

## Sunday Mornings

By: Piet Veerman / Nail Che

Every Sunday Morning She Was  
Passin' By Same Time  
On Her Way To Church As I Remember  
Always Wearing A Worn Out Rain Coat  
It's Colour Lookin' Kind Of Grey  
Looking Kind Of Grave  
But To Me It Looked Fine In Every-way

Every Day Then I Spend Dreaming About Her  
And A Week Seemed So Much Longer At The Time  
Lord She Gave Me Such A Brand New Feeling  
Burning Deep Inside  
It Made Me Wanna Reach Up In The Sky

She Was My Oh My My Lady  
My My Sunday Morning Lady  
Her Memory Once Will Grow Vague In My Mind  
But Never She Will Quite Vanish Out Of My  
Out Of My Life

Many Years Have Gone By  
Many Songs Of Love I've Sung  
Many Of Them Now Seem Long Forgotten  
But There's Always A Few Left Of 'Em  
That We Do Remember Well  
How I Love Them Old Songs To Hear Again

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