

Monkees

"Early Morning Blues & Greens"

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by Diane Hilderbrand & Jack Keller
A distant nightbird mocks the sun,
I wake as I have always done,
To freshly-scented sycamore,
And cold, bare feet on hardwood floor.
My steaming coffee warms my face,
I'm disappointed in the taste,
But, there's a peace the early brings

The morning world of growing things.

SOLO

I feel the moments hurry on,
It was today, it's died away,
And now it is forever gone.
And I will drink my coffee slow,
And I will watch my shadow grow,
And disappear in firelight,
And sleep alone again tonight.

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