

SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

G
Well I woke up Sunday morning
C D G
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
Em
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
D
So I had one more for de-sert
G C
Then I fumbled thru my closet for my clothes
G
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
C Am
And I shaved my face & combed my hair
C D G
And Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day
G C
I'd smoked my brain the night before on cigarettes
D G
And songs that I'd been pickin'
Em
But I lit my first & watched a small kid cussin'
D
At a can that he was kickin'
G C
Then I crossed the empty street & caught the Sunday
G
Smell of someone fryin' chicken
C Am C
And it took me back to something that I'd lost
D G
Somehow, some-where along the way

chorus

G C
On the Sunday morning sidewalks
D G
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned
D
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
G
That makes a body feel a-lone
C
And there's nothin' short o' dyin'
G
Half as lonesome as the sound
D
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
G
Sunday morning coming down

G C
In the park I saw a daddy, with a laughing little
D G
Girl that he was swinging
Em
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
D
And listened to the song that they were singing
G
Then I headed back for home & somewhere
C G
Far away a lonely bell was ringing
C Am
And it echoed thru the canyons
C D G
Like the disappearing dreams of yester-day.

CHORUS