

Faubush Hill

"Church On Sunday"

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Well my great aunt Hattie was 95,
she smoked 3 packs of Camels til the day she died
Got up at 3 on Sundays, started cookin at 4
Would feed the whole damn county if they came to her
door
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday, don't judge me for 7 days

Well my great uncle Gillis is 73, can outrun a cougar on
a broken knee
Walks 8 miles a day up Faubush hill,
just to get a jug of whiskey from the neighbors still
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday, don't judge me for 7 days

Well it ain't nobody's business who I am or where I've
been
The good Lord's keepin track up there of all my favorite
sins
I might move to California, find me a doctor with a pen
It ain't legal in Kentucky, so I'll take that up with him

Well my grandma Mary was 98 rolled her own left
handed til the judgment day
She saved all her pennies in mason jars,
left 17 thousand toward the preachers' car
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday, don't judge me for 7 days

Great Grandma Myrtle hit 86,
seen her kill a copper head with a hickory switch
She worked the fields harder than any man,
cussed like a sailor, didn't give a damn
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday
After church on Sunday, don't judge me for 7 days

