

In the Real Early Morning

Jacob Collier

In the real early morning with the sun slowly risin'
I was walking out slowly wanderin' free.
When out in the distance over the valley
I saw an old friend waiting for me, waiting for me. She was a young girl. She was an old soul.
As fair as the ocean, timeless and free.
She was my mother. She was my daughter.
She was my lover. She was everything an old friend could be. I said, "It's been such a long time since we have
spoken.
There's so much to say to you. I want you to know.
I wish you could tell me all that you've seen here.
We haven't got long now, for soon you'll be fading and soon I must go." I know the way home. She said, "You
are a soldier. You are a father.
You are a wise man. You are a friend. You were my first love. I won't forget you.
I'm walking beside you.
I was here when you started. I'll be here till the end." And now it's the evening. There's a moon slowly rising.
There isn't much more that I wanted to know (wanted to know).
And I am alone now. She isn't beside me no more.
But I feel no sorrow. I'll come tomorrow. I'll be on my way home. I'll be on my way home.

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