Sunday Morning Coming Down

Lynn Anderson

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
Then I fumbled in my closet to my clothes and found my cleanest dirty skirt
And I washed my face and combed my hair stumbled down the stair to greed the day
I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I've been a picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cursin' at a can that he was kicking
Then I crossed the empty street and caught
The Sunday smell of someone frying chicken
And it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere somehow 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
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonely as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down
In the park I saw a daddy with the laughing little girl that he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs they were singing
Then I headed back for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyon like the disappearing dreams of yesterday
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...

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