

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...