

## Sunday In The South

Shenandoah

Millworker houses lined up in a row  
Another southern sunday's morning glow  
Beneath the steeple all the people had begun  
Shaking hands with the man who grips the gospel gun

While the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the ground  
Fills up the morning air, ain't nothing sweeter around

I can almost hear my mama pray  
Oh Lord forgive us when we doubt  
Another sacred sunday in the south, alright

A ragged rebel flag flies high above it all  
Popping the wind like an angry cannon ball  
Now the coals of history are cold and still  
But they still smell the powder burning, and they probaly always will

And on the old town square, under the barber shop pole  
They sit me up in the chair, when I was four years old

I can almost hear my papa say  
Won't you hold still, son, stop squirming around  
Another southern sunday's comin' down

I can almost hear the old folks say  
You made it big, one day you'll leave this town  
Some other lazy sunday, you'll be back around

I can feel the evening sun go down  
And all the lights in the houses one by one go out  
Softly in the distance, nothing stirs about  
And the night is filled with the sound of a whipporwill  
Want a sunday in the south, alright

Just another sunday in the south  
Oh, another sacred sunday in the south  
How I miss them old sweet sundays in the south  
I can hear my mama calling, in the south, alright  
Oh-oh-oh  
In the south