

Morning

Phil Ochs

Drinks are done, daylight's come
It's morning
Crowd's moved on, everybody's gone
It's morning

Sun's arising on the wet horizon
Another day is here
As I dream alone by the silent phone
It's morning

Lonesome morning reverie
All the life's gone out of me
Coffee's cold, paper's old
It's morning

Head's on fire, oh lord I'm tried
It's morning
Waiting for another day to live and die away
Try not to fret, try to forget

That it's morning
Lonesome morning reverie
All the life's gone out of me
Drinks are done, daylight's come
It's morning, morning, morning