

Sunday School to Broadway

Anne Murray

Oh she used to stand and clap her hands and sing Amazing Grace
While the tears of childhood innocence were streaming down her
face

Mama prayed at night and raised her right and thought she knew
her way

But it's a long long way from Sunday School to where she's at t
oday

It's a long long way from Sunday School to Broadway

She's a long way from the girl she used to be

When you sing the city songs it's hard to find your way back ho
me

And it's a long long way from Sunday School to Broa-oa-oadway

Sunday evenings spent in the gospel tent down on her bended kne
e

Where she gave her soul to Jesus and he set her spirit free

But her body longed for city life and she couldn't stay at home

And it's a long long way from Sunday School to New York nights
alone

It's a long long way from Sunday School to Broadway

She's a long way from the girl she used to be

When you sing the city songs it's hard to find your way back ho
me

And it's a long long way from Sunday School to Broa-oa-oadway

Then her eyes grew bright in the cool dark night and a halo fra
med her face

And a passer-

by swore he heard her cry, can you hear Amazing Gra-ace

Did you see the man who took her life as she walked the New Yor
k streets

And it's a long long way from Broadway till the place at the Ma
ster's feet

It's a long long way from Sunday School to Broadway

She's a long way from the girl she used to be

When you sing the city songs it's hard to find your way back ho
me

And it's a long long way from Sunday School to Broa-oa-oadway

It's a long long way from Sunday School to Broadway

She's a long way from the girl she used to be

When you sing the city songs it's hard to find you