Noa, Boker

monday morning, and you tell me: waking up beside you is living in style i feel the sun caressing, softly through the shades, and for no particular reason, i think i'm gonna smile!

wake up, sweety, wake up!
(that's just what you tell me)
sleepy, sleepyhead,
your eyes are still afloat
and the radio carries on in the holy language
about a million traffic jams from rishon to ganot

there's a little song playing as the day begins bright and clear any minute now the news god i hope today we'll hear good morning, good morning, yeah..

listen, i've decided (that's just what you tell me) both of us are going, but not to work, hurrah! we could check the water level of the sea of galilee or make a run for chocolate-milk down in yotvata

there's a little song playing as the day begins bright and clear any minute now the news god i hope today we'll hear good morning, good morning

let's take the dusty 'charade' our heartache and longing still stuck on her glass we can take it slowly, for history's before us what good would it do us to speed by the past?

there's a little song playing as the day begins bright and clear any minute now the news god i hope today we'll hear good morning, good morning, yeah!

good morning!