

Powderfinger, Morning Sun

Baby, don't you weep
The world is at your feet
Did you think I was always gonna take your side

Grevellea's in bloom
Right outside your room
You can keep your honour
I can save my pride

Keep your hands up on the table
Well, I don't like the way that they've been carrying on

I never was one to complain about the way that things are done
If it spits like rain on the window frame
Come to wash way the morning sun
I never was one to complain about the way that things are done
If it spits like rain on the window frame
Come to wash away the morning sun

There is nothing left to lose
No matter what I choose
I never thought that your face would burn so bright

The rest of it is fixed
I'm heading for the ditch
So I think that you better come and claim your prize

Who's that man there by the window
Well, I don't like the way that he's been carrying on.

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You come to wash away

Come to wash away the morning sun