

## I give you the morning

(G)Ever again the (G/F#)morning creeps a(C)cross your shoul(G)ders.  
(G)Through he frosted (G/F#)window pane the (C)sun grows (G)bolder.  
Your (Emin)hair flows down your (Emin/G)pillow, you're still (D)sleeping.  
(D/C) - (D/B)  
I (D)think I'll (G)wake you now and (C)hold (G)you,  
Tell you again the things I've (C)told (G)you.  
Be(Emin)hold I give you the (Emin/G)morning,  
(G)I (D)give you the (G)day.

Through the waving curtain wall the sun comes streaming.  
Far behind your flickering eyelids, you're still dreaming.  
You're dreaming of the good times, and you're smiling.  
I think I'll wake you now and hold you,  
Tell you again the things I've told you.  
Behold I give you the morning,  
I give you the day.

Close beneath the window cill the earth is humming.  
Like an eager Christmas child, the day is coming.  
Listen to the morning's song, it's singing.  
I think I'll wake you now and hold you,  
Tell you again the things I've told you.  
Behold I give you the morning,  
I give you the day.

Like an antique ballroom fan your eyelids flutter.  
Sunlight streams across your eyes, trough open shutters.  
Now I think you're ready for the journey.  
I think I'll wake you now and hold you,  
Tell you again the things I've told you.  
Behold I give you the morning,  
I give you the day.