

johnny cash - Sunday Morning Comming Down

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Subject: Countrysongs

Sunday morning comming down
Johny Cash

1.

Well , I [C]woke up Sunday morning ,
with no [F]way to hold my head, that didn't [C]hurt
and the [C]beer i had for breakfast ,
wasn't [A]bad, so I had one more for des-[G7]-sert
than I [C]thumbled through my closet ,
for my [F]clothes, found my cleanest, dirty [C]hirt
than I [G7]washed my face and combed my hair,
stumbled down the stairs to meet the day.

2.

Well I smoked my brain the night befor ,
with cigarets and songs that we been picking
And I lit my first and stopped to watch ,
a small kid with a can that he was kicking
Than I crossed an empty street ,
and caught the Sunday-smell of someone's frying chicken
and it took me back to something ,
that I lost somewhere somehow along the way

Ref:

On a Sunday morning [F]sidewalk,
wishing Lord that I was [C]stoned
Cause there is something in a [G7]Sunday,
that makes somebody feel a-[C]-lone
And it's nothing shure but [F]dieing,
half as lone some as the [C]sound
of a sleeping city [G7]sidewalk,
when Sunday morning coming [C]down

3.

In a park I saw a Daddy ,
with a laughing little girl he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school ,
and listened to the songs that they were singing
Than I hadded back for home ,
and some whrer far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed to the canyons ,
like the dissapearing dreames of yesterday

Ref:

On a Sunday morning sidewalk

It's the first song, that I write to you from germany.
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