

Sunday Morning Coming Down
Kris Kristofferson

[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
Than I fumble through my closet for
C
G
my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
Em
and I shaved my face and combed my hair
D
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Verse 3]

G
I'd smoked my brain the night before
C **G**
and cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'
Em
but I lit my first and watched a small kid
D
cussin' at a can that he was kicking

[Verse 4]

G
Then I crossed the empty street and caught
C **G**
the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
and it took me back to somethin' that
Em **D**
I'd lost somehow somewhere along away

[Chorus]

On a sunday mornin sidewalks **C**
wishing Lord that I was stoned **G**
cause there is something in a sunday **D**
that makes a body feel alone **G**
And there s nothin short of dyin **C**
half as lonesome as the sound **G**
on the sleepin city side walks **D**
Sunday mornin comin down **G**

[Verse 5]

In the park I saw a daddy with **G**
a laughing little girl who he was swingin **C** **G**
and I stopped beside a sunday school **Em**
and listened to the song that they were singin **D**

[Verse 6]

Then I headed back for home and **G**
somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin **C** **G**
and it echoed thru the canyon like **Em**
the diseparing dreams of yesterday. **D**

Alternative chords

[Verse]

C

Well I woke up Sunday morning

F **C**
with no way to hold my head that it didn't hurt
Am
and the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
G G7 C G7
so I had one more for dessert

C
Then I fumbled through my closet
F C Am
for my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
F G7
and I shaved my face and I combed my hair and
F G7
stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Verse]

C
I smoked my brain the night before
F C
with cigarettes and songs that I had been pickin'
C
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Am G G7 C G7
cussin' at a can that he was kickin'
C
And I crossed the empty street
F C Am
and caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
F G7
And it took me back to somethin'
F G7 C
that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way

[Chorus]

F
On the Sunday mornin' sidewalk
C
wishin' Lord that I was stone
G7
cause there's somethin' in Sunday
C C7
that makes a body feel alone
F
and there's nothing short of dyin'
C
half as lonesome as the sound
G G7 F
of a sleepin' city sidewalk

half as lonesome as the sound

G

G7

F

of a sleepin city sidewalk

G7

C

Sunday mornin comin down