

# I Give You the Morning

Tom Paxton

Ever again the morning creeps across your shoulders  
Through the frosted window pane the sun grows bolder  
Your hair flows down your pillow, you're still sleeping

I think I'll wake you now and hold you  
Tell you again the things I've told you  
Behold I give you the morning  
I give you the day

Through the waving curtain wall the sun comes streaming  
Far behind your flickering eyelids, you're still dreaming  
You're dreaming of the good times, and you're smiling

I think I'll wake you now and hold you  
Tell you again the things I've told you  
Behold I give you the morning  
I give you the day

Close beneath the window cill the earth is humming  
Like an eager Christmas child, the day is coming  
Listen to the morning's song, it's singing

I think I'll wake you now and hold you  
Tell you again the things I've told you  
Behold I give you the morning  
I give you the day

Like an antique ballroom fan your eyelids flutter  
Sunlight streams across your eyes, through open shutters  
Now I think you're ready for the journey

I think I'll wake you now and hold you  
Tell you again the things I've told you  
Behold I give you the morning  
I give you the day