

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Johnny Cash

1. 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 in my closet through for my clothes  
and found my cleanest dirty shirt  
then I washed my face and combed my hair  
and stumbled the stairs to meet the day

2. I'd smoked my mind the night before  
with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking  
but I lit my first and watched a small kid  
playing with a can that he was kicking  
then I walked across the street  
and caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken  
and Lord it took me back to something  
that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way

R: On the Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'cause there's is something in a Sunday  
that makes a body feel alone  
and there's nothing short of dying  
that's half as lonesome as the sound  
of the sleeping city sidewalk  
and Sunday morning coming down

3. In the park I saw a daddy  
with a laughing 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 bell was ringing  
and it echoed through the canyon like  
the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

R: On the Sunday morning sidewalks...