

Chris Cummings

"Sunday Best"

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My great uncle Oscar passed when I was seven
He was a young man in relative terms
And I never knew him, and I never saw him
Till after his last day on Earth
But I wore my Sunday best, look sad like all the rest,
And shuffled around in my chair.
And memory has faded but one thing is certain
I didn't know why I was there.
And his cousin Helen, well she brought some tissue
And said what a shame it was he had to go
But she took the notes of what people were wearing
Cause Helen, she loved to show
But she wore her Sunday best, and look sad like all the rest
Do you like that she has done with her hair?
I guess there was one thing that we had in common,
We didn't know why we were there
With his brother Charlie, they ran the family business
You know they just never, quiet saw eye to eye,
Those who were closest, they cried all around him
But Charlie, his features were dry

But he wore his Sunday best, look sad like all the rest

As he thought about all of those shares

And I guess there was one thing that we had in
common,

We didn't know why we were there.

You can wear out your Sunday best, look sad like all the
rest

But you won't fool the big man upstairs,

It could be that he thinks, you're better off absent

If you don't know why you are there

Oh, if you don't know why you're there

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