

Morning Sun

David Arthur Brown

I never liked the morning sun
It shines a light on all the damage that I've done
The happy people waking up to start their day
Birds singing in the trees everything's OK
But nothing's right for me
I ain't been to sleep in almost 3 days I never liked the morning sun
The cigarette burns and the ashes on the rug
And all the empty places where you used to be
In the bathroom or in bed lying next to me
Now I'm here all alone
With a dirty old robe and a wide screen TV Sunday afternoons
They always end too soon
For daydreamers like us
The pale winter sun
The northbound 101
A smoky Greyhound bus I never liked the morning sun
It makes it hard to face the man that I become
Maybe next time 'round it'll all turn out OK
And I'll show up as a fireman or a sage
Or surfer who's fearless on giant waves
Or just another Joe with a wife and a home
And a kid on the way.

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