

## **Roger Campo** **"Blessed Sunday"**

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Bobby went to town  
Looking for a coat  
Looking for some  
Protection from the cold  
Bobby found the truth  
He held her in his arms  
He wore her like a knight  
Wears a code of arms  
They rode & they rode

They rode on Friday  
They rode on Saturday  
All through a blessed Sunday  
Until the week ran out of days

They rode a wild horse  
To the edge of lover's beach  
As they dove into the water  
They washed away their misery  
They rode the wave of passion  
That was raging in their heart  
As the waves kissed the beach  
She cried God don't ever stop

They rode on Friday  
They rode on Saturday  
All through a blessed Sunday  
Until the week ran out of days  
They made love on the sand  
The moon brought in the tide  
The tide brought them the gifts  
That brave lovers hope to find  
They rode a wild horse  
Through the feared & hallowed ground  
To the silence of the moment  
Where they say that love is found

But a man is like a boat  
He will navigate the sea  
His love is like an anchor  
That he's scared to sink too deep  
But a woman can see

To the bottom of the sea  
Cause inside of every woman  
There's an ocean  
Swaying through her hips  
Flowing through her finger tips  
He could taste it on her lips  
Every time that they would kiss

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Until the week ran out of days

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