

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Kris Kristofferson



[C] [C]

Well I [C] woke up Sunday morning

With no [F] way to hold my [G7] head that didn't [C] hurt

And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't [Am] bad

So I had one more for des-[G7]-sert

Then I [C] fumbled through my closet for my [F] clothes

And found my cleanest dirty [C] shirt [Am]

And I [F] shaved my face and combed my hair

And [Dm] stumbled down the [G] stairs to meet the [C] day [F] [C]

I'd smoked my brain the night before

On [F] cigarettes and [G7] songs I'd been [C] pickin'

But I lit my first and watched a small [Am] kid

Cussin' at a can that he was [G7] kickin'

Then I [C] crossed the empty street and caught the [F] Sunday smell

Of someone fryin [C] chicken [Am]

And it [F] took me back to something

I'd [Dm] lost somehow [G] somewhere along the [C] way [F] [C]

[N.C.] On a [C >] Sunday morning [F] sidewalk

Wishin' Lord that I was [C] stoned

'Cause there's something in a [G] Sunday

That makes a body feel a-[C]-lone

There's nothin' short of [F] dying

Half as lonesome as the [C] sound

On the sleepin' city [G] sidewalks

Sunday mornin' coming [C] down

In the park I saw a daddy

With a [F] laughing little [G7] girl that he was [C] swingin'

And I stopped beside a Sunday [Am] school

Listened to the song that they were [G7] singin'

Then I [C] headed back for home and some-[F]-where along the way

A bell was [C] ringin' [Am]

And it [F] echoed through the canyons

Like the [Dm] disappearin' [G] dreams of yester-[C]-day [F] [C]

[N.C.] On a [C >] Sunday morning [F] sidewalk

Wishin' Lord that I was [C] stoned

'Cause there's something in a [G] Sunday

That makes a body feel a-[C] lone

There's nothin' short of [F] dying

Half as lonesome as the [C] sound

On the sleepin' city [G] sidewalks

Sunday mornin' coming [C] down

[G] Sunday mornin' coming [C] down [C >]