

Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Ray Stevens

INTRO: **G7**

Well I woke up Sunday mornin with no way to hold my head that didn t hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn t bad, so I had 1 more for dessert
Then I fumbled through my closet for my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face, combed my hair, stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

Well I smoked my brain the night before on cigarettes and songs I d been a-pickin
But I lit my first and watched a small kid cussin at a can that he was kickin
Then I crossed the empty street n caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin chicken
And it took me back to somethin that I lost somehow somewhere along the way

Refrão -----

On the Sunday mornin sidewalk wishin Lord that I was stoned
Cause there s somethin in a Sunday, makes a body feel alone
And there s nothin short of dyin half as lonesome as the sound
On a sleepy city sidewalk, Sunday mornin comin down

In the park I saw a daddy with a laughin little girl that he was swingin
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the song that they were singin
Then I headed back for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin
And it echoed through the canyon like the disappearin dreams of yesterday

CHORUS

Mmmm.... (like lyrics of CHORUS)