

Sunday Morning Coming Down – Kris Kristofferson

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** in 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**
/ G C G - / G Em D - / G C G Em / C Am D - /

I'd **smoked** my mind the night before on **cigarettes** and songs I'd been **picking**
But I **lit** my first and watched a small kid, **cussing** at a can that he was **kicking**
Then I **crossed** the empty street and caught the **Sunday** smell of someone frying **chicken...**
And it **took** me back to **something**
that I'd **lost** somehow, **somewhere** along the **way**
/ G C G - / G Em D - / G C G Em / CAm CD G - /

... On a Sunday morning **sidewalk**, 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 the sleeping city **sidewalk**, Sunday morning coming **down**
/ G C - G / G D D G / G C - G / G D - G /

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** down the street, and somewhere **far** away a lonely bell was **ringing...**
And it **echoed** through the **canyon** like the **disappearing dreams** of yesterday

... On a Sunday morning **sidewalk**, wishing, Lord, that I was **stoned** ...