

SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

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Kris Kristofferson 20/02/21

INTRO G (slow beat)

VERSE 1

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 des-sert.
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.

VERSE 2

I'd smoked my brain the night before
On cigarettes and songs I'd been picking,
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussing 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 somethin'
That I lost, somehow, somewhere
along the way.

CHORUS

On the Sunday morning sidewalks
Wishing lord that I was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes the body feel alone
And there's nothing short of dying
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleeping city sidewalks
Sunday morning coming down

OUTRO First 2 lines chorus fading

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo

VERSE 3

In the park I saw a daddy
With a 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 ring - ing
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

Chorus and Outro