

Everything But The Girl, Meet Me In The Morning

Meet me in the morning
I'll have the motor running
Down icy lanes, under a glass blue sky
This is living
This is living
I haven't come to be a stranger
I haven't come to break your home
I haven't come to harm your children
I've come to be your love
Don't let the grass grow under your feet
The sands of time keep running
For now at last I'm down on the street
With the engine running
Meet me in the evening
I'll have the log fire burning
Down frosty lanes, under a darkening sky
This is living
This is living
I haven't come to be a stranger
I haven't come to break your home
I haven't come to harm your children
I've come to be your love