

# Shawn Mullins, Sunday Morning Coming Down

Written by Kris Kristofferson

One of the first songs I ever heard and loved.

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 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

i'd smoked my brain the night before

with cigarettes and songs

that I've been pickin'

but I lit my first and watched a small kid

cussin' at a can that he was kickin

then I crossed the empty 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

that makes a body feel alone

and there's nothing short of dying

half as lonesome as the sound

on the sleeping city sidewalk

sunday morning coming down

in the park I saw a daddy

with a laughing little girl

he was swingin

and I stopped beside the 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 thru the canyon like

the disappearing dreams of yesterday

on the sunday morning sidewalk

wishing lord that I was stoned

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that makes a body feel alone

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