Morningside

Neil Diamond

Morningside
The old man died
And no one cried
They simply turned away

And when he died
He left a table made of nails and pride
And with his hands,
He carved these words inside
'For my children'

Morning light
Morning bright
I spent the night
With dreams that make you weep
Morning time
Wash away the sadness
From these eyes of mine
For I recall the words an old man signed
'For my children'

[Spoken:]
And the legs were shaped with his hands
And the top made of oaken wood
And the children
That sat around this great table
Touched it with their laughter
Ah, and that was good

Morningside
An old man died
And no one cried
He surely died alone
And truth is sad
For not a child would claim the gift he had
The words he carved became his epitaph
'For my children'

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