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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