

Ginga, In The Morning

In the morning, in the morning sun
I wished upon your bare neck in my palm
In the morning, in the morning hour
The grandfather clock skips a howl
And every next morning I keep forgetting
The silence that we shared last night, we had to share

In the morning, in the morning sun
I wake up with my sheets and shirts all gone
In the pastime, in the pastime hour
You walk the sidewalks wearing all of them

And every next morning
I keep forgetting
The sheets that we shared last night.

In the morning, in the morning sun
I wished I hadn't caught you in his /her arms
In the lucid, in the lucid hour
I wake up to you singing in the shower

And every next morning
I keep regretting
The silence that we shared last night,
The silence that we shared last night,
The silence that we shared last
The silence that we shared
Pull the carpets and then pull the plugs

I gathered your clothes and put them on fire
No such fire will ever extinguish my desire
Is it really over or is it not
I really don't know, so i really must stop