

# Morningside

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Morningside  
The old man died  
And no one cried  
They simply turned away

And when he died  
He left a table made of nails and pride  
And with his hands,  
He carved these words inside  
'For my children'

Morning light  
Morning bright  
I spent the night  
With dreams that make you weep  
Morning time  
Wash away the sadness  
From these eyes of mine  
For I recall the words an old man signed  
'For my children'

And the legs were shaped with his hands  
And the top made of oaken wood  
And the children  
That sat around this great table  
Touched it with their laughter  
Ah, and that was good

Morningside  
An old man died  
And no one cried  
He surely died alone  
And truth is sad  
For not a child would claim the gift he had  
The words he carved became his epitaph  
'For my children'