

Sunday

Lee Ann Womack

I can't get no doctor on the phone
I'm all over here dying and there ain't nobody home
Lord, what the hell have you done?
Why ain't nobody home on a Sunday?

I can't find no comfort in my soul
Time is fleeting and I'ma growing old
Remember, boy, when you were golden
And now nobody's home on a Sunday

I'm glory bound, I'm glory bound
I'm flying outta here and I can't slow down
I'm glory bound, I'm glory bound
I'm flying outta here and I can't slow down

Jesus, will you hold 'em as they fall?
Cause there ain't nobody home on a Sunday

I say the only thing that's real is here and now
Search within your heart and the truth is found
Lord, if there's any question they'll have to wait for Monday
Cause there ain't nobody home on a Sunday

I'm glory bound, I'm glory bound
I'm flying outta here and I can't slow down
I'm glory bound, I'm glory bound
Flying outta here and I can't slow down

Jesus, will you hold 'em as they fall?
Cause there ain't nobody home on a Sunday

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I'm glory bound, I'm glory bound
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Jesus, will you hold 'em as they fall?
Cause there ain't nobody home on a Sunday