In the Morning Sun

Mimes On Rollercoasters

When the morning comes, he finds himself asleep.
Feel the rising sun; it warms him with its heat.
Dew settled on, the ground around his feet.
See the joggers run, over near the street.

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.
He feels the breeze; hear birds sing in the trees.
He wants to run, there in the morning sun.

The children circle him, and whisper to themselves.
They could never know, his life's a living hell.
It's time he should move on, still lying where he fell.
He's a day older now, but who could ever tell?

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.
He feels the breeze; hear birds sing in the trees.
He wants to run, there in the morning sun.

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.
He feels the breeze; hear birds sing in the trees.
He wants to run, there in the morning sun.

The moment freezes him; a thought has crossed his mind.
Suddenly he realized, his bottle he can't find.
He searches frantically; something's caught his eye.
A brown paper bag; he leaves a shallow sigh.

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.
He feels the breeze; hear birds sing in the trees.
He wants to run, there in the morning sun.

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.
He feels the breeze; hear birds sing in the trees.
He wants to run; he's not the only one.

The morning's here; wash away the fear.
Another day, he cannot find his way.

Lyrics Submitted by Mimes On Rollercoasters

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