Lani Hall, To The Morning

Watching the sun
Watching it come
Watching it come up over the rooftops.

Cloudy and warm
Maybe a storm
You can never quite tell
From the morning.

Chorus
And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say no
To the morning.

Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to
Say but
Come on morning

Waiting for mail
Maybe a tail
From an old friend
Or even a lover

Sometimes there's none
But we have fun
Thinking of all who might
Have written

And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange

The sounds of the day
They hurry away
Now they are gone until tomorrow

When day will break
And you will wake
And you will rake your hands
Across your eyes
And realize

That it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say no
To the morning

Yes it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say but
Come on morning