

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Kris Kristofferson
Kristofferson (1970)

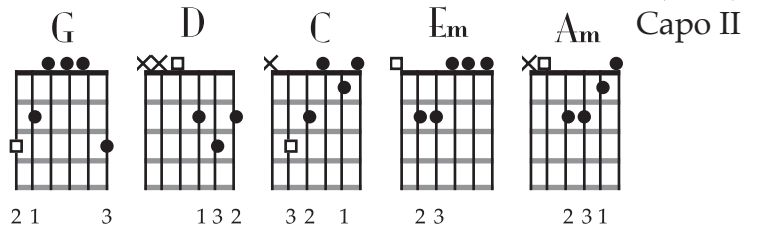
Well, I woke up Sunday morning
with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
and the beer I had for breakfast
wasn't bad, so I had one more for dessert

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

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

Then I crossed the empty street and caught
the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
and it took me back to somethin' that
I'd lost somehow, somewhere along the way

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks
wishing Lord that I was stoned
'cause there is something in a Sunday
that makes a body feel alone
and there's nothin' short of dyin'
half as lonesome as the sound
on the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down



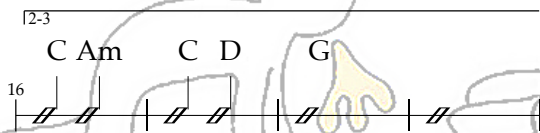
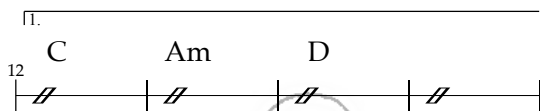
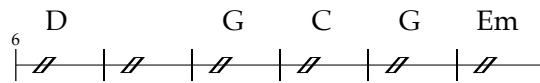
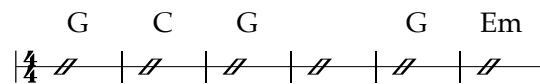
In the park I saw a daddy with
a laughing little girl who he was swingin'
and I stopped beside a Sunday school
and listened to the song that they were singin'

Then I headed back for home and
somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
and it echoed thru the canyon
like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

CHORUS

♩ = 80

Verse



Chorus

