The Morning Song

Sam Brown

It's five thirty a.m.
Laying here thinking again
The sun is so beautiful
Smiling pink in the sky
I'm wondering why
This doesn't happen all the time
But then maybe if it did
It wouldn't be so blinding
A deep light rose
But I know what I mean
It's something to be seen
Have you seen it?

It's five thirty a.m.
Laying here thinking again
That deep light rose
Pushing pink through my window
Rosy and light, but daytime's
not quite here
I hope I can sleep
I should knowing I can keep
This sun in my mind
I'll never go blind
With this memory
Of something to see.

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