

# 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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