

Sunday Morning Coming Down

David Allan Coe

Well I woke up Sunday morning
With no way to hold my head
That didn't hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
so I had one more for dessert

Then I fumbled through my closet
For my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face
And combed my hair
And stumbled down the stairs
To meet the day

I'd smoked my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs
That I've been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussin' at a can that he was kickin

Then I crossed the empty street and
Caught the sunday smell
Of someone fryin chicken
And it took me back to something
That I'd lost somehow
Somewhere along the way

On the sunday morning sidewalk
Wishing lord that I was stoned
Cause there's something in a sunday
That makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing short of dying
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleeping city sidewalk
Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl
He was swingin
And I stopped beside the Sunday school
And listened to the song
That they were singing

Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away
A lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed thru the canyon like
The disappearing dreams of yesterday

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