

Marianne Faithfull, Morning Comes

When will the morning come?
I wait in darkness so long.
Will the sun ever rise again?

Hours flowing over me
I wait in vain for some change.
Will light ever pierce this pain?

Riding on a humming bird's wing,
Caravans fleeing from the east.
May the pilgrim join in the feast.

How will the morning be?
I watched the dawn in my dreams
And imagined the day for years.
Shall I feel warmth again
And feel it true when they say
That the day never ends in tears?

Riding on a humming bird's wing,
Caravans fleeing from the east.
May the pilgrim join in the feast.

Tell me please,

How will it come
This release,
A crack in the door.

Shall I feel warm again
And feel it true when they say
That the day never ends in tears?

Beyond and back of the wind
Little birds fly into the sea.
Morning light shine on me.

Oh, tell me please, how will she come
Surrounding me, the opening door?

Riding on a humming bird's wing,
Caravans fleeing from the east.
May the pilgrim join in the feast

Beyond and back of the wind
Little birds fly into the sea.
Morning light shine on me.

Riding on a humming bird's wing,
Caravans fleeing from the east...