

Iris Dement **"Morning Glory"**

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(chorus) Mornin' glory, fuschia in green
You sweet little Jezebel in my garden of dreams
Petals clenched tightly in the late morning sun
My day is just starting, your day is done

Apple-green butterfly lites upon you
Once, then again he calls trying so hard to get through
He dances and summersaults then floats away blue
His bold ambition has failed to sway you

(repeat chorus)

Vines wrap the south side-porch up the lattice they
climb

The clothes nearly touch the ground on that
saggin' clothes line

Paint's peeled and screens are torn, I got so much
to do

But I'll steal one minute more of this glory with you
(repeat chorus)

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