

Mary in the Morning

[Elvis Presley](#)

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
When through the sleepy haze I see her lying there
Soft as the rain that falls on summerflowers
Warm as the sunlight shining on her head
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
Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
Chasing the rainbow in her dreams so far away
And when she turns to touch me I kiss her fingers so softly
And then my Mary wake to love and love again
And Mary's there in summer days or stormy weather
She doesn't care how right or wrong the love we share,
We share together

Songwriters

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