

# Morning Glory

## Blood, Sweat & Tears

I lit my purest candle close to my window  
Hoping it would catch the eye  
Of any vagabond who passed it by  
And I waited in my fleeting house Before he came, I felt him drawing near  
[Incomprehensible], I felt the ancient fear  
That he had come to my door and jeered  
And I waited in my fleeting house "Tell me stories", I called to the hobo  
"Stories of cold", I smiled to the hobo  
"Stories of old", I knelt to the hobo  
And he stood before me in my fleeting house "No", said the hobo, "No more tales of time  
Don't ask me now to wash away the grime  
I can't come in 'cause it's too hard a climb"  
And he walked away from my fleeting house "Then you'll be damned", I screamed to the hobo  
"Leave me alone", I wept to the hobo  
"Turn into stone", I knelt to the hobo  
And he walked away from my fleeting house I lit my purest candle close to my window  
Hoping it would catch the eye  
Of any vagabond who passed it by  
And I waited in my fleeting house

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