

## That's What I Love About Sunday

Craig Morgan

Raymond's in his Sunday best  
He's usually up to his chest in oil and grease  
There's the martins walking in  
With that mean little freckle-faced kid  
Who broke a window last week  
Sweet miss Betty likes to sing off key  
In the pew behind me

That's what I love about Sunday  
Sing along as the choir sways  
Every verse of amazing grace  
And then we shake the preacher's hand  
Go home into your blue jeans  
Have some chicken and some baked beans  
Pick a backyard football team  
Not do much of anything  
That's what I love about Sunday

I stroll to the end of the drive  
Pick up the Sunday times, grab a coffee cup  
Looks like sally and rob finally tied the knot  
Well, it's about time  
It's thirty-five cents off a ground round  
Baby, cut that coupon out

That's what I love about Sunday  
Cat-nappin' on a porch swing  
You curled up next to me  
The smell of jasmine wakes us up  
Take a walk down a back road  
Tackle box and a cane pole  
Carve our names in that white oak  
Steal a kiss as the sun fades  
That's what I love about Sunday

New believers getting baptized  
Mama's hands raised up high  
Havin' a hallelujah good time  
A smile on everybody's face  
That's what I love about Sunday

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