

Morning

Mud

Morning, is the time of day,
When you are far away
That I'll miss you.

Feeling, your body next to mine,
Giving that certain smile,
That you want me.

Oh I wonder.
Yes how I wonder.
Why are you leaving
Maybe you'll stay
While I still pray.
Oh, how I pray.

So I wait for evening.
When the sun goes down.
And you're still home.

Oh I wonder.
Yes how I wonder.
Why are you leaving
Maybe you'll stay
While I still pray.
Oh, how I pray.
Oh, how I pray.
Oh, how I pray.