

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Willie Nelson

Well, I woke up Sunday mornin'  
With no way to hold my head, that it 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 smoked my brains the night before  
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Cursin' at a can that he was kickin'

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 a Sunday mornin' sidewalk  
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned  
'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone

And there's nothin' short of dyin'  
Half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleepin' city sidewalk  
Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy  
With a laughin' little girl who he was swingin'  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
And listened to the songs that they were singin'

Then I headed back for home  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'  
And it echoed through the canyon  
Like the disappearin' dreams of yesterday

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