

Morning Again

Tom Paxton

Someone's morning begins,
The phone in the next apartment is ringing,
The man upstairs in the shower is singing loudly.
Someone's morning begins,
The shadows on his window are thinning,
The picture on his dresser is grinning proudly.

Morning again, the sun is probably shining,
Someone is probably finding his way.
Morning again, somebody else's day.

Someone's morning begins,
The sound of his razor is humming and whirring,
And somebody under the blankets is stirring and talking.
Someone's morning begins,
I think I hear him ordering dinner,
His steps in the hall are the steps of a winner stalking.

Morning again, the sun is probably shining,
Someone is probably finding his way.
Morning again, somebody else's day.

Somebody else is going for glory,
Someone else is going far;
I'm drinking my instant coffee
And wondering where you are.

Someone's morning begins,
And down on the pavement the traffic is roaring,
I make more coffee and catch myself pouring one for you.
Someone's morning begins,
The radio gives me advice with my dishes,
I'm tripping myself on the things that I wish I had done for you.

Morning again, the sun is probably shining,
Someone is probably finding his way.
Morning again, somebody else's day.