

Bobby Bare, Sunday Morning Coming Down

In the park I see a daddy with the laughin' little girl that he's a swinging
And I stop beside a Sunday school and listen to the song they're singing
I'm headin' back for home and somewhere far away a lonely bell is ringing
And it echoes through the city like my disappearing dreams of yesterday
On the Sunday morning sidewalk wishing Lord that I was home
Cause there's something bout a Sunday makes a body feel alone
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as the sound
On a sleeping city sidewalk Sunday morning coming down

I smoked so much the night before my mouth feels like an ashtray I've been licking
Now I light my first and watch a small kid cussin' at the can he's been a kicking
I cross the empty street and catch the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
And it takes me back to something that I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...