

Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Kris Kristofferson

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 kicking
Then I crossed the empty street
And caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
And it took me back to somethin'
That I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

On the Sunday morning sidewalks
Wishing lord that I was stoned
'Cause there is something in a sunday
That makes a body feel alone
And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city side walks
Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl who he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the song that they were singin'
Then I headed back for home and
Somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed thru the canyon like
The disappearing dreams of yesterday.

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