

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