

Johnny Cash - Sunday Mornin' Coming' Down

Tom: G

On a Sunday morning sidewalk,
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stone,
'cause there's something in a Sunday,
that makes a body feel alone.
And there ain't nothing short of dying,
half as lonesome as the sound,
of a sleeping city sidewalk
and Sunday morning coming down.

Well, I woke up Sunday morning,
with no way to hold my head that it 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.

Well, I'd smoked my brain the night before
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 somethin' that I'd lost
somehow, somewhere along the way.

In the park I saw a daddy
with a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'.
And I stopped beside a Sunday school,
and listened to the songs that they were singin'.
Then I headed back for home
and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'.
And it echoed through the canyon,
like a disappearin' dream of yesterday.

Acordes

