

Morning

Sarah Jarosz

Morning finds you on the shore
Quiet coastline, never asked for more
Morning finds you in the sand
I will be there holding out my hand

Great blue heron, calling out your name
I still hear her whispering the same
Drifting higher in the blue

Ooh-ooh, she reminds me of you
Ooh-ooh, she reminds me of you

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