

Sunday Morning Coming Down by Kris Kristofferson

Capo II

[Intro]

G G

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

Then I fumble 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

[Verse 3]

I'd smoked my brain the night before
on 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 kicking

[Verse 4]

Then I crossed the empty street and caught
the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
and it took me back to somethin' that
I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

[Chorus]

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks
wishing Lord that I was stoned
'cause there is something in a Sunday
that makes a body feel alone

And there's nothin' short of dyin'
half as lonesome as the sound
on the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down

[Verse 5]

In the park I saw a daddy with
a laughing little girl who he was swingin'
and I stopped beside a Sunday school
and listened to the song that they were singin'

[Verse 6]

Then I headed back for home and
somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
and it echoed thru the canyon like
the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

[Chorus]

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks
wishing Lord that I was stoned

'cause there is something in a Sunday
G
that makes a body feel alone

And there's nothin' short of dyin' C
G
half as lonesome as the sound
D
on the sleepin' city sidewalks
G
Sunday mornin' comin' down

[Outro]

C
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
G
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
D
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
G
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo...