

Mary in the Morning

[Al Martino](#)

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
When through a sleepy haze I see her lying there
Soft as the rain that falls on summer flowers
Warm as the sunlight shining on her golden hair
When I awake and see her there so close beside me
I want to take her in my arms, the ache is there so deep inside me
And nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the
morning
Chasing a rainbow in her dreams so far away
And when she turns to touch me, I kiss her face so softly
Then my Mary wakes to love another day
And Mary's there in sunny days or stormy weather
She doesn't care 'cause right or wrong the love we share, we share together

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