

# Southern Fried Singin' Sunday Mornin'

Bobby Goldsboro

There's a little country church down a little country road  
Near a little country town where I was born  
In this little country church there's some good old country people  
And you can hear them singing every Sunday morn  
And a feeling starts to swell when I hear that Sunday bell  
'Cause it takes me back to times when things were slow  
And a man can't help but pray when that organ starts to play  
And it takes me back to days of long ago

To a southern fried singin' Sunday morning  
When a man would smile and shake his neighbour's hand  
On a southern fried singin' Sunday morning  
How I wish that I could be back home again

People used to gather round for a picnic on the ground  
And the Reverend he would preach the Holy Word  
And we'd all look to the sky  
And we'd lift our voices high  
And it seemed that we got closer to the Lord

On a southern fried singin' Sunday morning  
When a man would smile and shake his neighbour's hand  
On a southern fried singin' Sunday morning  
How I wish that I could be back home again

Every Sunday we would practice golden ruling  
And we'd all chip in to lend a helping hand  
And children always got their Sunday schooling  
And they taught us how to love our fellow man  
Now the days go much too fast  
And you can't live in the past  
And it seems that home's a million miles away  
But when things are getting rough  
And the going gets too tough  
I just drift away to dreams of yesterday

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