

# Johnny Cash

## "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 dessert.  
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 stairs to meet the day.

I'd smoked my mind the night before  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking.  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Playing with a can that he was kicking.  
Then I walked across the street  
And 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 a' dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down.

In the park I saw a daddy  
With a laughing 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 canyon  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

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 a' dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down.

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