

4/4 Time

SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN Original Key G

(Kris Kristofferson)- Johnny Cash/1970

- 1) Well, I Woke Up Sunday Mornin'
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
And Stumbled Down The Stairs, To Meet The Day

- 2) I'd Smoked My Mind The Night Before
With Cigarettes And Songs... I'd Been Pickin'
But I Lit My First And Watched A Small Kid
Playin' With A Can, That He Was Kickin'
Then I Walked Across The Street
And Caught The Sunday Smell, Of Someone's Fryin' Chicken
And Lord, It Took Me Back To Somethin'... That I'd Lost
Somewhere, Somehow Along The Way...

CHORUS

*On A Sunday Mornin' Sidewalk
I'm Wishin', Lord, That I Was Stoned
'Cause There's Somethin' In A Sunday
That Makes A Body... Feel Alone...
And There's Nothin' Short A' Dyin'
That's Half As Lonesome As The Sound
Of The Sleepin' City Sidewalk
And Sunday Mornin'... Comin' Down*

- 3) In The Park, I Saw A Daddy
With A Laughin' Little Girl, That He Was Swingin'
And I Stopped Beside A Sunday School
And Listened To The Songs... They Were Singin'
Then I Headed Down The Street
And Somewhere Far Away A Lonely Bell Was Ringin'
And It Echoed Through The Canyons
Like The Disappearin' Dreams... Of Yesterday

CHORUS