

Marty Raybon

"Sunday In The South"

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Millworker houses lined up in a row
Another southern sunday's morning glow
Beneath the steeple all the people had begun
Shaking hands with the man who grips the gospel gun

While the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the
ground
Fills up the morning air, ain't nothing sweeter around

I can almost hear my mama pray
Oh Lord forgive us when we doubt
Another sacred sunday in the south, alright

A ragged rebel flag flies high above it all
Popping the wind like an angry cannon ball
Now the coals of history are cold and still
But they still smell the powder burning, and they
probaly always will

And on the old town square, under the barber shop
pole
They sit me up in the chair, when I was four years old

I can almost hear my papa say
Won't you hold still, son, stop squirming around

Another southern sunday's comin' down

I can almost hear the old folks say
You made it big, one day you'll leave this town
Some other lazy sunday, you'll be back around

I can feel the evening sun go down
And all the lights in the houses one by one go out
Softly in the distance, nothing stirs about
And the night is filled with the sound of a whipporwill
Want a sunday in the south, alright

Just another sunday in the south
Oh, another sacred sunday in the south
How I miss them old sweet sundays in the south
I can hear my mama calling, in the south, alright

Oh-oh-oh
In the south

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