

Sunday morning coming down.

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<sup>G</sup>  
Well I woke up Sunday morning  
With no way <sup>C</sup> to hold my head <sup>D</sup> that didn' hurt <sup>G</sup>  
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad <sup>Em</sup>  
So I had one more for des-<sup>D</sup>sert  
Then I fumbled in my closet <sup>G</sup> through my clothes <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And found my cleanest, dirty shirt <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Then I washed my face, and combed my hair <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day. <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
I'd smoked my mind the night before <sup>G7</sup>  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been picking <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid playing <sup>Em</sup>  
With the tin can that he was kicking <sup>D</sup>  
Then I walked across the street <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
And caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
And lord it took me back to some-thin that I lost somewhere <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Somehow along the way. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
On a Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing lord, that I was stoned <sup>G</sup>  
Cause there's something in a Sunday <sup>D</sup>  
That makes the body feel alone <sup>G</sup>  
And there's nothing short of dying <sup>C</sup>  
That's half as lonesome as the sound <sup>G</sup>  
Of the sleeping city sidewalks <sup>D</sup>  
And Sunday morning coming down. <sup>G</sup>



In the park I saw a daddy <sup>G7</sup>  
With a laughing little girl that he was swinging <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school <sup>D</sup>  
And listened to the songs that they were singing <sup>E<sup>m</sup></sup>  
Then I headed down the street <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ring-ing <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>E<sup>m</sup></sup>  
And it echoed through the canyons <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Like our disappearing dreams of yester-day. <sup>A<sup>m</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

On a Sunday morning sidewalk <sup>C</sup>  
I'm wishing lord, that I was stoned <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Cause there's something in s Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone <sup>G</sup>  
And there's nothing short of dying <sup>C</sup>  
That's half as lonesome as the sound <sup>G</sup>  
Of the sleeping city sidewalks <sup>D</sup>  
And Sunday morning coming down. <sup>G</sup>