

Someone's Sleeping

John Phillips

In the morning through my window creeping
Sunlight chasin' colors on my wall
By my side, she lay sleeping
Cradled in
Antique shawl

Tuck her 'neath my cover
Watch her face settle in my down
I suppose we were lovers
She was good, good to have around

Some things are for keeping (no)
Some things are too good and they go

I remember market place in Tangiers
Standing there
Beggars all around her legs and she looked like an angel

From a second story window caught a glimpse of someone's life
And it was mine
And my face was dark and dirty
And I'd been crying

Tuck her 'neath your cover
Got a love keep her there
Make love all the time
I suppose we'd all be lovers
And you know everything comes in time

She looked like an angel

La di da....

Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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