

# 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 hearsO 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, tomorrowWhen it gets light  
Some of them always stay  
She's dressed in white  
Till then smoke turns her greyFalling, stumbling, feeling it's way  
Morning nighttime moves into day  
Can;t find warmth to keep it awayUsed 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 fireO the seas have run dy  
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 timesWhen it gets light  
Some of them always stay  
She's dressed in white  
Till the smoke turns her gray

Songwriters

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