Sunday In the South

Shenandoah

Millworker houses lined up in a row
Another southern sunday's morning glow
Beneath the steeple all the people had begun
Shaking hands with the man who grips the gospel gunWhile the quiet prayer, the smell of dinner on the ground
Fills up the morning air, ain't nothing sweeter around I can almost hear my mama pray
Oh Lord forgive us when we doubt
Another sacred sunday in the south, alright
A ragged rebel flag flies high above it all
Popping the wind like an angry cannon ball
Now the coals of history are cold and still
But they still smell the powder burning, and they probaly always willAnd on the old town square, under the barber shop pole
They sit me up in the chair, when I was four years oldI can almost hear my papa say
Won't you hold still, son, stop squirming around
Another southern sunday's comin' downI can almost hear the old folks say
You made it big, one day you'll leave this town
Some other lazy sunday, you'll be back aroundI can feel the evening sun go down
And all the lights in the houses one by one go out
Softly in the distance, nothing stirs about
And the night is filled with the sound of a whipporwill
Want a sunday in the south, alright
Just another sunday in the south
Oh, another sacred sunday in the south
How I miss them old sweet sundays in the south
I can hear my mama calling, in the south, alright
Oh-oh-oh
In the south
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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