

Well, I [C] woke up Sunday morning
With no [F] way to hold my [G7] head that didn't [C] hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't [Am] bad
So I [Am] had one more for [G7] dessert
Then I [C] fumbled in my closet through my [F] clothes
And found my cleanest dirty [C] shirt [C]
Then I [F] washed my face and [G7] combed my hair
And [F] stumbled down the [G7] stairs to meet the [C] day

I'd [C] smoked my mind the night before
With [F] cigarettes and [G7] songs I'd been [C] picking
But I lit my first and watched a small kid
[Am] Playing with a can that he was [G7] kicking
Then I [C] walked across the street
And caught the [F] Sunday smell of someone [C] frying chicken [C]
And Lord, it [F] took me back to [G7] something
that I'd [F] lost somewhere, [G7] somehow along the [C] way

On a [C] Sunday morning [F] sidewalk
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was [C] stoned
'Cause there's something in a [G7] Sunday
That makes a body feel a-[C]lone
And there's nothing short a' [F] dying
That's half as lone-[C]some as the sound
Of the sleeping city [G7] sidewalk
And Sunday morning coming [C] down

In the [C] park I saw a daddy
With a [F] laughing little [G7] girl that he was [C] swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And [Am] listened to the songs they were [G7] singing
Then I [C] headed down the street
And somewhere [F] far away a lonely bell was [C] ringing
And it [F] echoed through the [G7] canyons
Like the [F] disappearing [G7] dreams of [C] yesterday

On a [C] Sunday morning [F] sidewalk

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