

## Ether Sunday

Trey Anastasio

Sunday morning  
Shadows on the shade  
Yellow dusted fingers bent  
Through day old lemonade  
Sounds of breathing  
The birds singing in the trees  
Beautiful morning  
There's no place I'd rather be

I sit right down and I rest awhile  
By a shady tree  
Golden rows of summer  
Stretched as far as I can see  
Sounds of music  
Are rippling through my head  
Harry's in the kitchen  
Captain's still in bed

Cause life is just a funny dream  
And someday  
I'll share this dream with you  
Just to be with you  
This much I pray  
It's true, it's true, it's true, it's true

Life is just a funny dream  
And someday  
I'll share this dream with you  
Just to be with you  
This much I pray  
It's true, it's true, it's true, it's true, it's true, it's true  
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