

Sunday Morning Coming Down (feat. Shelby Lynne)

Billy Ray Cyrus

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
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

Songwriters

KRIS KRISTOFFERSONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>