

## **Bobby Bare**

# **"Sunday Morning Coming Down"**

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In the park I see a daddy with the laughin' little girl that  
he's a swinging  
And I stop beside a Sunday school and listen to the  
song they're singing  
I'm headin' back for home and somewhere far away a  
lonely bell is ringing  
And it echoes through the city like my disappearing  
dreams of yesterday  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk wishing Lord that I  
was home  
Cause there's something bout a Sunday makes a body  
feel alone  
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as  
the sound  
On a sleeping city sidewalk Sunday morning coming  
down

I smoked so much the night before my mouth feels like  
an ashtray I've been licking  
Now I light my first and watch a small kid cussin' at the  
can he's been a kicking  
I cross the empty street and catch the Sunday smell of  
someone fryin' chicken  
And it takes me back to something that I'd lost  
somehow somewhere along the way  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...

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