Sunday morning coming down

**Capo on the 2:nd fret.**

 G

Well I woke up Sunday morning

 C G

with no way to hold my head, that didn't hurt

and the beer I had for breakfast

 Em D

wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert

 G

Than I fumble through my closet for

 C G

my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt

 Em

and I shaved my face and combed my hair

 D

and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

 G

I'd smoked my brain the night before

 C G

and cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'

but I lit my first and watched a small kid

Em D

cussing' at a can that he was kicking

 G

Then I crossed the empty street and caught

 C G

the sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken

 Em

and it took me back to somethin' that

 D

I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

Chorus:

 C

On a sunday mornin' sidewalks

 G

wishing Lord that I was stoned

 D

'cause there is something in a sunday

 G

that makes a body feel alone

 C

And there's nothin' short of dyin'

 G

half as lonesome as the sound

 D

on the sleepin' city side walks

 G

Sunday mornin' comin' down

 G

In the park I saw a daddy with

 C G

a laughing little girl who he was swingin'

and I stopped beside a sunday school

 Em D

and listened to the song that they were singin'

 G

Then I headed back for home and

 C G

somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'

and it echoed thru the canyon like

 Em D

the disepparing dreams of yesterday.

Chorus