

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 headed back 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 coming down