

Lynn Anderson

"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 to my clothes and found
my cleanest dirty skirt
And I washed my face and combed my hair stumbled
down the stair to greet the day
I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes and
songs I've been a 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
somewhere somehow 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 to dying half as lonely as the
sound
Of 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 songs they were singing
Then I headed back for home and somewhere far away
a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyon like the disappearing
dreams of yesterday
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...

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