

Sunday Morning Coming Down

by Kris

Kristofferson (1969)

D *G* *D* *D*
Well I woke up Sunday morning with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
D *Bm* *A7* *A7*
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert
D *G* *D* *Bm*
Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
G *Em(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7* *A7*
Than I shaved my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched a small kid playing with a can that he was kicking
Then I walked across the street and caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken and Lord it
G(½) *Em7(½)* *G(½)* *A7(½)* *D*
took me back to something that I lost somehow somewhere along the way.

D *G* *G* *D*
On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks, wishing Lord that I was stoned.
D *A7* *Em7(½)* *A7(½)* *D*
'Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a body feel alone
D *G* *G* *D*
And there's nothing short of dying half as lonesome as the sound
D *A7* *A7* *D* *D*
of the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a Daddy with a laughing little girl that he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs they were singing
Then I headed down the street and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday`