

Sunday and Sister Jones

Roberta Flack

It was early Sunday evening just before the death of day.
All the family friends were grievin'
Rev. Jones just pa*sed away.
Sister Jones had seen it comin'.
She was familiar with the signs.
Late one night I heard her humming while strollin' through the
Georgia pines.
She said "Lord if you take him away, I don't want to live!"

It was early Sunday morning Just before the birth of day
I can hear the rooster crowing
Sister Jones knelt down and prayed:
"Lord, he's slippin' through my fingers.
Is death the master of us all?
Lord, I'm humble here before you
Just grant this life and don't let him fall."
She said "Lord if you take him away
I don't want to live another day."

Later on that Sunday evening just before the midnight dawn
Sister Jones was heavy breathin'
I still hear her mournin' song
Life was cryin' from her body like water from a dryin' well
Well I heard her whisper "Thank you, Jesus," just before the mi
dnight bell
Sister Jones was taken away, she didn't live,
Sister Jones was taken away she did not live another day.
Sister Jones was taken away she didn't live,
Sister Jones was taken away she didn't live another day.