

Jim Ed Brown & The Browns

"Sunday in the Country"

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(F. Crane)

When it's Sunday in the country
That's a special kind of day
A time for playin' lazy in the sun
It's so nice to know the work's all done.

The church bells invitation
Seems to warm the whole creation
That the parson's congregation I'd be none
If we all start playin' lazy in the sun.

After the meetin' what a feast will be eaten
Everyone from grandpa down to liitle Faye
Eats fried chicken and hot biscuits by the tray
Sunday dinner in the country is that way.

While the women clean the kitchen
All the men start to horseshoe pitchin'
While the young men stand round itchin' for a try
Then we'll all eat some of grandma's pie.

As Sunday in the country passes by
When the day begins to mellow
And the moon is cornstock yellow
Every gal expects her fellow to come by.

They'll go courtin' while the moon is high
As Sunday in the country passes by...

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