Sunday Morning And Saturday Night

James Otto

My ol' man was a contradiction A real hard man to figure He'd read the King James Bible While sippin' on corn liquor

He'd get drunk and he'd get to preachin' Right out on the porch Alternatin' between cussin' and a prayin' Spittin' and a praisin' the Lord

No doubt about it He was a man of both extremes He had his share of demons But on Jesus he would lean

He'd say, "Fly high like the angels Run wild like the devil We're all tryin' to find the middle Between saint and sinner, wrong and right Sunday morning and Saturday night"

Well, I have sung 'Amazing Grace', hymnal in my hand Played 'Stairway To Heaven' in a three piece pick up band I know the straight and narrow is the path that I should take But out here in the fast lane, you tend to get a little sideways

I still hear him preachin'
Slurrin' his words a bit
Sayin' the thing about temptation
Is it so hard to resist

He'd say, "Fly high like the angels Run wild like the devil We're all tryin' to find the middle Between saint and sinner, wrong and right Sunday morning and Saturday night"

Back then I didn't realize
The wisdom in the sermon
It took a while to understand
The lesson I'm still learnin'

He'd say, "Fly high like the angels Run wild like the devil We're all tryin' to find the middle Between saint and sinner, wrong and right Sunday morning and Saturday night"

Saint and sinner, wrong and right Sunday morning and Saturday night

He said, "Fly high like the angels"