

Sunday in Savannah

Nina Simone

One more Sunday in Savannah
Hear the whole creation shoutin', "Praise the lord"
See them flinging out the banner
While the congregation says, "Amen"

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Hear the whole creation shoutin', "Praise the lord"
See them flinging out the banner
While the congregation says, "Amen"

Young folk 'tendin' Sunday School
They sing merrily 'bout the golden rule
Horse sense preaching all the day
They all hollar in the righteous way

It's time to call on my Hannah
While she sits there wishing for her last reward, ain't you see
n her?
One more Sunday in Savannah
Don't you dare go fishin' son, amen

Young folk 'tendin' Sunday School
They sing merrily 'bout the golden rule
Horse sense preaching all the day
They all hollar in the righteous way

Its time for me to call on my Hannah
While she sits there wishing for her last reward
One more Sunday in Savannah
One more Sunday in Atlanta

It's the same thing
Same state, same feeling
Don't you dare go fishin' son
Amen