

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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