

On Sunday

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Monday through Friday, life just drags on
I pray for the weekend, and some intense fun
For something good to occur, I'll need spend some time with her
Cuz I know that she'll, light my good time fuse
And I'll respond to her cues

On Sunday, it's the one day, that takes away
All of my blues.

Her voice just whispers, like the leaves in the trees,
She's beautiful and exotic, really something to see
She does things to me, makes me feel so loose and free
I can't deny she's my lovin' muse
As she lights my fuse

On Sunday, it's the one day, that takes away
All of my blues.
That lady, drives me crazy, as she swings and sways
Without any shoes.

She's the kind of girl, that my Momma wouldn't like
She has all the moves, that seem to work best at night.

Instrumental

The way she speaks to me, makes it crystal clear to see
Why she's the one, I have to choose
I don't need an excuse

On Sunday, the one day, when she sweeps away
All of my blues.
She's the lady, who drives me crazy, when she sings so sweet
And erases my blues.
At my favorite venue
She don't wear any shoes
Cuz she's singing the blues