Sunday Morning Coming Down

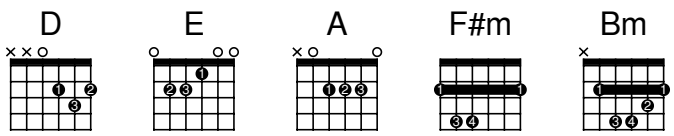
INTRO A

Well, I woke up Sunday morning
          D   E   A
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
          A   F#m
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
                        E
So I had one more for dessert
         A   D
Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes
                                  A   F#m
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
         D   Bm
Then I washed my face and combed my hair
D   E   A
Stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I smoked my mind the night before
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin'
But I lit my first and watched a small boy
Cussin' at a can that he'd been kickin'
I crossed the empty street
Caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
And it took me back to somethin' that I'd lost
Somewhere, somehow along the way

A   D
   On a Sunday morning sidewalk
                              A
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stone
                              E
'Cause there's something in a Sunday
                          A
That makes a body feel alone
                                  D
And there ain't nothing short of dying
                          A
Half as lonesome as the sound
                    E
Of a sleeping city sidewalk
                              A
Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughin' little girl that he'd been swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday school



Listened to the songs that they were singin'
I headed down the road,
Somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyon
Like a disappearin' dream of yesterday

End the song strumming A-Asus4-Asus4-A

Source: http://www.e-chords.com/chords/kristofferson-kris/sunday-morning-coming-down