

# Nina Simone, 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