

Patrick Watson

"Morning Sheets"

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Underneath the morning sheets
My skin is tangled in between
Sun is peaking through the blanket holes
Don't you wish you were there?

Just before your open eyes
One our sides
My lips are gently walking
Don't you wish you were there?

Don't you wish you were there?
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there
Wish you were there

Underneath the morning sheets
Lips just slip along a gentle
The sun is sneaking through the blanket holes
Don't you wish you were there?

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