

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