

Innerwish

"An Old Sunday"

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An Old Sunday

Atticus of an old Sunday

When you past me sitting on the step

On the porch, waiting for thunder

And all of you came by like a parade

Atticus, walking for hunger

There is suffering in the world you said

At seventeen, I was in 1st grade

I couldn't think of anything to say

My sisters have soldiers to pray for

And they receive their presents in the mail

And Atticus, I was just thinking

I could pray for you and all your friends

There was a cloud of him, sunday fuller, something to
come

And I got you bunches of azalea

I gave you bunches of azalea

You say, "Look at the flowers, look at the flowers"

And I thought I could keep all mine

And Atticus, I was so happy when I said good-bye to
you and your parade

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