

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Ray Price

Well I woke up Sunday morning
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 desert

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

Well I'd smoke my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cursin'
At a can that he was kicking

Then I crossed the empty street
And caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken
And it took me back to something that I'd lost
Somehow somewhere along the way

On the Sunday morning sidewalk
Wishing Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing
(Sure)
Short of dying half as lonesome as a sound
On the sleeping city sidewalk
Sunday morning coming down

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

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

On the Sunday morning sidewalk
Wishing Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing
(Sure)
Short of dying half as lonesome as a sound
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