

Sergio Mendes, Chelsea Morning

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning,
And the first thing that I heard,
Was a song outside my window,
And the traffic wrote the words,
It came ringing up like christmas bells,
And rapping up like pipes and drums.

Oh, won't you stay we'll put on the day,
And we'll wear it 'till the night comes.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning,
And the first thing that I saw,
Was the sun through yellow curtains,
And a rainbow on the wall,
Blue, red, green and gold to welcome you,
Crimson crystal beads to beckon

Oh, won't you stay we'll put on the day,
There's a sun show every second.

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of today.
And the streets are paved with passersby,
And pigeons fly, and papers lie,
Waiting to blow away.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning,
And the first thing that I knew,
There was milk and toast and honey,
And a bowl of orangejuice too,
And the sun poured in like butterscotch,
And stuck to all my senses.
Oh, wont you stay we'll put on the day,
And we'll talk in present tenses.

When the cuntain closes,
And the rainbow runs away,
I will bring you incense owls by night,
By candlelight, by two jewellight
If only you will stay.
Pretty baby won't you.
Wake up, it is a Chelsea morning.