

# Sunday Morning Coming Down

Capo 1st fret.

## Verse 1

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

## Verse 2

G G7  
 I'd smoked my mind the night before  
 C D G  
 with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking  
 Em  
 but I lit my first and watched a small kid playing  
 D  
 with the can that he was kicking  
 G G7  
 then I walked across the street  
 C G Em  
 and caught the Sunday smell of someone's frying chicken  
 C D Am  
 and lord it took me back to some-thin that I lost somewhere  
 D G  
 somehow along the way

## Chorus

C  
 on a Sunday morning sidewalk  
 G  
 I'm wishing lord, that I was stoned  
 D  
 cause there's something in a Sunday  
 G  
 that makes the body feel alone  
 C  
 and there's nothing short of dying  
 G  
 that's half as lonesome as the sound  
 D  
 of the sleeping city sidewalks  
 G  
 and Sunday morning coming down

## Verse 3

G7  
 in the park I saw a daddy  
 C D G  
 with a laughing little girl that he was swinging  
 and I stopped beside a Sunday school  
 Em D  
 and listened to the songs that they were singing

G                          G7  
then I headed down the street  
          C  G          Em  
and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ring - ing  
          C  D  
and it echoed through the canyons  
          Am  D          G  
like our disappearing dreams of yester - day  
  
Chorus 2 As chorus 1 rall. at end.