

Sunday Morning Comin Down

Well I [A]woke up Sunday morning
With no [D]way to hold my [E]head, that didn't [A]hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast
Wasn't [F#m]bad so I had one more for [E]dessert
Then I [A]fumbled through my closet for my [D]clothes
And found my cleanest dirty [A]shirt [F#m]
And I [D]shaved my face and [E]combed my hair
And [D]stumbled down the stairs to meet the [E]day

I'd [A]smoked my brain the night before
With [D]cigarettes and [E]songs that I've been [A]pickin'
But I [A]lit my first and watched a small kid
[F#m]Cussin' at a can that he was [E]kicking
Then I [A]crossed the empty street
And caught the [D]Sunday smell of
someone fryin' [A]chicken[F#m]
And it [D]took me back to [E]somethin'
That I'd [D]lost somehow [E]somewhere along the [A]way

Chorus:

On the Sunday morning [D]sidewalks
Wishing Lord that I was [A]stoned
'Cause there is something in a [E]Sunday
That makes a body feel [A]alone [A7]
And there's nothin' short of [D]dyin'
Half as lonesome as the [A]sound
Of the sleepin' city [E]sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' [A]down

In the [A]park I saw a daddy
With a [D]laughing little [E]girl who he was [A]swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And [F#m]listened to the song that they were [E]singin'
Then I [A]headed back for home and
Somewhere [D]far away a lonely bell was [A]ringin'
And it [D]echoed thru the [E]canyon like
The [D]disappearing [E]dreams of [A]yesterday.

Chorus: