

Sunday Morning Coming Down

6 BAR INTRO

Well I woke up Sunday morning with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad so I had one more for desert
Then I fumbled through my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I washed my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the stairs to meet the
day

I'd smoked my mind the night before on cigarettes and songs that I'd been picking
And I lit my first and watched a small boy playing with a can he was kicking
Then I walked across the street and caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken
And it took me back to somewhere that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way

CHORUS

**On a Sunday morning sidewalk, wishing lord I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday, that makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing short of dying, that's half as lonesome as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk, Sunday morning coming down**

NEW KEY

In the park I saw a daddy with a laughing little girl that he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs that they were singing
Then I headed down the street and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

CHORUS

Of the sleeping city sidewalk, and Sunday morning coming down