

# Sunday Morning Coming Down by Kris Kristofferson

Capo II

[Intro]

G G

[Verse 1]

G

Well I woke up Sunday morning

C

G

with no way to hold my head, that didn't hurt

and the beer I had for breakfast

Em

D

wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert

[Verse 2]

G

Then I fumble through my closet for

C

G

G/F# Em

my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt

C

and I shaved my face and combed my hair

Am

D

and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Verse 3]

G

I'd smoked my brain the night before

C

G

on cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'

but I lit my first and watched a small kid

Em

D

cussin' at a can that he was kicking

[Verse 4]

G

Then I crossed the empty street and caught

C

G

G/F# Em

the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken

C

Am

and it took me back to somethin' that

C

D

G

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

C  
And there's nothin' short of dyin'  
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..  
G  
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..  
D  
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..  
G  
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo...