

# To the Morning

**Dan Fogelberg**

Watching the sun  
Watching it come  
Watching it come up  
Over the rooftops Cloudy and warm  
Maybe a storm  
You can never quite tell  
From the morning And it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning Waiting for mail  
Maybe a tale  
From an old friend  
Or even a lover Sometimes there's none  
But we have fun  
Thinking of all who might  
Have written And it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning And maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strange The sounds of the day  
Now they hurry away  
Now they are gone until tomorrow When day will break  
And you will wake  
And you will rake your hands  
Across your eyes and realize That it's going to be a day  
There is really no way to say  
No to the morning Yes it's going to be a day  
There is really nothing left to say  
But come on morning And maybe there are seasons  
And maybe they change  
And maybe to love is not so strange

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