

# Sunday Mornin' Comin' 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  
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day.I'd smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking.  
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 frying chicken.  
And Lord, it took me back to something 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's nothing short a' dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down.In the park I saw a daddy  
With a 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 down the street,  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing,  
And it echoed through the canyon  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>