

Saturday Satan Sunday Saint

Ernest Tubb

Saturday Satan, Sunday saint
Foolin' your neighbors that's what you think
Readin' the Good Book, singin' the hymns
Come Monday morning and he's back to a life of sin

Old Brother Brown, all week he steals
Tells everyone this big business deals
The deacon walks by, a dollar hits the plate
Tryin' to buy self a ticket to the Pearly Gates

Old Sister Rose on the very first row
Been a sittin' right there twenty years or so
Never hears a word when the preacher speaks
Too busy talkin' bout the bad girl down the street

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This little song holds good advice
Though some people may think it ain't too nice
Well, if you're one who's wearin' the shoes
Well, there's somebody watchin' and you ain't nobody's fool

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