Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Shawn Mullins

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 through my closet
For my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face and combed my hair
And stumbled down the stairs
To meet the dayI'd smoked my brain, night before
Cigarettes and songs
That I've been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cussin' at a can that he was kickin'
Then I crossed the empty street
Caught the Sunday smell
Of someone fryin' chicken
And it took me back to somethin'
That I'd lost somehow
Somewhere along the wayOn the Sunday mornin' sidewalk
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday
That makes a body feel alone
And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as a sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalk
Sunday mornin' comin' downIn the park I saw a daddy
With a laughin' little girl
He was swingin'
And I stopped beside the 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 Canyon
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterdayOn the Sunday mornin' sidewalk
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned

'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday
That makes a body feel alone
And there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as a sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalk
Sunday mornin' comin' downDu ru ru ru ru ru ru ru
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru ru
(Ooh)
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru ru
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru
(Hmm, yea)
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