

Sunday Morning To Saturday Night

Matraca Berg

Sunday morning, a quarter past ten
The congregation says amen
The friends and neighbors come rolling in
Amazing grace and original sin
The preacher said one of us had strayed
We sort of shuffled in that nervous way
And then we all breathed a sigh of relief
When Jimmy Miller fell to his knees

There's not a dry eye in sight
When everybody sings I Saw the Light
'Cause we all try to do what's right
From Sunday morning to Saturday night

Betty Miller found a younger man
Went to Memphis with a brand new plan
And poor ol' Jimmy didn't have a clue
He was too busy chasing you know who
The preacher prayed and Jimmy just cried
And we all tried to act surprised
That Betty left in his brand new car
We saw it all last night at the bar

There's not a dry eye in sight
When everybody sings I Saw the Light
'Cause we all try to do what's right
From Sunday morning to Saturday night

We hurry home and we eat fried chicken
Thank God for the week we're forgiven
And we'll put up a hell of a fight
From Sunday morning to Saturday night

There's not a dry eye in sight
When everybody sings I Saw the Light
'Cause we all try to do what's right
From Sunday morning to Saturday night