

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

-- Kris Kristofferson

**C**  
Well, I woke up Sunday morning  
**F G**  
With no way to hold my head that didn't  
**C**  
hurt.  
**C Am**  
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad,  
**Dm F G**  
So I had one more for dessert.  
**C F C**  
Then I fumbled in my closet through my  
**F**  
clothes  
**F C**  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt.  
**F G**  
Then I washed my face and combed my  
hair  
**F G**  
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the  
day.  
I'd smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking.  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Playing with a can that he was kicking.  
Then I walked across the street  
And caught the Sunday smell of someone  
frying chicken.  
And Lord, it took me back to something  
**F G**  
That I'd lost somewhere, somehow along  
**C**  
the way.

**C F**  
On a Sunday morning sidewalk,  
**F C**  
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned.  
**C G**  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
**G C**  
That makes a body feel alone.  
**C F**  
And there's nothing short a' dying  
**F C**  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
**C G**  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
**G C**  
And 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 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,  
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned.  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone.  
And there's nothing short a' dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down.