

Holly Throsby, The Morning

Night's gone and morning's come
We're rolling over, waking up
And I swing, swing these days along
Counting moments, missing home

We follow love
We think it makes us strong
All these years, love
How could we be wrong?

Then like you, this bird it flew
It misses like I'm missing you
And we drink, drink, we throw them down
We're better off, we're better now

We follow love
We think it makes us strong
All these years, love
How could we be wrong?