

Dan Fogelberg

"To The Morning"

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Watching the sun
Watching it come
Watching it come up
Over the rooftops

Cloudy and warm
Maybe a storm
You can never quite tell
From the morning

And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning

Waiting for mail
Maybe a tail
From an old friend
Or even a lover

Sometimes there's none
But we have fun
Thinking of all who might
Have written

And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day

There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning

And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange

The sounds of the day

Now they hurry away
Now they are gone until tomorrow

When day will break
And you will wake
And you will rake your hands
Across your eyes and realize

That it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say
But come on morning

And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange

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