

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, sweetie, 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!