

Sundays In The South

Elvie Shane

Well, it sounds like NASCAR on WBKR
On some old busted car radio
Like them yoo-hoo bottles clinging in the floorboards
Every time we hit that same pothole
Like that train whistle L&N creeping up on five till ten
Church bell ringing means we're gonna be late again
Ear to the door, make sure they ain't praying
Head up to the front, back pew's already taken, and we were singing

I'll fly away old glory and I'd fly away
My salvation and my foundation is in them yesterdays
Yeah, I can hear it crystal clear, oh, it's still ringing loud
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound of Sundays in the south

Well, it sounds like gravel slinging up popping
Underneath the truck on our way up to grandpa's house
Like the roar of the creek where me and brother'd sneak drink
Daddy's missing Bud Lights down
Like granny in the kitchen frying up the chicken
Cousin in the backyard getting a good whipping
Man, how I wish I was back there now
Passing this guitar around, singing

I'll fly away old glory and I'd fly away
My salvation and my foundation is in them yesterdays
Yeah, I can hear it crystal clear, oh, it's still ringing loud
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound of Sundays in the south

Amazing grace how sweet the sounds
That made a redneck like me, yeah singing

I'll fly away old glory and I'd fly away
My salvation and my foundation is in them yesterdays
Yeah, I can hear it crystal clear, oh, it's still ringing loud
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound of Sundays in the south
I said, amazing grace, how sweet the sound of Sundays in the south