Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Mark Chesnutt

Well I woke up Sunday morning
With no way to hold my hand, didn't hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
So I had one more for dessertThen 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 the night before
With cigarettes and the songs that I'd been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
Cursin' at a can that he was kickingThen I crossed the empty street
And 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 morning sidewalk
Wishing Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
That makes a body feel aloneAnd there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalk
Sunday mornin' comin' downIn the park I saw a daddy
With a laughin' little girl who he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the songs that they were singin'Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterdayOn the Sunday morning sidewalk
Wishing Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
That makes a body feel aloneAnd there's nothin' short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalk
Sunday mornin' comin' down

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