Morning

Lennon

The feeling of coming to no one there
You rip off my clothes as you rip off my life
Destroyed my world in a matter of words
You left me waiting, you left me understanding
You left me waiting, you left me waitingI hear a knock at the door
And I don't care who's not there anymore
This sound is driving me insane
And damn it, nothing's going my wayWe're at the point of talking about the morning
Trying to decide who's going to go
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in
And who is going homeI'm running through the forest by myself
I'm walking over oceans to you
Hey Ma, I'm walking on water
Hey God, I think I'm Your sonWe're at the point of talking about the morning
Trying to decide who's going to go
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in
And who is going homeDon't stand there looking at me
Don't stand there looking through me
Just take your clothes and I'll open the door
Looking around, you don't live here anymoreI don't know what I can do for you
I'm not sure what I can be for you
And over some table in someone else's kitchen
Someone's talking but no one wants to listenThey're at the point of talking about the morning
Trying to decide who's going to go
I think you forgot whose bed you slept in
And who is going home

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