Willie Nelson, Sunday Morning Coming Down

On a Sunday morning sidewalk I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned Cause there's something in a Sunday makes a body feel alone And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as the sound On a sleepy city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down

Well I woke up Sunday morning with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad so I had one more for desert Then I fumbled through my closet for my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt And I shaved my face and combed my hair

And stumbled down the stair to meet the day

I'd smoke my brain the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been a picking But I lit my first and watched the small kid cussin' at a can that he was kicking Then I crossed the empty street and caught

The Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken

And it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way On a Sunday morning sidewalk...

(guitar)

In the park I saw a daddy with the laughing little girl that he was swinging And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs they were singing Then I headedback for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday On a Sunday morning sidewalk...

Coming down coming down coming down