

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Ray Price

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 desert

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

Well I'd smoke my brain the night before  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cursin'  
At a can that he was kicking

Then I crossed the empty street  
And caught the Sunday smell of someone frying 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  
Makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing  
(Sure)  
Short of dying half as lonesome as a sound  
On the sleeping city sidewalk  
Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy  
With the laughing little girl that he was swinging  
And I stopped beside a 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 through the canyons  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

On the Sunday morning sidewalk  
Wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
Makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing  
(Sure)  
Short of dying half as lonesome as a sound  
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