

## **Kristofferson Kris**

### **"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 through my closet for my clothes  
and found my cleanest dirty shirt  
it's the one I'm wearin'  
and I shaved my face and combed my hair  
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my brain the night before  
or I smoked so much the night before  
with cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'  
my mouth was like an ashtray I'd been lickin'  
but I lit my first and watched a 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 somethin'  
that I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

Chorus:

On the Sunday morning sidewalks  
wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'cause there is something in a Sunday  
that makes a body feel alone  
and there's nothin' short of dyin'  
half as lonesome as the sound  
on the sleepin' city side walks  
Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy  
with a laughing little girl who 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 thru the canyon like  
the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

Chorus:

On the Sunday morning sidewalks  
wishing Lord that I was stoned  
'cause there is something in a Sunday  
that makes a body feel alone  
and there's nothin' short of dyin'  
half as lonesome as the sound  
on the sleepin' city side walks  
Sunday mornin' comin' down.

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