

# Barclay James Harvest, Early Morning

Early morning,  
It's cold and the sun is white  
For I was born in  
The darkness before the light

Of a new day  
A new way of living  
Of giving delight  
And if you pay  
Then you may be slipping  
Back into the night

Then all knowing  
With words and with pen I write  
Of the growing  
Of things that are in my sight

Early evening  
It's cold and the moon is bright  
And I believe in  
The darkness before the light  
Of a new day