

## Shenandoah

### "Sunday in the south"

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Mill worker houses lined up in a row  
Another southern Sunday's morning glow  
Beneath the steeple all the people have begun  
Shakin' hands with the man who grips the gospel gun

While the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the  
ground  
Heals up the morning air, ain't nothin' sweeter around

I can almost hear my mama pray  
"Oh lord forgive us when we doubt  
Another sacred Sunday in the south?

A ragged rebel flag flies high above it all  
Poppin' in the wind like an angry cannon ball  
The holes of history are cold and still  
But they smell the powder burnin' and they probably  
always will

And on the old town square under the barber shop pole  
They sat 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 squirmn' around  
Another southern Sunday's coming down?

I can almost hear the old folks say  
"You'll make it big one day, you'll leave this town  
Some other lazy Sunday you'll come 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 whip-poor-will  
On a Sunday in the south, alright

Just another Sunday  
Just another Sunday in the south  
Oh, another sacred Sunday in the south

Just another Sunday  
How I missed those ol' sweet Sundays in the south

Another sacred Sunday  
I can hear my mama call in the south alright  
Just another Sunday, oh, oh, oh

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