

Amos Lee, Morning

Morning, Like a picture without a frame.
Morning, like a smile without a name.
Simple, oh, so simple, and yet so true.
Oh morning, I know now, why your sky is so blue.

Only I, I cannot see through it;
oh, so, see behind it.
There are some things so beautiful,
they're just undefined

Morning. like a prophet without a word.
Oh morning, like a soldier without a soul.
My, my, my, funny how we see so much,
but cannot feel a thing.
Oh my sweet savior, morning. hear me sing.
Hear me sing.

Morning.
Morning.
Morning.
Morning.