

The Last Morning

Dr. Hook

The Last Morning " Dr Hook

D

This is the last morning that I wake up in this dirty city

A

Looking for the sunshine as the buildings block the skies

A

This is the last morning that I wash in rusty water

D

Trying to shave a face that I don t even recognise

D

Down the hallway rats are skittering, I can smell the garbage rotting

G

Hear the children crying in an apartment down below

D

A

This is the last morning, that I m gonna have to listen to it

D

I m going home, yeah

D

This is the last morning, that I try to breath the heavy air

A

Fight the crowds, avoid the traffic, watch the world turn grey

A

This is the last morning that I drink my coffee standing up

D

Smile and speak to strangers who just turn and walk away

D

This is a tough cold city here, and I ll guess I ll never cut it here

G

And I m so tired of trying to stand against it all alone

D

A

This is the last morning, that I m gonna have to fight it

D

I m going home, yeah

D

This is the last morning that I wear these greasy overalls

A

Punch the clock and do just what I m told to get along

A

And face the long evening, laying close beside my radio

D

Imagining the kisses of the girl that sings the song

D

Down below the subway s screaming, as I lay here halfway dreaming

G

Looking at the ceiling, wondering where, the dream went wrong (where, where)

D

A

This is the last morning, that I m gonna have to think about it

D

I m going home

D

I m going home, I m going home, I m going home