

Jose Andrea

"Marley Purt Drive"

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Sunday morning, woke up yawning; filled the pool for a swim.

Pulled down the head and looked in the glass just to see if I was in.

Went up the stairs and kissed my women to make her come alive.

'Cause with fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

Fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

That's how they are, so I grabbed out the car;
convertible fifty-nine.

Headed for the freeway; tried to find the Pasadena sign.

Ten miles and three quarters more I wasn't feeling any more alive.

'Cause with fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

Fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

I used to be a minstrel free with a whole lot of bread in my bag.

I used to feel that my life was real, but the good Lord threw me a snag.

Now I'm gonna be the same as me, no matter how I try.

'Cause with fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

Fifteen kids and a fam'ly on the skids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

Turned 'round the car and headed for home; I guess I realized my fate.

Ten miles and three quarters more I pulled up outside the gate.

Twenty more kids were stood inside and that made thirty-five.

'Cause with an orphanage full of thirty-five kids,
I got to go for a Sunday drive.

An orphanage full of thirty-five kids,

I got to go for a Sunday drive.

Sunday morning woke up yawning; filled the pool for a swim.

Pulled down the glass and looked in the mirror just to see if I was in.

Went up the stairs and kissed my women to make her come alive.

'Cause with an orphanage full of thirty-five kids,

I got to go for a Sunday drive.

And orphanage full of thirty-five kids,

I got to go for a Sunday drive.a

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