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Toyota

Cinde Rawn

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SUNDAY MORNIN' PAPER

Bill Cunningham

"Sunday mornin' paper,
Sunday mornin' paper,"
The little boy asked
To the people that passed
Goin' home from the late night club,
The swingers called the city's hub.
They thought it still Saturday night.
Some thought they were a little tight,
When they heard him say,
"Sunday mornin' paper,
Sunday mornin' paper."

There he was, sort of a little tyke,
Startin' out on a Saturday night,
Too young to go into the bar,
He could only peek from afar.
There were all the girls in their twirlin' skirts,
And the dancin' guys in their under shirts.

"Sunday mornin' paper
Sunday mornin' paper,
The little boy asked,
As the people passed.
He thinks, "If they might only could,
Just come on out a feelin' good.
Again they heard him say,
"Sunday mornin' paper,
Sunday mornin' paper."

Well he could have hummed,
"Read what was done,
As you dressed for fun,
But bein' quiet
On that kind of night,
As the rock came to a taper,
All he said was,
"Sunday mornin' paper
Sunday mornin' paper."

To find that every one of them
was written by ourselves.



TOYOTA Cinde Rawn