

# To the Morning

Dan Fogelberg

Watching the sun  
Watching it come  
Watching it come up  
Over the rooftops

Cloudy and warm  
Maybe a storm  
You can never quite tell  
From the morning

And it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning

Waiting for mail  
Maybe a tail  
From an old friend  
Or even a lover

Sometimes there's none  
But we have fun  
Thinking of all who might  
Have written

And it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning

And maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strange

The sounds of the day  
Now they hurry away  
Now they are gone until tomorrow

When day will break  
And you will wake  
And you will rake your hands  
Across your eyes and realize

That it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning

Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning

And maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strange