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 \square smiled and said the same.

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