

## Hank Snow

# "Sunday Morning Coming Down"

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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 in my closet through my clothes  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair  
And stumbled down the stair to meet the day.

I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes  
And songs that I'd been picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid playing  
With the can that he was kicking.

Then I walked across the street and caught  
The Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken  
Lord it took me back to something that I'd lost  
Somewhere somehow along the way.

On the Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone.

And there's nothin' sure to dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleepin' city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down.

--- Instrumental ---

In the park I saw a daddy with  
The laughin' little girl that he was swinging  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
And listened to the songs they were singing.

Then I headed down the street  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing  
And it echoed through the canyons  
Like the disappearing dream of yesterday.

On the Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone.

And there's nothin' sure to dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleepin' city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down...

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