

Miranda Lee Richards

"Olive Tree"

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Pick a fruit from the Olive Tree
Open it green, show me a taste of life
I'll try anything
Put at bay your adversary, your commentary
And show me a little faith
'Cause I don't have much these days

Life's a walk in the park on a cold misty mornin'
Life's a virtual sunrise that leaves me undaunted
And now the autumn has turned and I've learned
nothin'
Matters,
So woncha' wake me up in the mornin'?

We talk about it 'til we loose our voices
All these choices spinnin' 'round
Inside of our heads
Heliotrope's in the house of cards, the things that are
Hard
Get easier in time
If you turn toward the light

Life's a walk in the park on a cold misty mornin'
Life's a virtual sunrise that leaves me undaunted
And now the autumn has turned and I've learned
nothin'
Matters
So woncha' wake me up in the mornin'?
Oh, woncha' pick me up in the mornin'?

A magic trick turns the ordinary to extraordinary
What do you think of me now?
As I appear
You take your view from the Eiffel Tower; you feel your
Power
In the City of Light
The world is yours if you try

'Cause life's a walk in the park on a cold misty
Mornin'
Life's a virtual sunrise that leaves me undaunted

And now the autumn has turned and I've learned
nothin'
Matters
So won't you wake me up in the morning'?
Oh, woncha' pick me up in the morning'?
Yeah, won't you wake me up in the mornin'?

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