

## Morning Air

Jason Reeves

The color of the morning air  
The sound of silent stares  
Perfect spirals in your hair  
My pillow smells just like your skin

You tilt your head towards mine  
Open slow  
Your pretty eyes  
Then to my surprise you set my lips on fire

And I am torn  
Said I  
I  
I am torn  
And I  
I  
I  
I am torn by your smile as you pull away  
As you pull away  
Yeah

I have the sweetest dreams right next to you  
Like nothing exists at all outside this room  
Yeah  
The sweetest dreams are next to you  
'Cause I don't even have to close my eyes

The color of the morning air  
The sound of silent stares  
Perfect spirals in your hair  
My pillow smells just like your skin

And I'm thinking that I have the sweetest dreams right next to  
you  
Like nothing exists at all outside this room  
Yeah  
The sweetest dreams are next to you  
'Cause I don't even have to close my eyes