

# Lynn Anderson, 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 to my clothes and found my cleanest dirty skirt  
And I washed my face and combed my hair stumbled down the stair to greet the day  
I'd smoke my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I've been a picking  
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cursin' at a can that he was kicking  
Then I crossed the empty street and caught  
The Sunday smell of someone frying chicken  
And it took me back to something that I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk 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 lonely as the sound  
Of the sleeping city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down

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 canyon like the disappearing dreams of yesterday  
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...