

# Jeff Finlin, Sunday's Forgivin'

The churches are all full of sinnin souls dreamin  
Of fried chicken steamin  
And big potatoes creamin  
In their minds  
The ghost of Saturday night well be leavin  
With one fell blow of believin  
A few Im sorry smiles, hot coffee and a sigh.

Cause  
Sundays forgivin  
Saturday night for livin  
Friday night for leaving the world behind  
The only way I seem to handle  
Monday mornings scramble  
Is to burn another candle  
And pray Sundays forgivin  
In my mind

Now the Spanish moss is swingin  
To that charcoal choir thats singing  
The whole neighborhood is clinging  
To them ancient voices ringing out  
We still got time  
They just might have a solution  
For all my soul pollution  
I got four more hours for absolution  
The gaslight dont serve drinks till after five

Chorus

Now the preachers eyes theyre beaming  
Heart bent on redeemin  
What he calls my scheming  
He says hell send us down if we dont pray  
But I tell him I do my kneelin  
When I see a sunset reelin  
Like a giant orange peelin  
And a little bit of hells good for a change

Chorus