

## Roy Drusky

# "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

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

Well, I'd smoke my brain the night before  
With cigarettes and songs, 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 street and caught the Sunday  
Smell of someone fryin' chicken  
And it took me back to something  
That I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

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 to dying  
That's half as lonesome as the sound  
On the sleeping city sidewalk  
And Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy with, 'The laughin' little girl'  
That he was swinging  
And I stopped beside the Sunday school  
And listened to the songs they were singing

Then I headed back for home  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing  
And it echoed through the canyons  
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

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