

Morning Story

Jack Bruce

Running, jumping, pushing it's way
Morning nighttime blends into day
Can't find curtains to shut it away
We were alone in the hills of the night
Now the neon dawn let's in the light
And the Milkman that nobody knows
Leaves bottles of tears
At the house full of laughter
Nobody ever hears
O the grass is burned black
By the ships coming back from the stars, golden stars
Sea turned to steam
When we boiled the dream of tomorrow, tomorrow
When it gets light
Some of them always stay
She's dressed in white
Till then smoke turns her grey
Falling, stumbling, feeling it's way
Morning nighttime moves into day
Can;t find warmth to keep it away
Used to be alone on the waves of cloud
Now the flotsam dawn brings in the crowd
And the angel who sits in the car
Full of desire
But the hoses who came from the town
Put out her fire
O the seas have run dry
And the sun's one good eye is to blind to see
Sky has gone bad
From the good times we had burning bright, such good times
When it gets light
Some of them always stay
She's dressed in white
Till the smoke turns her gray

Songwriters

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Published by
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