

Morning Is Broken

Lloyd Cole

You used to be mean, you used to be cruel
But you were laughing then and it was no accident
Where did the mean man go? Is he chasing his shadow?
Is he unhappy to report that the gentleman he found is a terrible bore? You know it all, you've got all the answers
But if that's the case, what's with the long face? It's very easy to be brave
With your good foot in the grave
It's very easy to be cold
When there's no one in the world you want to know It's very easy to be suave
When you're on your guard
Like you always are The sun goes down and now the shadows arise
And morning is broken as you mourn your life
You smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
You face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore Is it hard to let go at the foot of the rainbow?
Just to be informed that the chase was your reward
Here have a crock of gold, keep it for when you're old
Like a week on Tuesday, hey wise man say It's very easy to be brave
With your good foot in the grave
It's very easy to be cold
When there's nowhere in the world you want to go It's very easy to be suave
When you're on your guard
Like you always are The sun goes down and now the shadows arise
And morning is broken as you mourn your life
You smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
You face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore The sun goes down and now the shadows arise
And morning is broken as you mourn your life
You smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
And morning is broken as the pimp or whore Put me in the ground, put me in the ground
Come on, put me in the ground
The morning is broken
(The morning is broken as you mourn your life)
Come on, put me in the ground
(The sun goes down and now the shadows arise) Come on, come on, put me in the ground
(The morning is broken as you mourn your life)
The morning is broken
The sun goes down and now the shadows arise
And morning is broken as you mourn your life

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