

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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