

# To the Morning

Dan Fogelberg

Watching the sun  
Watching it come  
Watching it come up  
Over the rooftopsCloudy and warm  
Maybe a storm  
You can never quite tell  
From the morningAnd it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morningYes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morningWaiting for mail  
Maybe a tale  
From an old friend  
Or even a loverSometimes there's none  
But we have fun  
Thinking of all who might  
Have writtenAnd it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morningYes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morningAnd maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strangeThe sounds of the day  
Now they hurry away  
Now they are gone until tomorrowWhen day will break  
And you will wake  
And you will rake your hands  
Across your eyes and realizeThat it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morningYes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morningAnd maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strange

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