

Honey Cone

"Sunday Morning People"

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Sunday morning people, better listen to me
(you better take heed)
You go to church on Sunday, hate your neighbor all
week
You can pray as loud as you can, now
Turn your back on your fellow man, now
You swear you're on the level
Then you shake hands with the devil
You got to help your brothers seven days a week
If peace and happiness is what you see

Sunday morning people, practice what you preach
You can't go to church on Sunday
And hate your neighbor all week

You'll know the man upstairs is watching you
(somebody's watching)
So you call yourself and do things you don't wanna do
Like sharing with the poor at the church door
'Cause every Sunday morning, you asked Him to
forgive
But you go on saying "Heaven, are you listenin'?"
Sunday morning people, whoo!

Sunday morning people, better listen to me
You go to church on Sunday, hate your neighbor all
week
Let me tell you, now
We were tryin' to get through the pearly gates,
But for most of us, it's already too late.
When your head starts to falter,
You head straight for the alter

Sunday morning people, it's better than you think
You can't go to church on Sunday
And hate your neighbor all week
Sunday morning people, practice what you preach
You can't go to church on Sunday
And hate your neighbor all week
Oh, Sunday morning people

Sunday morning people

Practice what you preach
(repeat)

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