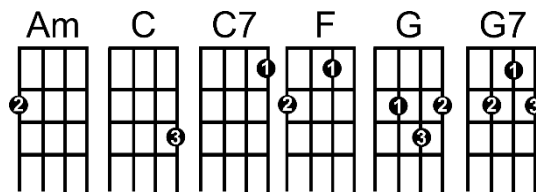


SUNDAY MORNIN' COMIN' DOWN - Kris Kristofferson 1969

1. Well, I [C] woke up Sunday mornin',
With no [F] way to hold my [G] head
that it didn't [C] hurt.



And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't [Am] bad,
So I had one more for dess[G]ert. - [G7]
Then I [C] fumbled through my [C7] closet for my [F] clothes,
And found my cleanest dirty [C] shirt. - [Am]
And I [F] washed my face and [G] combed my hair,
And [F] stumbled down the [G] stairs to meet the [C] day

2. Well, I'd [C] smoked my brain the night before on
[F] Cigarettes and [G] songs that I'd been a-[C]pickin'.
But I lit my first and watched a small kid [Am] playin' with a can
That he was [G] kickin'. - [G7]
Then I [C] crossed the empty street and caught the [F] Sunday
Smell of someone fryin' [C] chicken. - [Am]
And it [F] took me back to [G] somethin' that I'd [F] lost
Somehow, some[G]where along the [C] way.

Chorus:

[C7] On a Sunday morning side[F]walk,
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was [C] stoned,
'Cause there's something in a [G] Sunday, - [G7]
That makes a body feel a[C]lone.

[C7] And there ain't nothing short of [F] dyin',
Half as lonesome as the [C] sound, - [Am]
Of a sleeping city [G] sidewalk and
Sunday [G7] morning coming [C] down. - [F] - [C]

of beats: 4

4

8

3. In the [C] park I saw a daddy
With a [F] laughin' little [G] girl that he was [C] swingin'.
And I stopped beside a Sunday school,
And [Am] listened to the songs that they were [G] singin'. - [G7]
Then I [C] headed down the street and
Somewhere [F] far away a lonely bell was [C] ringin'. - [Am]
And it [F] echoed through the [G] canyon,
Like a [F] disappearin' [G] dream of yester[C]day. **Chorus**