

Morningside

Neil Diamond

Written by: neil diamond
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 the old man signed
"for my children"
And the legs were shaped with his hands
and the top made of oaken wood
and the children sat around this table
touched 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 epitath
"for my children"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>