

# The Carpenters, Aurora

Morning opens quietly  
A shadow vision  
Over me  
I know you well  
Hidden by the window pane  
And all my sadness  
Gone charade  
Begins to fade  
How long it stayed

Patterns of another day  
Awaken slowly  
Out of gray  
A tolling bell  
Rolling down the alleyway  
It's calling all  
My dreams away  
My dreams are songs I play