

Come Sunday

By: L. Caudel / H. Lloyd

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 Heading Back To Houston
Leaving One Night Stands Behind
No Time To Think About It
And There's Just One Thing That's On My Mind

Ohohoh Come Sunday I Spend Monday Loving You
In A Little World Built For Two
Monday Morning Last The Whole Night Through
Ohohoh Come Sunday I Spend Monday Holding You
I've Got A Lot Of Making Up To Do
Monday Morning Just Me And You

I'll Always Remember
New York City In The Rain
I Saw A Girl That Looked Just Like You
Riding On A 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 Night Trough
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