

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

Well, I woke up Sunday mornin'
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
An' 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
Playin' with a can that he was kickin' And I walked across the street
An' caught the Sunday smell of someone's fried chicken
And it took me back to somethin'
That I'd lost somewhere, somehow along the way On the Sunday morning sidewalk
I'm wishin', Lord, that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
That makes a body feel alone And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
And Sunday morning coming down In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'
And I stopped behind a Sunday school
And listened to the songs that they were singin' I headed down the street
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday On the Sunday morning sidewalk
I'm wishin', Lord, that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
That makes a body feel alone And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
And Sunday morning coming down
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
And Sunday morning coming down

Songwriters

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