

## Sunday Dress

Sunny Sweeney

I woke up this morning with the best intentions  
Momma called I think she knew I wouldn't show  
I hate for her to have to answer questions  
'bout how I'm doin', but I just couldn't go

I don't want 'em all to see me cry  
I don't want to have to lie  
In the good lords house 'bout why  
I'd be there alone  
While momma's liftin' up her prayers  
I'm just smokin' cigarettes and drinkin'  
Drinkin' in my sunday dress

I'm in no shape to be the center of attention  
We all know how small town rumors fly  
Can't handle all the looks; and the opinions  
It's hard enough right now to hold on to my pride

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Maybe in a week or two I'll have the courage to face the crowd  
Momma won't have to dance around the truth  
The way she's probably doin' right now

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