
and I thanked the Lord for strength to carry on

Words/Music
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Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN.CA

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Lyrics Submitted by Paul Henry Dallaire

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