

Come Sunday

The Cats

Tired of cheap motels
Topless bars and neon lights
And if my car don't break down
I'll be home in just two more nights

I'm getting back to Houston
I'm leaving one night stands behind
But I'm-a thinking 'bout it
There's just one thing that's on my mind

Ohoho, come Sunday
I spend Monday home with you
In a little old trip for two
Monday morning last the whole life through

Ohoho, come Sunday
I spend Monday home with you
Got a lot of making up to do
Monday morning, just me and you

I always remember
New York City in the rain
I saw a girl looking just like you
Ridin' on the subway train

But now I'm in Kentucky
Counting stops along the way
Drinking black coffee
And I'll be home in just one more day

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Monday morning last the whole life through

Ohoho, come Sunday
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Monday morning, just me and you