Sunday Dress

Sunny Sweeney

I woke up this morning with the best intentions
Momma called i think she knew i wouldn't show
I hate for her to have to answer questions
'bout how i'm doin', but i just couldn't goI don't want 'em all to see me cry
I don't want to have to lie
In the good lords house 'bout why
I'd be there alone
While momma's liftin' up her prayers
I'm just smokin' cigarettes and drinkin'
Drinkin' in my sunday dressI'm in no shape to be the center of attention
We all know how small town rumors fly
Can't handle all the looks; and the opinions
It's hard enough right now to hold on to my prideI don't want 'em all to see me cry
I don't want to have to lie
In the good lords house 'bout why
I'd be there alone
While momma's liftin' up her prayers
I'm just smokin' cigarettes; and drinkin'
Drinkin' in my sunday dressMaybe in a week or two i'll have the courage to face the crowd
Momma won't have to dance around the truth
The way she's probably doin' right nowI don't want 'em all to see me cry
I don't want to have to lie
In the good lords house 'bout why
I'd be there alone
While momma's liftin' up those prayers
I'm just smokin' my cigarettes; and drinkin'
Drinkin' in my sunday dressWhile momma's liftin' up those prayers
I'm just smokin' my cigarettes; and drinkin'
Drinkin' in my sunday dress

Songwriters
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