

Another Morning

The Mutton Birds

(Don McGlashan)

She turns her face to the wall
She won't let anybody see her
The winter comes and sits
Where the window doesn't fit
And she cries herself awake another morning
Across the street a cafe
And the sound of people laughing
Her heart it wants to go
But the rest of her says no
And she lies under the weight of another morning
Another morning
She might have flown away with the day
With her sorrow circling below her
Another morning could see her swinging high above the crowds
With the feeling that they all want to know her
But the truth is that she
Don't know who she'll be tomorrow
Just what face to wear
Or the way she'll do her hair
And that's why she's so afraid of another morning
But the truth is that she
Don't know who she'll be tomorrow
Just what face to wear
Or the way she'll do her hair
And that's why she's so afraid of another morning
Why's she so afraid of another morning?
Oh, why's she so afraid of another morning?