I Give You The Morning

Weeping Willows

Ever again the morning creeps across your shoulders Through he 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, trough 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

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