

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Billy Ray Cyrus

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 dessert
Then I fumbled to my closet through my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
Then I shaved my face and combed my hair
Stumbled down the stairs to start the day

I'd smoked my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been picking
Then I'd lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussing at a can that he was kicking
Then I crossed an empty street
And caught the Sunday smell of someone's frying chicken
And it took me back to something
That I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

On a Sunday morning sidewalk
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing short of dying
Half as lonesome as the sound
On a sleeping city sidewalk
Sunday morning coming down

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 they were singing
Then I headed back from somewhere far away
A lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

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