

Sunday Morning Coming Down - Kris Kristofferson (Kristofferson - 1970)

4/4) G /

G C G /
Well, I woke up Sunday morning With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt.

G Em D /
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad So I had one more for dessert.

G C G Em
Then I fumbled through my closet, through my clothes And found my cleanest dirty shirt.

C Am D /
Then I washed my face and combed my hair, And Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day.

G C G /
I smoked my brain the night before on cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'.

G Em D /
But I lit my first and watched a small kid cussin' at a can that he was kickin'.

G C G Em
Then I crossed the empty street and Caught the Sunday smell of someone's fryin chicken.

(C Am) (C D) G
And then it took me back to somethin' That I'd lost somehow, somewher along the way.

Chorus:

G C / G
On a Sunday morning sidewalk I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned.

/ D / G
'Cause there's something in a Sunday That makes a body feel alone.

/ C / G
And there ain't nothing short of dying Thats half as lonesome as the sound

/ D / G /
Of the sleeping city sidewalks and Sunday morning coming down.

G C G /
In the park I saw a daddy With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'.

G Em D /
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened To the songs they were singin'.

G C G Em
Then I headed back for home And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'.

(C Am) (C D) G
And it echoed through the canyons Like the disappearin' dreams of yester - day.

Chorus 2x then End