

Month Full Of Sundays

American Aquarium

He got word the thirteenth day of January nineteen forty two and when his country came a calling he knew what had to do. Dressed in white he left port aboard the USS Arizona and left his wife and baby girl high in the hills of North Carolina.

He said i don't know how long I'll be, but you know that i always find a way. I hope that ya'll wont worry about me because I'll be home in a month full of Sundays.

Well the days grew long and the nights grew cold without any word from the outside world. Every night he'd close his eyes and see Caroline, his new born baby girl. The visions of Elizabeth, her golden hair glistening in the sun and every night he'd lie awake and scream, "Lord, what has Roosevelt gone and done."

He said i don't know how long I'll be, but i know that you always find a way. I hope they don't worry about me and lord, get me home in a month full of Sundays.

Well after two long years aboard the deck of the USS Arizona he went and got his papers and was headed west to a port in Pensacola. When his greyhound crunched to a stop on the solid ground of western North Carolina his wife and his baby girl we're waiting there to take him home. Take him back down the old dirt road, his grandpa used to plow before the Great War. Take him back down the holler that leads up by old man William's general store. Take him back down to the big tall pine where him and Elizabeth pledged there love. Take him back down, take him back down, and take him back down to the place that he calls home.

He said i didn't know how long I'd be, but i knew that I'd always find a way. I hope ya'll didn't worry about me, because i got home in a month full of Sundays.