

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Bobby Bare

In the park I see a daddy with the laughin' little girl that he
's a swinging
And I stop beside a Sunday school and listen to the song they'r
e singing
I'm headin' back for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell
is ringing
And it echoes through the city like my disappearing dreams of y
esterday.

On the Sunday morning sidewalk wishing Lord that I was home
'Cause there's something bout a Sunday makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as the sound
On a sleeping city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down.

I smoked so much the night before my mouth feels like an ashtra
y I've been licking
Now I light my first and watch a small kid cussin' at the can h
e's been a kicking
I cross the empty street and catch the Sunday smell of someone
fryin' chicken
And it takes me back to something that I'd lost somehow somewhe
re along the way.

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