

SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN

Kris Kristofferson as performed by Shawn Mullins

with capo on third fret, so it's actually Bb

Well, I woke up sunday morning
 with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt;
 And the beer I had for breakfast was not bad,
 so I had one more for desert.
 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 stair to meet the day.
 I'd smoked my brain the night before
 with cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin';
 But I lit my first and watched a small kid
 cussin' at a can the he was kickin';
 The 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 the Sunday mornin' sidewalks,
 wishin', Lord, that I was stoned,
 'Cause there's something in a sunday
 makes a body feel alone;
 And there's nothin' short of dyin'
 half as lonesome as the sound
 on the sleeping city's sidewalks;
 Sunday mornin' comin' down.

In the park I saw a daddy
 with a laughing little girl that 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.

Chorus

Doo doo doo doo doo doo.....

