

# 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 day I'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 way  
On 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' down  
In 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 yesterday  
On 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  
Du ru ru ru ru ru  
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru  
(Ooh)  
Du ru ru ru ru ru  
Du ru ru ru ru ru ru  
Du ru ru ru ru ru  
(Hmm, yea)  
...

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