

Susan Werner, Sunday Mornings

sunday morning
there is someplace that i'm supposed to be
keeps returning
the feeling keeps coming over me
just like music
or like sunlight on a distant memory
sunday mornings
sunday mornings

my mother choosing what to wear
my father combs his jet black hair
we are their little prizes
in our mary janes and clip on ties
we hurry down the aisle
the neighbors smile because we're late again

on sunday mornings
there is someplace that i'm supposed to be
keeps returning
the feeling keeps coming over me
just like music
or like sunlight on a distant memory
sunday mornings
sunday mornings

daddy prays because the money's tight
mama prays she'll raise her children right
and my brother prays he'll change
so he won't feel so very strangely out of tune

and i went back the other day
closed my eyes and tried to pray
but a voice spoke loud and clear
"you ask too many questions, dear"
and i said, "you asked too few"
that's why i still don't know quite what to do

on sunday mornings
there is someplace that i'm supposed to be
sunday mornings
sunday mornings