

# Sunday morning coming down

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 dessert

Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair  
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small boy  
Cussin' at a can that he'd been kickin'

I crossed the empty street  
Caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken  
And it took me back to somethin' that I'd lost  
Somewhere, somehow along the way

On a Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone  
And there ain't nothing short of dying  
Half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleeping city sidewalk  
Sunday morning coming down

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

I headed down the road,  
Somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'  
And it echoed through the canyon  
Like a disappearin' dream of yesterday

## CHORUS

End the song strumming A-Asus4-Asus4-A

