

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Steve Earle

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 through my closet for my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
An' I washed my face, combed my hair
An' stumbled down the stairs to meet the day I'd smoked my brain the night before
On cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussin' at a can that he was kicking Then I crossed the empty street
An' 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 morning sidewalk
Wishing, Lord, that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone There ain't nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughin' little girl who he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
Listened to the song they were singin' Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away a lonesome bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday On the Sunday morning sidewalk
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