

# 8:16 AM

## 311

Stranger flowers yet, there will never come  
A day that I will ever regret  
The hours, days, years and the minutes  
The joy the pain the sunshine and rain in it  
The drives on the coast to nowhere  
Nothing to say just sit and stare  
There's nothing like the comfort of a silence  
That's comfortable, not talking small, just skip the bull  
Then I find myself in servility  
Didn't think that was my ability  
I go a yard and a mile to make you smile  
But then I'm happy see I got so many ways  
To make your gaze elliptical  
Got a ways to go, the future's so cryptical and I'm glad  
Just another many things we've had  
It's 8:16 A.M. will you wake up to me  
The first thing that you see my eyes open  
I'm just hopin' you feel the same as me  
The day starts carefully on the sidewalk with the dog  
You're right last night I was a hog  
Come on I'm sorry, it's 73 degrees, January easily glides  
Oh, easily glides  
Stranger flowers still, if you're gonna wanna  
Go another day I will, like this, make it a deal, sealed  
With a kiss sealed with the feel of impermanent bliss  
Today my love we shall let the world slide  
Turn off the ringer and just glide  
For we shall never be younger again  
Then what do you see  
It's 8:16 A.M. will you wake up to me  
The first thing that you see my eyes open  
I'm just hopin' you feel the same as me  
The day starts carefully on the sidewalk with the dog  
You're right last night I was a hog  
Come on I'm sorry, Holiday on the radio  
Billie knows that is the way to go, the way to go

Songwriters

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