

Sunday Morning Coming Down
Willie Nelson

Letra y acordes I believe Willie plays the Bb on the 6th fret. I believe this is pretty close, corrections welcomed.

[Intro]

C Bb F C

[Chorus]

On the Sunday mornin sidewalk ^F
wishing Lord that I was stoned ^C
cause there is something in a Sunday ^{G7}
that makes a body feel alone ^C
And there s nothin short of dyin ^F
half as lonesome as the sound ^{C Am}
of the sleepy city sidewalk ^{Dm Em F}
Sunday mornin comin down ^{G C Bb Am F G C}

[Verse]

Well I woke up Sunday morning ^C
with no way to hold my head, that didn t hurt ^{F G C}
and the beer I had for breakfast ^C
wasn t bad so I had one more for dessert ^{Am G Em G}

[Verse 2]

Than I fumble through my closet for ^C
my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt ^{F C Am}
and I shaved my face and combed my hair ^{Dm Em}
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day ^{F G}

[Verse 3]

C

Well I d smoked my brain the night before
F G C
and cigarettes and songs that I ve been pickin

but I lit my first and watched a small kid
Am G Em7 G
cussin at a can that he was kicking

[Verse 4]

C
Then I crossed the empty street and caught
F C Am
the sunday smell of someone fryin chicken
Dm Em
and it took me back to somethin that
F G C Bb
I d lost somehow somewhere along the way

[Chorus]

F
On a Sunday mornin sidewalks
C
wishing Lord that I was stoned
G G7
cause there is something in a Sunday
C
that makes a body feel alone
F
And there s nothin short of dyin
C Am
half as lonesome as the sound
Dm Em F
of the sleepy city sidewalk
G C Bb C F G C
Sunday mornin comin down

[Solo]

F G C Am G Em G C F C Am Dm Em F G

[Verse 5]

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

[Verse 6]

C
Then I headed back for home and
F C Am

somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin

 Dm Em F
and it echoed thru the canyon like
 F G C Bb
the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

[Chorus]

 F
On the Sunday mornin sidewalk
 C
wishing Lord that I was stoned
 G7
 cause there is something in a Sunday
 G C7
that makes a body feel alone
 F
And there s nothin short of dyin
 C Am
half as lonesome as the sound
 Dm Em F
of the sleepy city sidewalk
 G C Bb
Sunday mornin comin down

[Outro]

 F G C Bb
Coming Down Coming Down
 F G C
Coming Down