

Come Sunday (*Temika Moore* © 2005 *Pink Panna Music/ASCAP*)

My Grandmom, how she would sing
Wail like Mahalia every Sunday morning
Sometimes I'd find grandma on her knees
Deep in prayer asking Lord, please come by here

Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na....Come Sunday

And as we dressed for church,
She'd always say gal put tissues in your purse
And as we waited for bus, she'd pull out the Gideon's
And read psalms to us

Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na....Come Sunday

And as the plate passed down the pew
She'd tell me to give a quarter or two
And as the sermon came to a close
I'd see tears streaming down her nose
Carrying the weight of the world
Church was a place of refuge for her soul

Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na na na, Come Sunday
Na na....Come Sunday

Come Sunday
Come Sunday
Come Sunday
Come Sunday
Ooh
Come Sunday
Come Sunday
Come Sunday
Come Sunday

Ad Lib