

# SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN

Kris Kristofferson as performed by Shawn Mullins

play it in G with capo on third fret!

Well, I woke up sunday morning  
with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt;  
And the beer I had for breakfast was not bad,  
so I had one more for desert.  
Then I fumbled 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 stair to meet the day.

I'd smoked my brain the night before  
with cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin';  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
cussin' at a can the he was kickin';  
The 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,  
wishin', Lord, that I was stoned,  
'Cause there's something in a sunday  
makes a body feel alone;  
And there's nothin' short of dyin'  
half as lonesome as the sound  
on the sleeping city's sidewalks;  
Sunday mornin' comin' down.

In the park I saw a daddy  
with a laughing 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 thru the canyon  
like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

## Chorus

Doo doo doo doo doo doo.....

