

Ray Quinn

"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 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's frying chicken

And, Lord
It took me back to something
That I'd lost somewhere
Somehow along the way

(CHORUS)

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
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 canyons like

The disappearing dreams of yesterday

(CHORUS)

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