Sunday In The South

Shenandoah

Mill worker houses lined up in a row,
Another southern Sunday morning blow
Beneath the steeple all the people have begun
Shakin' hands with the man who grips the gospel gun
While the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the ground
Heals up the morning air, ain't nothin' sweeter aroundI can almost hear my mama pray:
"Oh lord forgive us when we doubt,"
Another sacred Sunday in the southA ragged rebel flag flies high above it all
Popping in the wind like an angry cannon ball
The holes of history are cold and still,
But they smell the powder burnin' and they probably always willAnd on the old town square under the barber shop pole,
They sat me up in the chair when I was four years oldI can almost hear my papa say:
"Won't you hold still son, stop squirmn' around
Another sacred sundays coming down"[Instrumental break]I can almost hear the old folks say:
"You'll make it big one day, you'll leave this town,"
Some other lazy Sunday you'll come back around[Instrumental break]I can feel the evening sun go down,
And all the lights in the houses one by one go out
Softly in the distance nothing stirs about
And the night is filled with the sound of a whipporwilOn a Sunday in the south

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