

# Mary In The Morning

Al Martino

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning  
When through a sleepy haze I see her lying there  
    Soft as the rain that falls on summer flowers

    Warm as the sunlight shining on her golden hair  
When I awake and see her there so close beside me  
I want to take her in my arms, the ache is there so deep inside me  
And nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the  
    morning

    Chasing a rainbow in her dreams so far away  
And when she turns to touch me, I kiss her face so softly  
Then my Mary wakes to love another day  
And Mary's there in sunny days or stormy weather  
    She doesn't care 'cause right or wrong the love we share, we share together

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