

# Holly Throsby, The Morning

Night's gone and morning's come  
We're rolling over, waking up  
And I swing, swing these days along  
Counting moments, missing home

We follow love  
We think it makes us strong  
All these years, love  
How could we be wrong?

Then like you, this bird it flew  
It misses like I'm missing you  
And we drink, drink, we throw them down  
We're better off, we're better now

We follow love  
We think it makes us strong  
All these years, love  
How could we be wrong?