

Early Morning Blues And Greens

The Monkees

A distant night bird mocks the sun.
I wake as I have always done,
To freshly scented sycamore
And cold bare feet on hardwood floor.

My steaming coffee warms ny face
I'm diappointed in the taste.
But there's a peace the early brings
The morning world of growing things.

I feel the moments hurry on
It was today, it's died away,
And now it is forever gone.

And I will drink my coffee slow
And I will watch my shadow grow
And disappear in firelight
And sleep alone again tonight.