

# David Gates, Sunday Rider

Sunday riders-ridin' out along the highway  
Sunday gliders-glidin' up along the skyway  
Some must fly and some must speed  
To satisfy the human need

Paper dresses-wear them once and throw  
away  
Plastic flowers-try to smell them anyway  
No matter what the future brings  
Nothin's like the real things

Sunday lovers-sneakin' in forsaken places  
Under covers-so's to hide the guilty faces  
Take my wife and take my pay  
But don't take my Sunday lady from me.