

Fairytales Morning

David Allan Coe

It's a fairytale morning, the ocean looks turquoise
As if it was painted that way
The waves how they rush from the shore or the island
It carries my vision awayThe sun seems to blind that part of my mind
That's searching for yesterday's rhymes
It's the first day of something
And I wonder if it could be loveShe lays there and tosses her head on the pillow
She peeks from the blanket to see
She looks like a child but acts like a woman
Whenever she reaches for meHer touch burns my skin and that makes me frightened
She looks like a photograph there
Its the first day of something
And I wonder if it could be loveYes, it's hard to believe I spent all this time here alone
Trying to forget the heartaches that broke up our home
Now they're goneWhy, she's seen it all, from the start to the fall
She knew I'd need some place to hide
My wife, she had taking the baby and left me
With all of this hatred insideShe's been my friend, she helped me get over
And now that I'm better I see
The first day of something
And I wonder if it could be love

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