

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Willie Nelson

On a Sunday morning sidewalk I'm 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 lonesome as the sound  
On a sleepy city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down 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 through my closet for my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt  
And I shaved my face and combed my hair  
And stumbled down the stair to meet the day  
I'd smoke my brain the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been a picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cussin' at a can that he was kicking  
Then I crossed the empty street and caught  
The Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken  
And it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way  
On a Sunday morning sidewalk 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 canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday  
On a Sunday morning sidewalk  
Coming down coming down coming down coming down

Songwriters

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