

"Beauty of the Day"  
by Gregg Standridge, John Hadley and Terry Ware

I still don't know what happened  
It's a mystery to me  
I used to think we had it all  
So I sat back and let it be

Cold and dark was the night  
The streets they dragged you away  
They hid you from the morning light  
And the beauty of the day

I didn't know the show was over  
I didn't see the curtain fall  
I didn't hear your goodbye footsteps  
Going down the hall

Cold and dark was the night  
The streets they dragged you away  
They hid you from the morning light  
And the beauty of the day

One a.m., two a.m., three a.m., four  
I'm waiting for the moment that you come through the door  
I'll leave the candle burning in the window just for you  
And hope that you're back in my arms before the night is through

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