

Nina Simone, One More Sunday In Savannah

One more
Sunday in Savannah
hear the whole creation shoutin'
Praise the Lord
see them flinging out the banner
while the congregation says amen

Young folk
tendin' Sunday School
they sing merrily 'bout the golden rule
horse sense preaching all the day
they all hollar in the righteous way

It's time for me to call on Mother Hannah
while she sits there wishing for her last reward
one more Sunday in Savannah
one more Sunday in Atlanta
it's the same thing
same feeling

Don't ya dare
go fishin' son
Amen