

Sunday Morning

John Kloberdanz

She woke up Sunday morning
Can't recall the night before
The outside light was on
And she had never closed the door
Not in the mood for breakfast
But she would be for a drink
Sat around the empty house
And tried not to think

This quiet house
This quiet town
This quiet street
What happens now?

She woke up Sunday morning
With nowhere much to go
The kids were with their father
Exactly where she did not know
She sat down on the porch steps
Saw no one that she knew
Friends had tired of her sadness
They had better things to do

This quiet house
This quiet town
This quiet street
What happens now?

She woke up Sunday morning
And she talked to the TV
"Next year will be better
"Just you wait and see"

This quiet house
This quiet town
This quiet street
What happens now?