

# Me First And The Gimme Gimmes, Sunday Mornin'

[Originally by Johnny Cash/Kris Kristofferson]

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 dessert  
Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes,  
And found my cleanest dirty shirt  
An' I washed my face and combed my hair,  
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before,  
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid,  
Playing with a can that he was kicking  
And I walked across the street,  
'n caught the Sunday smell of someone's fried chicken  
And it took me back to somethin',  
That I'd lost somewhere, somehow along the way

On the Sunday morning sidewalk,  
Wishing, Lord, that I was stoned.  
'Cos there's something in a Sunday,  
That makes a body feel alone.  
And there's nothin' short of dyin',  
Half as lonesome as the sound,  
On the sleepin' city sidewalks:  
Sunday mornin' comin' down

In the park I saw a daddy,  
With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'  
And I stopped behind a Sunday school,  
And listened to the songs that they were singin'  
I headed down the street,  
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'  
And it echoed through the canyons,  
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday

On the Sunday morning sidewalk,  
I'm Wishing, Lord, that I was stoned  
'Cos there's something in a Sunday,  
That makes a body feel alone  
And there's nothin' short of dyin',  
Half as lonesome as the sound,  
On the sleepin' city sidewalk:  
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