

# Elvis Presley, Mary In The Morning

(Cymbal - Rashkow)

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning  
When through the sleepy haze I see her lying there  
Soft as the rain that falls on summerflowers  
Warm as the sunlight shining on her head

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

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning  
Chasing the rainbow in her dreams so far away  
And when she turns to touch me I kiss her fingers so softly  
And then my Mary wake to love and love again

And Mary's there in summer days or stormy weather  
She doesn't care how right or wrong the love we share,  
We share together

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the evening  
Kissed by the shade of night and starlight in her hair  
And as we walk, I hold her close beside me  
All our tomorrows for a lifetime we will share