

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

David Allan Coe

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 through my closet  
For my clothes  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt  
And I shaved my face  
And combed my hair  
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 kickin

Then I crossed the empty street and  
Caught the sunday smell  
Of someone fryin chicken  
And it took me back to something  
That I'd lost somehow  
Somewhere along the way

On the sunday morning sidewalk  
Wishing lord that I was stoned  
Cause there's something in a sunday  
That makes a body feel alone  
And there's nothing short of dying  
Half as lonesome as the sound  
On the sleeping city sidewalk  
Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy  
With a laughing little girl  
He was swingin  
And I stopped beside the Sunday school  
And listened to the song  
That they were singing

Then I headed back for home  
And somewhere far away  
A lonely bell was ringing  
And it echoed thru the canyon like  
The disappearing dreams of yesterday

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