

## Sunday Morning Coming Down

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

I'd smoked my brain the night before  
On cigarettes and songs I'd been pickin'  
But I lit my first and watched a small kid  
Playin' with a can that he was kickin'  
Then across the empty street I caught  
The Sunday smell of someone's fryin' chicken  
And it took me back to somethin' that I'd lost  
Somehow, somewhere along the way

### *Chorus*

On a Sunday mornin' sidewalk  
Wishin', Lord, that I was stoned

