

Chelsea Morning

Rebecca Luker

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I heard
Was a song outside my window
And the traffic wrote the words

It came a-ringing up like Christmas bells
And rapping up like pipes and drums
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
And we'll wear it till the night comes

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I saw
Was the sun through yellow curtains
And a rainbow on the wall

Blue, red, green and gold to welcome you
Crimson crystal beads to beckon
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
Theres a sun show every second

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of today
And the streets are paved with passersby
And pigeons fly and papers lie awaiting to blow away

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I knew
There was milk and toast and honey
And a bowl of oranges, too

And the sun poured in like butterscotch
And stuck to all my senses
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
And we'll talk in present tenses

When the curtain closes and the rainbow runs away
I will bring you incense owls by night
By candlelight, by jewel light if only you will stay
Pretty baby, won't you wake up, it's a Chelsea morning?

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