Sunday Morning Coming Down

Nat Stuckey

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 shirt
And I washed my face and combed my hair stumbled down the stairs to meet the dayWell I'd smoked my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs that'd I'd been pickin'
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've lost somehow somewhere along the wayOn a Sunday morning sidewalk
wishing Lord that I was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a body feel aloneAnd there's nothing short of dying that passes lonesome as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
on Sunday morning coming downIn the park I saw a daddy with a laughing little girl he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the song that they were singin'
Then I headed back for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday
On a Sunday morning sidewalk..On a Sunday morning sidewalk
I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing short of dying half as lonesome as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
on Sunday morning coming down

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