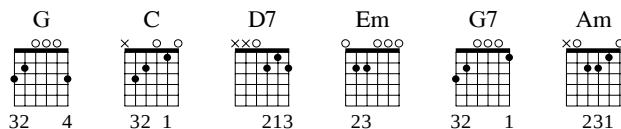


Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Words and Music by Kris Kristofferson



*Capo I

Strum Pattern: 3, 4

Pick Pattern: 3, 4

Verse

Moderately, in 2

G C D7

mf

1. Well, I woke up Sun - day morn - in' with no way to hold _ my head _ that did - n't

T	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	2	0	0	2
A																			
B																			

*Optional: To match recording, place capo at 1st fret.

**Sung one octave lower.

G

hurt.

And the beer I had _ for break - fast was - n't

0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	0	0	2
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Em D7

bad, so I had one more for des - sert. Then I

0	0	0	2	0	0	4	2	0	2	2	2	2	3	3
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

G G7 C

fum - bled in my clos - et, through my clothes and found my clean - est dir - ty

3	3	3	3	0	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

G Em

shirt. Then I

C D7 Am D7

washed my face _ and combed my hair, _ and stum - bled down the stairs _ to meet the

Verse

G G7

day. 2. I'd smoked my mind _ the night be - fore _
3. See additional lyrics

C D7 G

with cig - a - retts and songs _ I'd been pick - in'.

But I lit my first _ and watched a small _ kid

Em D7

play - in' with a can that he was kick - in'.

G G7

Then I walked a - cross the street and caught the

C G

Sun - day smell of some - one's fry - in' chick - en.

Em C D7

And, Lord, it took me back to some - thin' that I

Am D7 G

lost some - where some - how a - long the way.

Chorus

C

On a Sun - day morn - in' side - walk,

3 0 0 0 0 0 4 2 2 0 0 0

*Sung as written

G

I'm wish - in', Lord, — that I was stoned. —

0 0 0 0 0 3 0 2 0 3 3 3 3 3

D7

'Cause there's some - thin' in a Sun - day

3 0 0 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2

G

that makes a bod - y feel a - lone. —

(2 1 2) 3 3 2 2 0 0 0 2 3 3 3 3 3

C

And there's noth - in' short of dy - in'

3 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 0

G

that's half as lone - some as the sound _____

D7

2nd time, rit.

of the sleep - in' cit - y side - walks

1.
G

and Sun - day morn - in' com - in' down. _____

2.
G

3. In the down. _____

Additional Lyrics

3. In the park I saw a daddy with a laughin' little girl that he was swingin',
 And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs they were singin'
 Then I headed down the streets, and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin',
 And it echoed thru the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.