

Brian Wilson, Morning Beat

Maumamayama glory, Hallelujah
Maumamayama glory, Hallelujah

The sun burns a hole through the 6am haze
Turns up the volume and shows off its rays
Another dodger blue skies is crowning L.A.
The city of angels is blessed everyday

That lucky old sun smiles on me
Wanna slide down the mountain to the dancing sea

I'm listening to the morning beat
It's rising from star-studded concrete
The city has my favourite soundtrack
It makes you wanna move even though it's laidback

Take it in stride, it'll kickstart your feet
When you're tuned in to the morning beat

Driving through the maze of the Hollywood Hills
Headed to the ocean for a view that could kill
Watching from the wheel at Santa Monica pier
A million diamonds floating on heavenly tears

The gentle wind won't make a sound
Even though it's forcing the waves to pound

Maumamayama glory, Hallelujah
Maumamayama glory, Hallelujah

Hear those guitars gently strumming
Hear those voices softly humming
It's hard to feel down
Living in this town
But you're so far away
It's a long, long way from January
All the way to December

Even when the sun and I head off the street
There's an unspoken promise that we keep
We'll pilot our light into another day
And keep a golden glow warming up L.A.

Even when dreams are deep and sweet
I'm listening for the rhythm of the morning beat
I'll listen for the morning beat
I'll listen for the morning beat

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