

# 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 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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Sunday mornin' comin' down

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