

(Intro: D7/// /// G///)

G/// **///** **///**

.. Well I woke up Sunday mornin'

C/// **///** **G///**

With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt

G/// **///** **///** **Em///**

.. And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad

Em/// **D7///**

So I had one more for de - sert

D7/// **G///** **///**

.. Then I fumbled through my closet

C/// **///** **G///** **///** **Em///**

For my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirt

Em/// **C///** **D7///**

.. Then I washed my face and combed my hair

C/// **D7///** **G///**

And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

G/// **///** **///**

.. I'd smoked my mind the night before

C/// **///** **G///** **///** **///**

With cigarettes and songs I'd been pickin'

G/// **///** **///** **Em///**

.. Then I lit my first and watched a small kid playin'

Em/// **D7///** **///** **///**

With a can that he was kickin'

D7/// **G///** **///**

.. Then I walked across the street

C/// **///** **G///** **///** **Em///**

And caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken

Em/// **C///** **D7///**

.. And it took me back to something

C/// **D7///** **G///** **///**

That I lost somewhere, some - how along the way

G/// /// C/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 ..On the Sunday mornin' sidewalk ... Wishin' Lord that I was stoned
G/// /// D7/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 .. 'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday ... That makes a body feel a - lone
G/// /// C/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 .. And there's nothin' short of dyin' ... Half as lonesome as the sound
G/// /// D7/// /// /// /// G/// /// ///
 .. Of the sleepin' city sidewalk ... and Sunday mornin' comin' down

G/// /// ///
 .. In the park I saw a daddy
C/// /// G/// /// ///
 With a laughin' little girl that he was swingin'
G/// /// ///
 .. And I stopped beside a Sunday School
Em/// /// D7/// /// ///
 And listened to the songs that they were singin'
D7/// G/// ///
 .. Then I headed down the street
C/// /// G/// /// Em///
 And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
Em/// C/// D7///
 .. And it echoed through the canyon
C/// D7/// G/// ///
 Like the disappearin' dreams of yester - day

G/// /// C/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 ..On the Sunday mornin' sidewalk ... Wishin' Lord that I was stoned
G/// /// D7/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 .. 'Cause there's somethin' in a Sunday ... That makes a body feel a - lone
G/// /// C/// /// /// /// G/// ///
 .. And there's nothin' short of dyin' ... Half as lonesome as the sound
G/// /// D7/// /// /// /// G/// ///
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G/// /// D7/// /// /// /// G/// C/// G!
 .. Of the sleepin' city sidewalk ... and Sunday mornin' comin' down