

One day a week it's not much to expect,  
The lords day of rest in which we respect;  
We go to church to worship our God,  
Who is really not bad or rotten or odd.

He created the earth in six whole days,  
But the seventh he rested to make holy ways;  
He gave us a place to inhabit and dwell,  
And hoped his creation would live eternally well.

So times come upon us and what have we done,  
The stars and the planets which revolve around the sun;  
It's great day of worship and time of fun,  
To sing hymns of praise and learn of the son.

Sunday the Sabbath a time to listen and share,  
To speak of the love and address God in prayer;  
This great revelation at near the end of our time,  
The church and its people who are not judged of crime.

Of course there is dinner mums Sunday roast,  
With prayer the table and the Holy Ghost;  
The blood of the cup being the fruit of the vine,  
The words in the Bible to know every line.

Well life is to be happy with a world full of peace,  
To know we live on when we do decease;  
Sunday is a day in which we can show,  
Thankfulness to our maker and ensure him to know.

Signed,

Maybe it's a picnic