Amos Lee, Morning

Morning, Like a picture without a frame. Morning, like a smile without a name. Simple, oh, so simple, and yet so true. Oh morning, I know now, why your sky is so blue.

Only I, I cannot see through it; oh, so, see behind it. There are some things so beautiful, they're just undefined

Morning. like a prophet without a word. Oh morning, like a soldier without a soul. My, my, my, funny how we see so much, but cannot feel a thing. Oh my sweet savior, morning. hear me sing. Hear me sing.

Morning. Morning. Morning. Morning.