

The Pretty Things

"She Says Good Morning"

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She's there waiting at the gate painted by the dawn
She's there waiting at the gate as the velvet night sky is
torn

She says good morning
I smile and say the same

She stands waiting at the gate smiling at the rain
As I turn to wave to her I wish I could remain

She says good morning

She's there waiting at the gate mourning all she sees

Threading through a web of gas, the rain precedes the
storm
Coughing on my way to work, her smile keeps me warm

She said good morning
I smiled and said the same

She stands waiting at the gate, a picture in my brain

(good morning, good morning)
/]

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