

# Morning Light

## Ivory Hours

And it seems so strange to me  
The way you change when you come home  
You drink a little and you can't stop  
Staring at the telephone  
You wash your hands on the white clothe  
You hung beside the mirror  
Till the numbers get blurry  
And the morning light shimmers

Oh

'Cause you know she's not coming home  
Well it seems so strange to me  
How she pretended not the notice  
The lipstick on her collar  
And the numbers in her wallet  
Packed her life in her suitcase  
Left a note on the dresser  
Put her pictures in the fireplace  
'Cause she knew you wouldn't miss her

Oh

And now she's not coming home  
Now she's heading for the border  
Colors not in light  
Left an all-nighter  
Drive into the morning light  
When there's home to make way  
And she hates to say goodbye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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