

# Hank Snow, 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 in my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the stair to meet the day

I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs that I'd been picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid playing with the can that he was kicking  
Then I walked across the street and caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken  
Lord it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way

On the Sunday morning sidewalk I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned  
Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday that makes a body feel alone  
And there's nothin' sure to dying that's half as lonesome as the sound  
Of the sleepin' city sidewalk and Sunday morning coming down

[ guitar ]

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