

Yanni, In The Morning Light

I wake up to see you Standing in the morning light.
I reach out to touch you,
But all that I get Is a memory, and yet, I feel you are near
But my vision's not clear.

Yet I have your image always in view,
I'm forever thinking of you.
I feel you watching me Quietly in the morning light.
I try to find some peace of mind
In knowing you're where You don't have a care.
I take comfort that You no longer have

To keep living in a world full of pain,
But I ache to see you again.
On rainy days I sit and think of our lost years,
The times we spent apart just fill my eyes with tears,
But fields of wild flowers and yellow butterflies
Remind me of you and make me smile.

I walk in to your room And stand there in the morning light.
I cherish the memories:
Your robe on a hook,
The pictures you took.
I can smell your perfume
On the clothes in your room.

Everything I see makes your loss hard to bear,
I see you everywhere.
I live now in a still world Listening in the morning light.
I strain to hear a familiar voice
But all that I hear Is the sound of my tears.
Then from a far place
Comes the slightest trace
Of your voice saying, "I'm all right, you see,
and I always will be."