

Waylon Jennings, Sunday Morning Coming Down

(Kris Kristofferson)

Well, I woke up Sunday mornin' 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 to 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 mind the night before
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid
Cussing the 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 somethin'
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
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
Then I stopped beside a Sunday school
Listened to the songs they were singing.

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
Wishing Lord, that I was stoned
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone...