

Nanci Griffith

"It's Just Another Morning Here"

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The telephone is ringin' in the middle of the night
And I pull the bed clothes higher
Will it stop calling out if I turn on the light?
I'm afraid of these shadows here
'Cause my past is truly frightening
And I'm afraid of the warmth in the down
Of a feathered heart in flight

It's just another morning here
(It's morning)
It's just another morning here
It's just another morning here
(It's morning)
And it's a miracle and it comes around
Every day of the year

Oh, the neighbors scream and their baby cries
And I'm hiding in the corner
Oh, I won't be them pray, I won't be them one day
And maybe it's just the breath of August
So hot upon my shoulder
Or an open window for a winged heart
To fly away

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