

# 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