

## Lennon "Morning"

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The feeling of coming to no one there  
You rip off my clothes as you rip off my life  
Destroyed my world in a matter of words  
You left me waiting, you left me understanding  
You left me waiting, you left me waiting

I hear a knock at the door  
And I don't care who's not there anymore  
This sound is driving me insane  
And damn it, nothing's going my way

We're at the point of talking about the morning  
Trying to decide who's going to go  
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in  
And who is going home

I'm running through the forest by myself  
I'm walking over oceans to you  
Hey Ma, I'm walking on water  
Hey God, I think I'm Your son

We're at the point of talking about the morning  
Trying to decide who's going to go  
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in  
And who is going home

Don't stand there looking at me  
Don't stand there looking through me  
Just take your clothes and I'll open the door  
Looking around, you don't live here anymore

I don't know what I can do for you  
I'm not sure what I can be for you  
And over some table in someone else's kitchen  
Someone's talking but no one wants to listen

They're at the point of talking about the morning  
Trying to decide who's going to go  
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in  
And who is going home

