

That's What I Love About Sunday

Craig Morgan

Raymond's in his Sunday best
He's usually up to his chest in oil and grease
There's the martins walking in
With that mean little freckle-faced kid
Who broke a window last week
Sweet miss Betty likes to sing off key
In the pew behind me

That's what I love about Sunday
Sing along as the choir sways
Every verse of amazing grace
And then we shake the preacher's hand
Go home into your blue jeans
Have some chicken and some baked beans
Pick a backyard football team
Not do much of anything
That's what I love about Sunday

I stroll to the end of the drive
Pick up the Sunday times, grab a coffee cup
Looks like sally and rob finally tied the knot
Well, it's about time
It's thirty-five cents off a ground round
Baby, cut that coupon out

That's what I love about Sunday
Cat-nappin' on a porch swing
You curled up next to me
The smell of jasmine wakes us up
Take a walk down a back road
Tackle box and a cane pole
Carve our names in that white oak
Steal a kiss as the sun fades
That's what I love about Sunday

New believers getting baptized
Mama's hands raised up high
Havin' a hallelujah good time
A smile on everybody's face
That's what I love about Sunday

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