

# 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  
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