

James Taylor, Another Grey Morning

When I feel as though my love is sinking down, the sun doesn't want to shine.
When it feels like she won't face another day, life is unkind, she's frozen in time.
And here comes another grey morning. A not so good morning after all.
She says "well, what am I to do today with too much time and so much sorrow."

She hears the baby waking up downstairs.
She hears the foghorn calling out across the sound.
Repetition in the morning air is just too much to bear, and no one seems to care.
If another day goes creeping by empty and ashamed,
like an old unwanted memory that no one will claim.
The clouds with their heads on the ground, she's gonna have to come down.

She said "move me, move me, I'm locked up inside."
Well, I didn't understand her though God knows I tried.
She said "make me angry but just make me cry.
But no more grey morning, I think I'd rather die."