

Sunday Morning Coming Down by Johnny Cash

Capo 1st fret.

[Verse 1]

G
Well, I woke up Sunday morning
C D G
with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
G Em
and the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
D
so I had one more for dessert
G G7 C
then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes
G Em
and found my cleanest, dirty shirt
C D
then I washed my face, and combed my hair
C D
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Verse 2]

G G7
I'd smoked my mind the night before
C D G
with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
G Em
but I lit my first and watched a small kid
D
playing with a can that he was kicking
G G7
then I walked across the street
C G Em
and caught the Sunday smell of someone's frying chicken
C D Am
and Lord it took me back to somethin' that I lost somewhere
D G
somehow along the way

[Chorus]

C
on a Sunday morning sidewalk
G
I'm wishing Lord, that I was stoned
D

cause there's something in a Sunday
that makes the body feel alone
and there's nothing short of dying
that's half as lonesome as the sound
of the sleeping city sidewalks
and Sunday morning coming down

[Verse 3]

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 canyons
like our disappearing dreams of yesterday

[Chorus]

on a Sunday morning sidewalk
I'm wishing Lord, that I was stoned
cause there's something in a Sunday
that makes the body feel alone
and there's nothing short of dying
that's half as lonesome as the sound
of the sleeping city sidewalks

and Sunday morning coming down