

## 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.

G C /	G
On a Sunday morning sidewalk	I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned.
/	D /
'Cause there's something in a Sunday	That makes a body feel alone.
/	C /
And there ain't nothing short of dying	Thats half as lonesome as the sound
/	D /
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**