Your Face

The Waiting

I'll see Your face in the morning
While the shadows are long
I'll come to You in the morning
Before the heaviness of day devours
The stillness of dawn
The sun will rise in the morning
I'll start all over again
I'll spin around like I'm dancing
Oh, but soon, the music will end

I'll come to You with desire
But color it with regret
I know I'll be disappointed
Not with the morning
Not here, not now, not yet

I'll come to You with a dream in my hand
Holding on to a Word I know is true
I'll see Your face in the morning
And recollect that I, I never knew...

The face of all others
When they fade, and the years roll into You
I'll see Your Face in the morning
I'll recollect that I never knew

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