

Merritt Tift

"Sunday"

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I'm gonna have a good cry over nothin'
But a handful of cigarettes
I'm gonna leave the windows open
When I feel like gettin' dressed
I'm gonna think hard about leavin'
See if the afternoon can tell
I'm gonna let him lie there sleepin'
Then I'm gonna love him well

CHORUS

One mornin' gonna wake up
Far from this town where my body lies
But Sunday is nobody's business
Sunday is nobody's business
Tell all of the neighbors. Take back all your favors
And look away, Lord. Take down your eyes

The ice trays all are empty
There's nothin' here to eat at all
I can't even find a pack of matches
I left the oven on all night long
My mother's cross town I'm goin' to see her
My grandma's up there on the hill
She's drinkin' sherry with all of the angels
Savin' a little but until

CHORUS

That mornin' when I wake up
Far from this town where my body lies
But Sunday is nobody's business
Sunday is nobody's business
Tell all of the neighbors Take back all the favors
And look away Lord. Take down your eyes

I'm gonna spend it like I got it. Take it like I want it
Love like no one loves me at all
Cause in the place where I come from, you have to be
careful
When everything is certain. When everything is fixed
When everything is fine. When everything is fine

I'm gonna buy some flowers at the grocery

With my last five dollars again
I don't care if lonely is comin'
I've been practicin'
Tonight in this window
The moon is gonna rise
If you wanna give me somethin', give me somethin'
Ah, but today don't give me no surprise
Don't give me no surprise

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