

Marley Purt Drive

Lulu

Sunday morning, woke up yawnin'
Filled the pool for a swim
Pulled down the head and looked
In the glass just to see if I was in
Went up the stairs and kissed my woman
To make her come alive

'Cause with fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive
Fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive

That's how they are
So I grabbed out the car
Convertible fifty-nine, headed to the freeway
Tried to find the Pasadena sign
Ten miles and three quarters
I wasn't feeling any more alive

'Cause with fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive
Fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive

I used to be a minstrel free
With a whole lot of bread in my bag
I used to feel that my life was real
But the good Lord threw me a snag
Now I'm gonna be the same
As me no matter how I try

'Cause with fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive
Fifteen kids and a family on the skids
I got to go for a Sunday drive

Turned 'round the car and headed for home
I guess I realized my fate
Ten miles and three quarters more
I pulled up outside the gate
Twenty more kids were stood inside
And that made thirty-five

'Cause with an orphanage full of thirty-five kids
I got to go for a Sunday drive
An orphanage full of thirty-five kids
I got to go for a Sunday drive

Sunday morning, woke up yawnin'
Filled the pool for a swim
Pulled down the glass and looked
In the mirror just to see if I was in
Went up the stairs and kissed my woman
To make her come alive

'Cause with an orphanage full of thirty-five kids
I got to go for a Sunday drive

And orphanage full of thirty-five kids
I got to go for a Sunday drive