

## **American Aquarium**

### **"Month Full Of Sundays"**

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He got word the thirteenth day of January nineteen  
forty two and when his country came a calling he knew  
what had to do. Dressed in white he left port aboard the  
USS Arizona and left his wife and baby girl high in the  
hills of North Carolina.

He said i don't know how long I'll be, but you know that i  
always find a way. I hope that ya'll wont worry about me  
because I'll be home in a month full of Sundays.

Well the days grew long and the nights grew cold  
without any word from the outside world. Every night  
he'd close his eyes and see Caroline, his new born  
baby girl. The visions of Elizabeth, her golden hair  
glistening in the sun and every night he'd lie awake  
and scream, "Lord, what has Roosevelt gone and  
done."

He said i don't know how long I'll be, but i know that you  
always find a way. I hope they don't worry about me  
and lord, get me home in a month full of Sundays.  
Well after two long years aboard the deck of the USS  
Arizona he went and got his papers and was headed  
west to a port in Pensacola. When his greyhound  
crunched to a stop on the solid ground of western  
North Carolina his wife and his baby girl we're waiting  
there to take him home. Take him back down the old  
dirt road, his grandpa used to plow before the Great  
War. Take him back down the holler that leads up by  
old man William's general store. Take him back down  
to the big tall pine where him and Elizabeth pledged  
there love. Take him back down, take him back down,  
and take him back down to the place that he calls  
home.

He said i didn't know how long I'd be, but i knew that I'd  
always find a way. I hope ya'll didn't worry about me,  
because i got home in a month full of Sundays.

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