

Sunday

Tift Merritt

I'm gonna have a good cry over nothing but a handful of cigarettes.
I'm gonna leave the windows open when I feel like getting dressed.
I'm gonna think hard about leaving, see if the afternoon can tell.
I'm gonna let him lie there sleeping, then I'm gonna love him well.

One morning gonna wake up far from this town where my body lies
. .
But Sunday is nobody's business.
Sunday is nobody's business.
Tell all of the neighbors,
Take back all the favors,
And look away, Lord, take down your eyes.

The ice trays all are empty, there's nothing here to eat at all
. .
I can't even find a pack of matches, I left the oven on all night long.
My mother's 'cross town, I'm going to see her, my grandma's up there on the hill.
She's drinking sherry with all of the angels, saving a little bit until

That morning when I wake up far from this town where my body lies.
But Sunday is nobody's business.
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Tell all of the neighbors,
Take back all the favors,
And look away, Lord, take down your eyes.

I'm gonna spend it like I got it, take it like I want it, love like no one loves me at all.
Cause in the place where I come from, you have to be careful
When everything is certain.
When everything is fixed.
When everything is fine.

I'm gonna buy some flowers at the grocery with my last five dollars again.
I don't care if lonely is coming, I've been practicing.
Tonight in this window, the moon is gonna rise.
If you want to give me something, give me something,
But today, don't give me no surprises.
Don't give me no surprises.