

Soft Light of Dawn

July 2011

I love to hear the bells on Sunday morning
The lonesome whistle of a far off train
The murmur of a mountain stream in April
A tin roof drumming in the rain

G
G C G
Am C G
C Em D

I love to hear the sound of distant thunder
And the coyotes serenade the moon
That old red rooster down at Baker's farm
And the righteous twang of a country tune

Chorus:

But sweeter than the wind in a live oak tree
Or crickets on a summer lawn
Is the sound of your breathing next to me
In the first soft light of dawn

C G
Am G D
C Am G Em
G D G

Bridge:

I love squeaky porch swings and old dogs barking
Bacon crackling in the pan
The rattle of a freight crossing Main Street
And the humming of an old ceiling fan

Chorus