

Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Kris Kristofferson

A
Well I woke up Sunday morning
D **A**
With no way to hold my head, that didn't hurt

And the beer I had for breakfast
F#mi **E7**
Wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert
A **D**
Then I fumbled through my closet for my clothes
A **F#mi**
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
D
And I shaved my face and combed my hair
Hmi **Hmi7** **E7**
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussin' at a can that he was kicking
Then I crossed the empty street
And caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
D **Hmi7**
And it took me back to somethin'
D **E7** **A**
That I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way
D
On the Sunday morning sidewalks
A
Wishing lord that I was stoned
E
'Cause there is something in a sunday
Hmi7 **E7** **A**
That makes a body feel alone
D
And there's nothin' short of dyin'
A
Half as lonesome as the sound
E7
On the sleepin' city side walks
A
Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl who he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the song that they were singin'
Then I headed back for home and
Somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed thru the canyon like
The disappearing dreams of yesterday.

On the Sunday morning sidewalks
Wishing lord that I was stoned
'Cause there is something in a sunday

That makes a body feel alone
And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city side walks
Sunday mornin' comin' down.