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