

Morning Air

Jason Reeves

The color of the morning air
The sound of silent stares
Perfect spirals in your hair
My pillow smells just like your skin

You tilt your head towards mine
Open slow
Your pretty eyes
Then to my surprise you set my lips on fire

And I am torn
Said I
I
I am torn
And I
I
I
I am torn by your smile as you pull away
As you pull away
Yeah

I have the sweetest dreams right next to you
Like nothing exists at all outside this room
Yeah
The sweetest dreams are next to you
'Cause I don't even have to close my eyes

The color of the morning air
The sound of silent stares
Perfect spirals in your hair
My pillow smells just like your skin

And I'm thinking that I have the sweetest dreams right next to
you
Like nothing exists at all outside this room
Yeah
The sweetest dreams are next to you
'Cause I don't even have to close my eyes