Sunday Morning Coming Down

R. Dean Taylor

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 dessertThen 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 dayI'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 kickingThen 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 wayOn the Sunday morning sidewalk
Wishing, Lord, that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel aloneThere ain't nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' downIn 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 yesterdayOn the Sunday morning sidewalk
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