

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

[Johnny Cash](#)

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 in my closet through my clothes  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair  
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day I'd smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Playing with a can that he was kicking Then I walked across the street  
And caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken  
And oh it took me back to somethin'  
That I'd lost somewhere, somehow along the way 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 ain't nothin' short of dyin'  
As half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleepin' city sidewalk  
And Sunday mornings coming down In the park, I saw a daddy  
With a laughing little girl who he was swinging  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
And listened to the songs that they were singing Then I headed down the streets  
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  
Oh, I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
That'll make a body feel alone And there ain't nothin' short of dyin'  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleepin' city sidewalk  
And Sunday mornin' comin' down

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