

It Must Be Sunday

Darrell Scott

It must be Sunday for a man to feel this blue
I'm thinking about the good old days
And a woman I had grown accustomed to
Most folks are down in Sunday school
Learning about the golden rule
But even Jesus couldn't help me today
Praise be to loneliness, it must be Sunday
It must be Sunday she don't answer her phone
I let it ring a thousand times
I guess you'd say there was nobody home
I asked the landlord if he knew
About the girl in 302
He said, "Yeah, the girl just up and moved away"
Praise be to loneliness, it must be Sunday
It's been a month of Sundays since she said goodbye
Thirty days of grieving tears in my eyes
I can't see, what's become of me?
Tomorrow's Monday, maybe work'll pull me through
If I keep my hands real busy
Give me heart a chance to not think of you
But tomorrow comes and then again
Maybe I'll just call it in
You know they can do without me anyway
Praise be to loneliness, it must be Sunday
It must be Sunday