

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

[Verse]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[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

[Outrol]

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