

She Says Good Morning

The Pretty Things

She's there waiting at the gate
Painted by the dawn.
She's there waiting at the gates
As the velvet night sky is torn.

She says good morning,
I smile and say the same.

She's 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
Warming 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's stands waiting at the gate
A picture in my brain.