

Tift Merritt

"Sunday"

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I'm gonna have a good cry over nothing but a handful
of cigarettes
I'm gonna leave the windows open when I feel like
getting dressed
I'm gonna think hard about leaving, see if the
afternoon can tell
I'm gonna let him lie there sleeping then I'm gonna love
him well

One morning, 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 nothing here to eat
at all
I can't even find a pack of matches, I left the oven on
along all night
My mother's 'cross town, I'm going to see her
My grandma's up there on the hill
She's drinking sherry with all of the angels, saving a
little bit until

That morning when I wake up far from this town where
my body lies
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
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 coming, I've been practicing

Tonight in this window the moon is gonna rise
If you wanna give me something, give me something
But today, don't give me no surprise
Don't give me no surprise

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