

Nat Stuckey

"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 shirt
And I washed my face and combed my hair stumbled
down the stairs to meet the day

Well I'd smoked my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs that'd I'd been pickin'
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 fryin'
chicken
And it took me back to something that I've lost
somehow somewhere along the way

On a Sunday morning sidewalk
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 passes
lonesome as the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
on Sunday morning coming down
In the park I saw a daddy with a laughing little girl he
was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the song that they were singin'
Then I headed back for home and somewhere far away
a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons like the
disappearing dreams of yesterday
On a Sunday morning sidewalk..

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 half as lonesome as
the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
on Sunday morning coming down

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