Sunday Morning Coming Down-Johnny Cash
Kris Kristofferson

(A) Well I Woke Up Sunday Morning, With No (D) Way To Hold My
(E) Head That Didnt (A) H Urt
And The Beer I Had For Breakfast Wasnt (D) Bad, So I Had (E)
One More For Dessert
Then I (A) Fumbled Through My Closet, Through My (D) Clothes
And Found My Cleanest Dirty (A) Shirt
And I (E) Shaved My Face And Combed My Hair And Stumbled
Down The Stairs To Meet The Day

Well I (A) Smoked My Mind The Night Before
With (D) Cigarettes And (E) Songs Id Been (A) Pi Ckin'
But I Lit My First And Watched A Small Kid
(D) Cussin At A (E) Can That He Was Ki Ckin'
Then I (A) Crossed The Empty Street, And Caught The (D)
Sunday Smell Of Someone Fryin (A) Chicken
Then It (E) Took Me Back To Something
That Id Lost Somehow, Somewhere Along The (A) Way

(Chorus) On A Sunday Morning (D) Sidewalk, I'M Wishing Lord
That I Was (A) Stoned
Cause Theres Something In A (E) Sunday, That Makes A Body
Feel A(A)Lone
And Theres Nothing Short Of (D) Dying, Half As Lonely As The
(A) Sound
Of A Sleeping City (E) Sidewalk, Sunday Morning Coming (A)
Down

In A (A) Park I Saw A Daddy, With A (D) Laughing Little (E) Girl,
That He Was (A) Swinging
And I Stopped Beside A Sunday School, And (D) Listened To The
(E) Song That They Were Singing
Then I (A) Headed Back For Home And Somewhere (D) Far Away A
Lonely Bell Was (A) Ringing
And It (E) Echoed Through The Canyons
Like The Disappearing Dreams Of Yester(A)Day (Chorus)