

## **Browne Jackson**

### **"SOMEDAY MORNING"**

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As the early morning filters through  
My shuttered window pane  
I look about and realize  
That things are still the same

These flowers in a glass  
Mark the hours that have passed  
As I lay sleeping

And I can hear my footsteps ringing  
Down the empty morning street  
And the concrete that I walk upon  
Is cold beneath my feet

A single winging dove  
Reminds me of the sleeping love  
That I am leaving

'Cause everyone must someday do his own thing  
'Cause everyone must someday do his own thing  
And I have a brand new song to sing

In the morning skies the stars  
Begin to sputter and to fade  
As the night surrenders all its claim  
On shadows it has made

A watchdog's hungry bark  
Is the morning's first remark  
Upon my walking

And everyone must someday do his own thing  
And everyone must someday do his own thing  
And I have a brand new song to sing

And I'm told that if I try  
That I can do most anything  
Well then I would like to sing a song  
And make this morning ring

As the morning turns to day

Hear the waking city say  
Who is that singing

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