

## Foster And Allen

### "Mist Upon the Morning"

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Softly like the mist upon the morning  
Comes the memory of your tender voice and smile  
Well it seems an age since we embraced each other  
On that morning when we parted for a while

I squandered all the time when I had plenty  
For a dream we shared before I left to roam  
Do you think that if I packed my bags tomorrow  
Would you welcome me if I came back home

I met some friends 'have lived here for a while now  
Lots of smiles when I was young and green  
They showed me how to live here in the city  
Went to all the crazy parties to be seen

Now the money that we both saved soon departed  
And with it all the friendly smiles as well  
Now the only thing that's left of your great hero  
Is a broken pride and a sad tale for to tell

Well I guess I'm not cut out for this old city  
And I've learned a lot about myself that's true  
I left everything I loved to learn my lesson  
Now it seems the only friend I have is you

Do you think that we could start the whole thing over  
And share the things we used to share before  
I'll be home when I can get the fare together  
For I'd love to see your tender smile once more

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