






















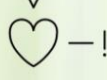
















 Sunday
  Morning
  Coming
  down
  sung
  by
  Johnny Cash




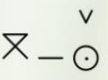
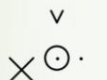
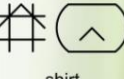
...  Well
  I
  woke up
  Sunday
  morning






+  with
 -  no
  way
  to hold
  my
  head
 ' '  that
 -  didn't
  hurt .


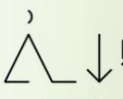




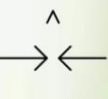


+  and
 /  the
  beer
  I
  had (drank)
 >>  for
  breakfast
 -  wasn't
  bad ,

>  so
  I
  had (drank)
 1  one
  more
 >>  for
  dessert .

( then
  I
  fumbled
 in  in
  my
  closet
 +  through
  my
  clothes

+  and
  found
  my
  cleanest
  dirty
  shirt .

( then
  I
  washed
  my
  face
 +  and
  combed
  my
  hair

+  and
  stumbled
 down  down
 the  the
 stairs  stairs
 to  to
  meet
 the  the
 day  day .

λ1 ^)
I'd smoked my mind the night before

+ x
with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking

⊥ λ1) * λ1+ 1. + ⊙ \ I I
but I lit my first and watched a small kid

^ ^
playing with a can that he was kicking

(λ1 ^ ≠ /
then I walked across the street

+) / Q1 < > + ⊥ ^)
and caught (noticed) the Sunday smell of someone's frying chicken

+ ^ ^ |) λ1 ← × \ □
and Lord it took me back to something

” λ1 1 ⊙ ⊕ \ ” ^ ⊙ / ⊥ →
that I lost somewhere some how along the way

⊥ \ Q1 ⊕ □ ^
on a Sunday morning sidewalk

λ1 ^ ^ ^ ⊥ λ1))
I'm wishing Lord that I was stoned

▷? ..< [^]⊙ \ □ □ · \ ⊙₁
'cause there's something in a sunday

„ [^]▷ \ ⊕₁ \ ⊕₁ ⊕₁ ⊕₁ ⊕₁
that makes a body feel alone .

+ ..< [^]⊙ - □ · | → ⊙[^]
and there's nothing short of dying

„ ⊕[^] 1/2 |||= ⊕^v - ⊥ |||= / 2
that's half as lonesome as the sound

> / ⊙[^] ×× ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^]
of the sleeping city sidewalk ,

+ ⊙₁ ⊕[^] | ← ⊕[^] ↓
and sunday morning coming down .

□ / ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] \ ⊕[^]
in the park I saw a daddy

+ \ ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] „ ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^]
with a laughing little girl that he was swinging .

+ ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^] \ ⊕[^] ⊕[^] ⊕[^]
and I stopped beside a sunday school

+) x / x) ^
and listened to the songs they were singing .

(^1) → ↓ /
then I headed down the street

+ ^ v ^
and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing .

+) x
and it echoed through the canyons

|| = \ ^ ^
like a disappearing dream of yesterday .

v \ O1 ^
on a Sunday morning (early) sidewalk

^ ^ ^
I am wishing Lord that I was stoned .

^ ^
'cause there is something in a Sunday

^ ^ v
that makes a body feel alone .

there ain't nothing short of (before) dying

half as (which) lonesome as (which) the sound

of the sleeping city sidewalk

and Sunday morning (early) coming down