

## Sunday Morning and Saturday Night

### Confederate Railroad

Born to a family that taught me wrong from right  
I learned to fear God at an early age and to say my prayers at night

But as I got a little older I started to stray  
Took some turns off of the straight and narrow way

Had to learn about another side of life  
I held some women and held that bottle tight  
But I've never forgotten the way I was raised  
I'm torn between the things I believe and the things I crave

There's a roadside bar room where I love to play  
On my way home there's a little church where I kneel to pray  
And it's such a fine line between wrong and right  
Sunday mornin' and Saturday night

I guess, I'll wonder 'til the day I die  
If I'm a saint or a sinner down deep inside  
When it's over and they lay me down  
Will my soul be heaven sent or hell bound?

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