

# Roy Orbison, Good Morning, Dear

Were the nights any sweeter  
The mornings any cooler, when she was here?  
Or was the mind grown accustomed to hearing "Good morning Dear"?

Should I still feel all the sunshine  
That remembering brings to mind with my thoughts of her?  
Lord, we both know things could never be the way they were

Her little girl illusions  
built the wall of confusion between right and wrong

That stands between her and the dream I had cherished so long

Now faded and tattered, once all that mattered when she was here  
And a mind grown accustomed to hearing "Good morning dear";

Were the nights any sweeter  
The mornings any cooler, when she was here?  
Or was the mind grown accustomed to hearing "Good morning Dear"?