

Mourning Song

Shovels & Rope

She walked into the kitchen
Where most mornings would begin
Put her hands down on the counter
Stretched her fingers long and thin
Drug her eyes across the wall to where he hung his mandolin
Then she whispered out the count like she was whisperin' it to him
Morning song, mourning song
You were always on my mind and even though now I am gone
I taught you these four chords so you could sing your mourning song
He was not much of a singer
There was shrapnel in his sound
Always ready with a zinger
That could burn the whole place down
Their love was undefinable
No beginning and no end
Like so many ancient secrets
Ever blowing in the wind
Morning song, mourning song
You were always on my mind and even though now I am gone
I taught you these four chords so you could sing your mourning song
The walls are tumbling
The gates are opening
Sorrow will not win
No, sorrow will not win
From the morning through the evening
Of each and every day
Wildness to wisdom
From the gold on through the grey
From the songs of new
born babies
To those who fell along the way
I have loved you and I will find you
Now please sing me on my way
With your morning song, mourning song
Pardon me if I'm sentimental, you were always strong
Wake up little bird, come and sing your morning song
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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