

Club 8

"Mornings"

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mornings in your bed
give me nothing
just a sun that burns my eyes
restless i've slept
and i wake up
in a room where i don't belong

let the sun thru your window and be
as good as you can be
days and hours may pass
no rain on us
not this time

slowly you go up
turn towards me
with a smile that i loved
only yesterday
breakfast in bed
because we are two
while the room is as cold
as my words

let the sun thru your window and be
as good as you can be
days and hours may pass
no rain on us
not this time

though we're not
fooling anyone this time
we got our own ways
yes we found our own ways
though we're not
fooling anyone this time
we got our own ways
yes we found our own ways
indeed

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