

Roy Clark

"Sunday Morning Coming Down"

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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 through my closet for my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face and combed my hair
And stumbled down the stair to meet the day.

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

Then I crossed the empty street
And caught the Sunday smell of someone cookin'
chicken
And it took me back to something
That I'd lost somehow, somewhere along the way.

On a 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 of dying
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepy 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 song that 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

Wishing Lord that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone.

And there's nothing sure of dying
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepy city sidewalk
Sunday morning coming down...

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