

Sunday Morning Coming Down
Johnny Cash

E	A	B7	C#m	Esus
-----0-----	-----5-----	-----2-----	-----4-----	-----0-----
-----0-----	-----2-----	-----0-----	-----5-----	-----0-----
-----1-----	-----2-----	-----2-----	-----6-----	-----2-----
-----2-----	-----2-----	-----1-----	-----6-----	-----2-----
-----2-----	-----0-----	-----0-----	-----4-----	-----2-----
-----0-----	-----x-----	-----x-----	-----x-----	-----0-----

E
Well I woke up Sunday mornin
A **B7** **E**
With no way to hold my head that didn t hurt
E **C#m**
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn t bad
B7
So I had one more for desert
E
Then I fumbled through my closet
A **E** **C#m**
And through my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirt
A **B7**
Then I washed my face and combed my hair
A **B7**
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day
E
Well I smoked my mind the night before
A **B7** **E**
With cigarettes and songs I d been pickin
E
Then I lit my first and watched a small kid
C#m **B7**
Playin with a can that he was kickin
E
Then I walked across the street
A **E**
And cuaght the Sunaday smell of someones fryin chickin
A **B7**
And Lord it took me back something
A **B7** **E**
That I lost somewhere, somehow along the way.
E **A**
On a Sunday mornin sidewalk
E
I m wishin Lord that I was stoned
B7

Cause there s somethin in a Sunday

E

That makes a body feel alone

A

And there s nothin short of dyin

E

That s half as lonesome as the sound

B7

Of a sleepin city sidewalk

E

And Sunday mornin comin down

E

In the park I saw a daddy

A

B7

With a laughin little girl that he was swingin

E

Then I stopped beside a Sunday School

C#m

B7

And listen to the songs they were singin

E

Then I headed down the street

A

E

C#m

And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin

A

B7

And it echoed through the canyon

A

B7

E

Like the disappearin dreams of yesterday

E

A

On a Sunday mornin sidewalk

E

I m wishin Lord that I was stoned

B7

Cause there s somethin in a Sunday

E

That makes a body feel alone

A

And there s nothin short of dyin

E

That s half as lonesome as the sound

B7

Of a sleepin city sidewalk

E

And Sunday mornin comin down

(ending)

E Esus Esus E