

# Beck, Waking Light

Waking light, it grew from the shadow  
Brace yourself to the morning low  
Night is gone, long way turning  
You've waited long enough to know

When the memory leaves you  
Somewhere you can't make it home  
When the morning comes to meet you  
Lay me down in waking light

No one sees you here, roots are all covered  
There's such a life to go and how much can you show?  
Day is gone on a landslide of rhythm  
It's in your lamplight burning low

When the memory leaves you  
Somewhere you can't make it home  
When the morning comes to meet you  
Rest your eyes in waking light

When the memory leaves you  
Somewhere you can't make it home  
When the morning comes to meet you  
Open your eyes with waking light