

# Johnny Cash

## "Sunday Mornin' Comin' 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 dessert  
Then I fumbled in my closet  
Through my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirts  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair  
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and the songs I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Playin' with a can that he was kicking  
Then I walked across the street  
And caught the Sunday smell of someone's fryin'  
chicken  
And, Lord, it took me back to somethin'  
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 nothin' short of dyin'  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleepin' city sidewalk  
And Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park, I saw a daddy  
With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
And listened to the songs they were singin'  
Then I headed down the streets  
And somewhere far away, a lonely bell was ringin'  
And it echoed through the canyons  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

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