

Like A Sunday Morning

Maureen McGovern

You're just like a Sunday morning
Quiet and warm and moving slow
Put your hand in my hand
Let me dream while I can
Oh, how will I love you so?

Life is made of milk and honey
I always thought that line was a lie
But it turns out it's true
'Cause the sweetness of you is so real
That it makes me want to cry

Oh, you're a holiday weekend
The key that unlocks the door
Oh, you're my friend and my lover
The dream I've been looking for
And you're much more, you're so much more

You're just like a Sunday morning
Feeling so comfortable and right
Be the wind, be the seas
Be whatever you please
But just be here on Sunday night

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