

# Sunday Morning Coming Down (G) T-154 Johnny Cash

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  
Than I fumbled through my closet through my clothes found my cleanest, dirty shirt  
Than I washed my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs that we been picking  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid cussing at a can that he was kicking  
Than I walked across the street and caught the Sunday-smell of someone's frying chicken  
And Lord it took me back to something that I lost somewhere somehow along the way

## Chorus-

On a Sunday morning sidewalk I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned  
Cause there is something in a Sunday that makes the body feel alone  
And there's nothing sure but dying that's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleeping city sidewalk when Sunday morning coming down

In a park I saw a Daddy with a laughing little girl he was swinging  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs that they were singing  
Than I headed down the street and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing  
And it echoed to the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

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