

Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Ray Stevens

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
it's the one I'm wearin'
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
or I smoked so much the night before
with cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'
my mouth was like an ashtray I'd been lickin'
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

Chorus:

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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