

Azymuth "Morning"

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Watching the sun
Watching it come
Watching it come up
Over the rooftops
Cloudy and warm
Maybe a storm
You can never quite tell
From the morning
And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning
Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning
Waiting for mail
Maybe a tail
From an old friend
Or even a lover
Sometimes there's none
But we have fun
Thinking of all who might
Have written
And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning
Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning
And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange
The sounds of the day
Now they hurry away
Now they are gone until tomorrow
When day will break
And you will wake
And you will rake your hands
Across your eyes and realize
That it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning
Yes it's going to be a day

There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning
And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange

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