SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN

[VERSE]
G-4
Well, I woke up Sunday morning
C-2 D-2 G-4
with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
G-4 Em-4
and the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad D-4
so I had one more for dessert
G-2 G7-2 C-4
then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes $G-4$ $Em-4$
and found my cleanest, dirty shirt
C-2 D-2
then I washed my face, and combed my hair
Am-2 D-2 D-4
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day
[Verse 2]
G-4
I'd smoked my mind the night before
C-2 D-2 G-8
with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
G-4
but I lit my first and watched a small kid
Em-4 D-8
playing with a can that he was kicking
G-2 G7-2
then I walked across the street
C-4
and caught the Sunday smell of someone's
G-4 Em-4
frying chicken

C-2 D-2 and Lord it took me back to somethin' G-8that I lost somewhere somehow along the way [Chorus] C-8on a Sunday morning sidewalk G-8I'm wishing Lord, that I was stoned cause there's something in a Sunday G-8 that makes the body feel alone **C-8** and there's nothing short of dying G-8 that's half as lonesome as the sound of the sleeping city sidewalks G-8 and Sunday morning coming down **VERSE** G-4In the park I saw a daddy C-2 D-2 G-8with a laughing little girl that he was swinging G-4 and I stopped beside a Sunday school Em-4D-8and listened to the songs they were singing G-2 G7-2then I headed down the street

C-4 G-4 Em-4 and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing C-2 D-2 and it echoed through the canyons Am-2 D-2 G-8 like our disappearing dreams of yesterday

[Chorus]

C-8on a Sunday morning sidewalk G-8I'm wishing Lord, that I was stoned **D-8** cause there's something in a Sunday G-8 that makes the body feel alone C-8 and there's nothing short of dying that's half as lonesome as the sound D-8of the sleeping city sidewalks [G] and Sunday morning coming down RIT.