

Bob Lind, It Wasn't Just The Morning

The dawn came down on golden wings
And left behind unhappy things
The morning was a breaking out across the open sky
And I felt my soul a singing as the dark began to die
But it wasn't just the morning it was you.
It wasn't just the morning it was you.

The wind passed by and touched the trees
The seasons freed them from their leaves
We watched the mountain windows (?) silhouetted on the mist
As the fingers of their branches opened up their bitter fists
But it wasn't just the morning it was you.
It wasn't just the morning it was you.

The sun was still behind the day
The black surrendered to the grey
A bird was singing somewhere about a rainbow that he's found
And the stillness of the morning painted colours on the sound
But it wasn't just the morning it was you.
It wasn't just the morning it was you.

The morning stood and held its breath
Holding the daylight to its breast
But something there was moving that we couldn't really see
And we felt the silence filling up the space between the trees
But it wasn't just the morning it was you.
It wasn't just the morning it was you.

Unfinished thoughts were left unsaid
Outside the houses raised their heads
My heavy eyes looked out to where the daylight had begin
And I knew behind the mist there was the promise of the sun
But it wasn't just the morning it was you.
It wasn't just the morning it was you.

It was you.

It was you.

It was you.