

Sunday mornin' comin' down  
Kris Kristofferson / Johnny Cash

SPA STRUMMERS 12/11/23 V2 1/2

C  
Well I woke up Sunday mornin'  
F G C  
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt  
C Am  
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad  
G  
So I had one more for desert  
C  
Then I fumbled in my closet  
F C Am  
And through my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirt  
F G  
Then I washed my face and combed my hair  
F G  
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day  
  
C  
Well I smoked my mind the night before  
F G C  
With cigarettes and songs I'd been pickin'  
C  
Then I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Am G  
Playin' with a can that he was kickin'  
C  
Then I walked across the street  
F C Am  
And cuaght the Sunaday smell of someones fryin' chickin  
F G  
And Lord it took me back something  
F G C  
That I lost somewhere, somehow along the way.  
  
C F  
On a Sunday mornin' sidewalk  
C  
I'm wishin' Lord that I was stoned  
G  
'Cause there's somethin' about a Sunday  
C  
That makes a body feel alone  
F  
There ain't nothin' short of dyin'  
C  
That's half as lonesome as the sound

G  
 Of a sleepin' city sidewalk  
 C  
 And Sunday mornin' comin' down

C  
 In the park I saw a daddy  
 F G C  
 With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'

C  
 Then I stopped beside a Sunday School  
 Am G  
 And listen to the songs they were singin'

C  
 Then I headed down the street  
 F C Am  
 And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'  
 F G  
 And it echoed through the canyon  
 F G C  
 Like the disappearin' dreams of yesterday

C F  
 On a Sunday mornin' sidewalk  
 C  
 I'm wishin' Lord that I was stoned  
 G  
 'Cause there's somethin' about a Sunday  
 C  
 That makes a body feel alone  
 F  
 There ain't nothin' short of dyin'  
 C  
 That's half as lonesome as the sound  
 G  
 Of a sleepin' city sidewalk  
 C  
 And Sunday mornin' comin' down

(ending)

C Csus4 Csus4 C