

Daybreak

Bert Jansch

It's daybreak
The all-nighter's faded to a close
The last of the folkies
Rises and goes
As the shock of the morning sun blinds your eyes
It's Sunday morning

There's a tom-cat
Alone and padding through the streets
And a vagrant
In a doorway's wrapped in a dirty sheet

Such an air of unreality you can only feel
On a Sunday morning

A play-land with no-one to spin the merry-go-round
Where the horses stand silent
Waiting to be found
A dreamland, a mirage so clear in broad daylight
It's Sunday morning