

Gates David

"Sunday Rider"

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Sunday riders-ridin' out along the highway
Sunday gliders-glidin' up along the skyway
Some must fly and some must speed
To satisfy the human need

Paper dresses-wear them once and throw
away
Plastic flowers-try to smell them anyway
No matter what the future brings
Nothin's like the real things

Sunday lovers-sneakin' in forsaken places
Under covers-so's to hide the guilty faces
Take my wife and take my pay
But don't take my Sunday lady from me.

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