

Monkees, The

"Early Morning Blues And Greens"

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(Diane Hilderbrand and Jack Keller)
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.

[Instrumental]

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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