

Morning Hollow

Sparklehorse

In the silver morning hollow
Trembling and getting old
Smelling burnt oil of heaven
About ten years, too big to hold
She don't get up when I come into the room
She don't run through the fields anymore
Built a fire in the kitchen
Made her bed by a stove
Took a walk to the graveyard
But she didn't want to go
She don't worry all them murders of crows
Even though they was always out of reach
She don't get up when I come into the room
She don't run through the fields anymore

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