

Morning Sun

Powderfinger

Baby, don't you weep
The world is at your feet
Did you think I was always gonna take your side

Grevellea's in bloom
Right outside your room
You can keep your honour
I can save my pride

Keep your hands up on the table
Well, I don't like the way that they've been carrying on

I never was one to complain about the way that things are done
If it spits like rain on the window frame
Come to wash away the morning sun
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There is nothing left to lose
No matter what I choose
I never thought that your face would burn so bright

The rest of it is fixed
I'm heading for the ditch
So I think that you better come and claim your prize

Who's that man there by the window
Well, I don't like the way that he's been carrying on.

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You come to wash away

Come to wash away the morning sun