

Searching For The Morning Sun

Charley Pride

Standin' in a pouring rain on a cold Chicago day
A worn and battered suitcase in my hand
Watch the trains pullin' in and out the people are rushin' about
Wondering what goes to the making of a man
Searching for the morning sun and anyplace and everyone
Lord I've got a troubled mind looking for something that I might never find

Sittin' on a crowded train a ticket in my right hand
Nothing but confusion on my mind
Now there's been several towns thought I'd lay my wandering down
I tried 'em once then I left them all behind
Searching for the morning sun...
Searching for the morning sun..
Looking for something that I might never find