

Glen Campbell, Mary In The Morning

(Johnny Cymbal - Michael Lendell)

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
When through a sleepy haze I see her lyin' there
Soft as the rain that falls on summer flowers
Warm as the sunlight shinin' on her golden hair, mhm.

When I wake and see her there so close beside me
I want to take her in my arms
The ache is there so deep inside me
And nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning.

Chasin' a rainbow in the dream so far away
And when she turns to touch it I kiss her face so softly
My Mary wakes to love another day, mhm.

My Mary's there in sunny days or stormy weather
She doesn't care 'cause right or wrong
The love we share we share together
And nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the evening.

Kissed by the shades of night and starlight on her hair
And as we walk I hold her close beside me
Oh, how tomorrows for lifetime we'll share, mhm.

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the evening...