

# Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Mark Chesnutt

Well, I woke up Sunday morning  
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt  
And the beer I had for breakfast wouldn'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  
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

Well, I'd smoked my brain the night before  
On cigarettes and songs I'd been picking  
But I lit my first and watched a small boy  
Cussin' at a can that he was kicking

And I crossed the empty street  
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 of dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleeping city sidewalk  
A Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy  
With a laughing little girl, he was swinging  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
And listened to the songs that they were singing

Then I headed back for home  
And somewhere far away a bell was ringing  
And it echoed through the canyons  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

On a Sunday morning sidewalk  
Lord, I'm wishing I was stoned  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing short of dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday mornin' comin' down