

Mark Chesnutt

"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 wouldn't bad
So I had one more for dessert

Then I fumbled through my closet for my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face and combed my hair
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

Well, I'd smoked my brain the night before
On cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched a small boy
Cussin' at a can that he was kicking

And I crossed the empty street
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 of dying
That's half as lonesome as the sound
Of a sleeping city sidewalk
A Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl, he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the songs that they were singing

Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away a bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

On a Sunday morning sidewalk
Lord, I'm wishing I was stoned

'Cause there's something in a Sunday
That makes a body feel alone

And there's nothing short of dying
That's half as lonesome as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
And Sunday mornin' comin' down

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