

Morning

Kisschasy

Morning, the sun wakes up
And when I shake off my daze
I see the one I look up to
But I never told you I do Sweet as a honey glaze
And warm as a summer day
You are the one I look up to
But I never told you Your bones are sore and weak
But your will is as strong as concrete
Id give the air I breathe for you
But I never told you what Id do

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