

Morning Way

Trader Horne

Dreaming strands of nightmare
Are sticking to my feet
It's time to wake up and throw away
The last remaining sheetSunlight sliding down my back
And dripping on the gray
It's time to watch the dawning light
Reveal the morning wayDreams are fading
Now it's nearly noon
And then it's afternoon
The leaves are creeping
Green inside the dayTo where the friends
Who used to lend me love
Are all above my head
And looking down at me
To smile at how it ought to beTo where the friends
Who used to lend me love
Are all above my head
And looking down at me
To smile at how it ought to beTo where the friends
Who used to lend me love
Are all above my head
And looking down at me
To smile at how it ought to be

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