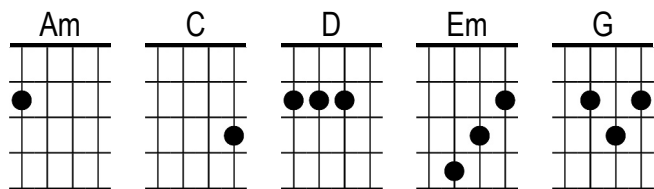


Sunday Morning Coming Down

Kris Kristofferson



Intro

G | | |

Well, I **G** woke up Sunday | morning
With no **C** way to hold my | head that didn't **G** hurt | | |
And the | beer I had for | breakfast wasn't **Em** bad
So I had | one more for des**D**sert | | |
Then I **G** fumbled through my | closet for my **C** clothes
And found my | cleanest dirty **G** shirt | | |
An' I **C** shaved my face, **Am** combed my hair
An' **C** stumbled down the **D** stairs to meet the **G** day | | |

I'd **G** smoked my brain the | night before
On **C** cigarettes and | songs that I'd been **G** pickin' | | |
But I | lit my first and | watched a small kid
Em Cussin' at a | can that he was **D** kickin' | | |
Then I **G** crossed the empty | street
An' caught the **C** Sunday smell of | someone fryin' **G** chicken | | |
And it **C** took me back to **Am** somethin'
That I'd **C** lost somehow, **D** somewhere along the **G** way | **G**↓

Chorus

On the **G** Sunday morning **C** sidewalk | |
Wishin', | Lord, that I was **G** stoned | |
'Cause there's | somethin' in a **D** Sunday | |
Makes a | body feel a **G** lone | |
And there's | nothin' short of **C** dyin' | |
Half as | lonesome as the **G** sound | |
On the | sleepin' city **D** sidewalks | |
Sunday | mornin' comin' **G** down | | |

In the **G** park I saw a | daddy
With a **C** laughin' little | girl who he was **G** swingin' | | |
And I | stopped beside a | Sunday school
And **Em** listened to the | song they were **D** singin' | | |
Then I **G** headed back for | home
And somewhere **C** far away a | lonely bell was **G** ringin' | | |
And it **C** echoed through the **Am** canyons
Like the **C** disappearing **D** dreams of yester**G**day | **G**↓

Repeat Chorus

On the **G** Sunday morning **C** sidewalk | |
Wishin', | Lord, that I was **G** stoned | |
'Cause there's | somethin' in a **D** Sunday | |
Makes a | body feel a **G**↓ lone