

# Another Sunday in the South

Miranda Lambert

Only thing moving out here is this swing on the front porch  
And the sun's beating down heatin' up this house like blow torch  
Sitting here singing Dixie with a whistle  
Man, it's hotter than a two-dollar pistol  
Baby, I know that it's only 11:30  
But sure as hell or high water  
I'm gettin' kinda thirsty  
I don't need your mama's lemonade  
I need something from a can or a bottle on ice

Just another Sunday in the South  
Wanna put on some Shenandoah  
and crank it loud  
You and me go Fishin' in the Dark  
Killin' time with Restless Heart  
Just another Sunday in the South

There's church bells ringin'  
Down the road and we ain't goin'  
I'm singin' Hallelujah right here  
with the warm wind blowin'  
Next to you, Sitting next to me  
and we're shaking that sugar tree

Just another Sunday in the South  
Wanna put on some Shenandoah  
and crank it loud  
All you gotta do is give me that wink  
Man, this ain't no thinkin' thing  
Just another Sunday in the South

Well, honey, it's a far cry  
From our crazy lives  
All you gotta do is turn on the radio  
It'll take us back  
It'll take us home

Just another Sunday in the South  
Wanna put on some Shenandoah and crank it loud  
You and me go fishin' in the dark  
Killin' time with Restless Heart  
Just another Sunday in the South  
I'm gonna put on some Shenandoah and crank it loud  
All you gotta do is give me that wink  
Man, this ain't no thinkin' thing  
Just another Sunday in the South  
Just another Sunday  
Yeah  
Just another Sunday  
(I can hear my mama callin')  
just another sunday  
(Sweet Sunday)  
Just another Sunday  
Oooohh  
In the South