

Ray Price, 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 stairs to meet the day
Well I'd smoke my brain the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid coursing 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 somehow somewhere 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) short of dying half as lonesome as a sound
On 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 song that 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 the Sunday morning sidewalk...