

The Day

Waterdeep

Morning can be a time of mourning or potential hope
As the sunlight warms my window where I lay
Emotion muffled by devotion to myself and
No one can wake me from this dream

Hour by hour and day by day
We go through our lives finding our own way
What do you get by singing alone
The music just bounces off the wall

Noonday the glowing heat of the sun's gaze on my discontent
I'll bask in the rays or slowly suffer its abuse
And high tide is rolling in and the undertow pulls me out to sea
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The soft sand makes it awfully hard to stand

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Evening, time to go to bed and forget the day that I just had
And then the morning is the highlight of the day