

# Cole Lloyd, Morning Is Broken

used to be mean  
used to be cruel  
but you were laughing then  
and it was no accident  
where did the mean man go  
is he chasing his shadow  
is he unhappy to report  
that the gentleman he found is a terrible bore  
you know it all  
you've got all the answers  
but if that's the case  
what's with the long face  
it's very easy to be brave  
with your good foot in the grave  
it's very easy to be cold  
when there's no one in the world you want to know  
it's very easy to be suave  
when you're on your guard  
like you always are  
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise  
and morning is broken as you mourn your life  
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors  
you face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore  
is it hard to let go  
at the foot of the rainbow  
just to be informed  
that the chase was your reward  
here have a crock of gold  
keep it for when you're old  
like a week on tuesday  
hey wise man say  
it's very easy to be brave  
with your good foot in the grave  
it's very easy to be cold  
when there's nowhere in the world you want to go  
it's very easy to be suave  
when you're on your guard  
like you always are  
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise  
and morning is broken as you mourn your life  
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors  
you face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore  
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise  
and morning is broken as you mourn your life  
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors  
the morning is broken, mister pimp or whore  
put me in the ground  
put me in the ground  
come on put me in the ground  
the morning is broken  
(the morning is broken as you mourn your life)  
come on put me in the ground  
(the sun goes down and now the shadows arise)  
come on come on put me in the ground  
(the morning is broken as you mourn your life)  
the morning is broken  
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise  
and morning is broken as you mourn your life