Quarter To Three

Clarence Clemons

Whenever light shines down on misery
It can only make things worse
On the day we met she burned so bright
I was lucky as a gypsy curse

Well she was blushing like a wedding day
With her eyes so sharp and black
And her gentle little smile
Was the color of blood
And she's never ever coming back

Now let me tell you:
I've been up since a quarter to three
And I've been pacing back and forth
Through the hall
I've been thinking 'bout the first time
She took my hand
And I don't understand it at all

Whatever hopes I once kept safe & sound
In a locker underneath my bed
Whatever thoughts I once kept to myself
Are drowned out and dead

Because she sounded like a symphony
When she simply said my name
And the long blue days
That once were hers
Are long now just the same

In the hallway hangs a photograph
On her hand, a diamond ring
She mailed it with a little note
She nailed it to the edge of my wing

I have burned out every sympathy
And the house is still and black
But now I've seen my misery
And she's never ever coming back

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