

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Hank Snow

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 f  
or desert  
Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes and found my cle  
anest dirty shirt  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the  
stair to meet the day

I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs th  
at I'd been picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid playing with the c  
an that he was kicking  
Then I walked across the street and caught the Sunday smell of  
someone fryin' chicken  
Lord it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere someh  
ow along the way

On the Sunday morning sidewalk I'm wishing Lord that I was ston  
ed  
Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday that makes a body feel alon  
e  
And there's nothin' sure to dying that's half as lonesome as th  
e sound  
Of the sleepin' city sidewalk and Sunday morning coming down  
In the park I saw a daddy with the laughin' 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 b  
ell was ringing  
And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dream o  
f yesterday  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...