

Strawbs

"Sunday Morning"

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Strawbs - Sunday Morning

The stars begin to fade
The early morning mist is lifting
As he wakes with the silence still unbroken
The night has rolled away
The dawn is creeping through the window
As he rubs the shadows from his eyes

The sun begins to rise
To warm the room where he was sleeping
As he reads through the headlines of the papers
The dew is fading fast
As he is walking through the long grass
With church bell sounding in the tower

He waits inside the door
The clock strikes out the hour
He smiles pausing for a word as they arrive.
Farmers with their wives
Children with their flowers
Ladies in their bright mid-summer clothes

The stained glass windows shine
The congregation kneels in silence
Then the organ and choir
Join the birds in the trees
As they sing their Sunday morning song

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