

Capo: 2nd fret **CHORDS:** G / C / Em / D / G/F# / Am

[Intro] G G

[Vs 1]

G
Well I woke up Sunday morning
C **G**
with no way to hold my head, that didn't hurt

and the beer I had for breakfast
Em **D**
wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert

[Vs 2]

G
Then I fumble through my closet for
C **G** **G/F# Em**
my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
C
and I shaved my face and combed my hair
Am **D**
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Vs 3]

G
I'd smoked my brain the night before
C **G**
on cigarettes and songs that I've been pickin'

but I lit my first and watched a small kid
Em **D**
cussin' at a can that he was kicking

[Vs 4]

G
Then I crossed the empty street and caught
C **G** **G/F# Em**
the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
C **Am**
and it took me back to somethin' that
C **D** **G**
I'd lost somehow somewhere along the way

[Chorus]

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks
wishing Lord that I was stoned
'cause there is something in a Sunday
that makes a body feel alone

And there's nothin' short of dyin'
half as lonesome as the sound
on the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down

[Vs 5]

In the park I saw a daddy with
a laughing little girl who he was swingin'
and I stopped beside a Sunday school
and listened to the song that they were singin'

[Vs 6]

Then I headed back for home and
somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
and it echoed thru the canyon like
the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

[Repeat Chorus]

[Outro]

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo..
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo...