

Kisschasy, Morning

Morning, the sun wakes and when I shake off my daze
I see the one I look up to but I never told you I do.

Sweet as a honey glaze and warm as a summer day,
You are the one I look up to but I never told you.
Your bones are sore and weak but your will is as strong as concrete.
I'd give the air I breathe for you but I never told you what I'd do.