

Melanie, In The Hour

In the hour when the sun shines bright
On my head in the city where I am alone,
I never think of that once told story
When two flowers almost were one.
But what to do?
I still think in the morning of you.

When darkness hovers and city lights take over
I am blinded to the words "I am alone";
It's useless to cry for a star in the sky,
For the city lights tell me there's none.
But what to do?
I still cry in the morning for you.

When my head touches my pillow I am too weary
To dare dream that I am alone.
Now I lay myself down to sleep,
I pray the Lord his soul to keep is my song.
But what to do?
I still dream in the morning for you.
What to do?
I still cry in the morning for you