

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Roy Drusky

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

I fumbled in my closet for my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face and combed my hair
Stumbled down the stair to meet the day

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

Then I crossed the street and caught the Sunday
Smell of someone fryin' 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 to dying
That's half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleeping 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 the Sunday school
And listened to the songs 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