

# THE *Lotte Senya* COMPETITION SONGBOOK

## “Sunday Morning Paul” (standalone song)

*Music and lyrics by Katya Stanislavskaya*

SUNDAY MORNING, PAUL INVOKES THE LORD  
WITH A SWEET AND SOMBER MAJOR CHORD,  
GENTLY SWAYING TO HIS ORGAN PIECE  
IN HIS LIGHT BLUE BUTTON-DOWN WITHOUT A SINGLE CREASE.

AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT LAST NIGHT HE DANCED AT A BAR ACROSS THE  
STATE LINE.  
AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT HE SANG ALONG WITH PUMPING EIGHTIES’ POP.  
AND NO ONE KNOWS HE STILL HEARS THE SOUND OF MISTY VELVET WHISPERS,  
AND HE’S PULLING OUT THE STOPS TO MAKE IT STOP.

SUNDAY MORNING, PAUL’S A LOVELY VIEW,  
MAGNETIZING STARES FROM EVERY PEW.  
SINGLE WOMEN PRAYING ON THEIR KNEES  
WISH HE WOULD CARESS THEM, LIKE HE DOES THE ORGAN KEYS.

AND THEY DON’T KNOW THAT LAST NIGHT WE KISSED AT A BAR ACROSS THE  
STATE LINE.  
AND THEY DON’T KNOW THAT I MADE HIM EGGS, AND TEA WITH HOSTESS  
CAKES.  
NO, THEY DON’T KNOW HE’S CLENCHING HIS TEETH TO KEEP HIS HEAD FROM  
SPINNING,  
AND SLAMS THE PEDALS LIKE THEY WERE THE BRAKES.

HE PLAYS OFFERTORIES, HYMNS, AND PRELUDES,  
WARDING OFF TEMPTATION AND SIN.  
ALL HIS LIFE HAS BEEN A PRELUDE  
TO A LIFE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SUNDAY MORNING, PAUL AND I DON’T SPEAK.  
HE’S “SUNDAY MORNING PAUL” SIX DAYS A WEEK--  
PAUL, WHOSE MOTHER’S BELL CHOIR WON A PRIZE;  
PAUL, WHOSE FATHER’S SERMON MADE THE LADIES WIPE THEIR EYES.

AND I DON’T KNOW IF I HAVE THE WORDS TO BREAK HIS CODE OF SILENCE;  
AND I DON’T KNOW IF I’LL WASTE MY TIME WAITING FOR HIS CALL  
AND I DON’T KNOW IF I CAN SPEND ANOTHER SUNDAY MORNING  
BLOTTING OUT MY SATURDAY WITH PAUL.