

Sunday Morning

Connie Smith

Sunday Sunday Sunday morning a new week starts and the old one ends

On Sunday Sunday Sunday morning

Start the day out right with your family and your friends

Now I recall my younger years when I was just a pup

I could tell what day it was the moment I got up

On every Sunday morning and always without fail

My mom would have my Sunday suit out hanging on the nail

On Sunday Sunday Sunday morning...

Now mom and dad and sis and I put on our Sunday clothes

And hand in hand we'd all walk down that long and dusty road

Then order book and up the hill through the mountain side

And all our friends and neighbors they were marching in a line

On Sunday Sunday Sunday morning...

Now Pastor Brown was waiting there to teach us Sunday school

We'd open up the good book and we'd learn the golden rule

And fore we'd even know it'd wash away our sins

Oh Lord it's grand to see how warm our Sunday morn begins

On Sunday Sunday Sunday morning...

Start the day out right with your family and your friends