

Sunday Morning Coming Down

Johnny Cash

G// G/

Well I [G] woke up Sunday morning with no [C] way to hold my [D] head, that didn't [G] hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't [Em] bad so I had one more for [D] dessert
Then I [G] fumbled through my closet for my [C] clothes
And found my cleanest dirty [G] shirt **G/ D/ [Em] Em/**
And I [C] shaved my face and [D] combed my hair
And [C] stumbled down the [D] stairs to meet the [G] day

I'd [G] smoked my mind the night before
On [C] cigarettes and [D] songs that I've been [G] pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small kid [Em] cussin' at a can that he was [D] kicking

Then I [G] crossed the empty street and caught
The [C] Sunday smell of someone fryin' [G] chicken **G/ D/ [Em] Em/**
And it [C] took me back to [D] somethin' that
I'd [C] lost somehow [D] somewhere along the [G] way

**On the Sunday mornin' [C] sidewalk wishing Lord that I was [G] stoned
'Cause there is something in a [D] Sunday that makes a body feel a- [G] lone
And there's nothin' short of [C] dyin' half as lonesome as the [G] sound
On the sleepin' city [D] sidewalk Sunday mornin' comin' [G] down**

In the [G] park I saw a daddy with a [C] laughing little [D] girl who he was [G] swingin'
And I [G] stopped beside a Sunday School and [Em] listened to the song that they
were [D] singin'
Then I [G] headed back for home and
[C] Somewhere far away a lonely bell was [G] ringin' **G/ D/ [Em] Em/**
And it [C] echoed thru the [D] canyon like
The [C] disappearing [D] dreams of yester- [G] day.

**On the Sunday mornin' [C] sidewalk wishing Lord that I was [G] stoned
'Cause there is something in a [D] Sunday that makes a body feel a- [G] lone
And there's nothin' short of [C] dyin' half as lonesome as the [G] sound
On the sleepin' city [D] sidewalk Sunday mornin' comin' [G] down **G/ D/ G****

