SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

A

Well, I woke up Sunday morning

D E A

With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt

F#m

And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad

E

So I had one more for dessert

A D

Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes

A F#m

And found my cleanest dirty shirt

D E

Then I washed my face and combed my hair

Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

A

I smoked my mind the night before

D E A

With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'

But I lit my first and watched a small boy

F#m E

Cussin' at a can that he'd been kickin'

A

I crossed the empty street

D A F#m

Caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken

D A D

And it took me back to somethin' that I'd lost

E A

Somewhere, somehow along the way

A D

On a Sunday morning sidewalk

A

I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stone

E

'Cause there's something in a Sunday

A

That makes a body feel alone

D

And there ain't nothing short of dying

A

Half as lonesome as the sound

E

Of a sleeping city sidewalk

A

Sunday morning coming down

*(use second set of verse chords for this…)*

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