

Seven Sundays

Clay Walker

This tie's fitting just a little too tight
Might have had one too many last night
I wonder if it's written all over my face
It's been a little while since I've seen this place
Still I'm sitting here in the back row
Like a long lost son is come back home
When I bow my head and taken off my hat
A Sunday morning takes me back
Growing up under that hometown church steeple
Learning God hates sin but still loves people
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand
And one hot summer when I was thirteen
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean
Feels so good, Lord, why can't there be
Seven Sundays a week?
Well, I can still hear daddy singing strong and low
It is well, it is well with my soul
And mama laid up the Sunday best
I can still count every flower on her blue sun dress
I've done a lot of living since those days
But a boy comes back when he's been raised
Growing up under that hometown church steeple
Learning God hates sin but still loves people
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand
And one hot summer when I was thirteen
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean
Feels so good, Lord, why can't there be
Seven Sundays a week?
It was soft ball games
And it was true love waits
And all of those amazing things
About amazing grace
Growing up under that hometown church steeple
Learning God hates sin but still loves people
The preacher preaching 'bout the Promised Land
And me thinking 'bout holding Jesse Lane's hand
And one hot summer when I was thirteen
Took my soul to the river and washed it clean
It feels so good, Lord, why can't there be
Seven Sundays a week?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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