

## The Monkees

### "Early Morning Blues and Greens"

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A distant night bird 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.

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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