

Roy Drusky, 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
I fumbled in my closet for my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
And I shaved my face and combed my hair stumbled down the stair to meet the day
Well I'd smoke my brain the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been a picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid cussin' at a can that he was kicking
Then I crossed the street and caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' 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 to dying that's half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy with the laughin' little girl that he was swinging
And I stopped beside the 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 canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday
On the Sunday morning sidewalk...