

Pretty Things, She Says Good Morning

She's there waiting at the gate□painted by the dawn.
She's there waiting at the gates as the velvet night sky is torn.

She says good morning,□I smile and say the same.

She's stands waiting at the gate smiling at the rain.
As I turn to wave to her I wish I could remain.

She [-eee] says good morning.

She's there waiting at the gate warming all she sees.

Threading through a web of gas the rain precedes the storm,
Coughing on my way to work her smile keeps me warm

She said good morning□ smiled and said the same.

She's stands waiting at the gate a picture in my brain.