

Wet Wet Wet, Morning

It's the same old situation
Same old faces, but a different town
Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide
I'm dancing with the shadows,
In a cold moonlight.

And I can't wait until the morning
I can't wait another minute, hour day or night,
I can't wait until the morning,
You know it won't feel so cold.

It's 5 am, and I just got into bed
And the heart of the city is almost gone,
And I know what is right
And I know what is wrong
I'm dancing with the shadows,
In a cold moonlight.

And I can't wait until the morning
I can't wait another minute, hour day or night,
I can't wait until the morning,
You know it feels so cold.

Sometimes in between my dreams at night,
I walk alone I'm going underground.
And in the distance I can hear a crowd.
It makes me wonder what it's all about.
All about...
All about

It's the same old consolation,
Different faces in the same old town,
Nowhere to run to
Nowhere to hide,
They're dancing with the shadows,
In a cold moonlight

And I can't wait until the morning
I can't wait another minute, hour day or night,
I can't wait until the morning,
You know it feels so cold