

Written by Kris Kristofferson as performed by Johnny Cash capo 1<sup>st</sup> fret

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

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

G G7 C G Em  
then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirt

C D  
then I washed my face, and combed my hair

C D  
and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

[Verse 2]

G G7 C D G  
I'd smoked my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking

G Em D  
but I lit my first and watched a small kid playing with a can that he was kicking

G G7  
then I walked across the street

C G Em  
and caught the Sunday smell of someone's frying chicken

C D Am  
and Lord it took me back to somethin' that I lost somewhere

D G  
somehow along the way



[Chorus]

C

on a Sunday morning sidewalk

G

I'm wishing Lord, that I was stoned

D

cause there's something in a Sunday

G

that makes the body feel alone

C

and there's nothing short of dying

G

that's half as lonesome as the sound

D

of the sleeping city sidewalks

G

and Sunday morning coming down

e-----  
b-----  
g-----  
d-----  
a-----  
e-----