

Morning, Morning

Echt!

Morning, morning,
feel so lonesome in the morning,
morning, morning
morning brings me grief.

Sunshine, sunshine,
sunshine laughs upon my face,
and the glory of the growing
puts me in my rotting place.

Evening, evening,
feel so lonesome in the evening,
evening, evening,
evening brings me grief.

Moonshine, moonshine,
moonshine drugs the hills with grace
and the secret of the shining,
seeks to break my simple face.

Nighttime, nighttime,
kills the blood upon my cheek,
nighttime, nighttime,
does not bring me to relief.

Starshine, starshine.
feel so loving in the starshine,
starshine, starshine
darling kiss me as I weep.