

## Ray Stevens "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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