

The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise

Jeff Beck

Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise.
Every rose is covered with dew
And while the world is waiting for the sunrise
And my heart is calling you.

Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise.
Every little rose bud is covered with dew
And my heart is calling you
The thrush on high his sleepy mate is calling
And my heart is calling you.