

# CATS

## "Come Sunday"

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Tired of cheap motels  
Topless bars and neon lights  
And if my car don't break down  
I'll be home in just two more nights

I'm getting back to Houston  
I'm leaving one night stands behind  
But I'm-a thinking 'bout it  
There's just one thing that's on my mind

Ohoho, come Sunday  
I spend Monday home with you  
In a little old trip for two  
Monday morning last the whole life through

Ohoho, come Sunday  
I spend Monday home with you  
Got a lot of making up to do  
Monday morning, just me and you

I always remember  
New York City in the rain  
I saw a girl looking just like you  
Ridin' on the subway train

But now I'm in Kentucky  
Counting stops along the way  
Drinking black coffee  
And I'll be home in just one more day

Ohoho, come Sunday  
I spend Monday home with you  
In a little old trip for two  
Monday morning last the whole life through

Ohoho, come Sunday  
I spend Monday home with you  
Got a lot of making up to do  
Monday morning, just me and you

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