

# Hard Time with Sunday

Tony Joe White

I hear the church bells in the dawn  
Bringing me out of the sleep  
I try to rest the shades are drawn  
But I give it up and go out on the street

I see a mother with a baby in her arms  
The father holds a little one by the hand  
They're all dressed up the sun is warm  
They walk towards the promise land

But I'm having a hard time with Sunday  
Having a hard time with Sunday

I don't know why Sundays feels like a sad song  
Reminding me of how it used to be  
But it's the one day no one should be alone  
You ought to be with your friends or family

I move along the sidewalks downtown  
It seems deserted on this day of rest  
The cafes and the bars close down  
And I make it back to the Hotel Loneliness

I'm having a hard time with Sundays  
Having a hard time with Sundays

Having a hard time with Sundays  
Hard time with Sundays