

# Mourning Morning

## Taphephobia

Morning light don't scratch my eyes  
Just let me wash up on a shore  
I used to have the strangest dreams  
But they don't come here anymore  
My duvet's laid out like an atlas  
With stains to mark the borderlines  
Indentations in my pillow  
I hope won't fade with time  
Smoke the roach left in the ashtray  
On which I choked the night before  
Stubbed my toes on dirty clothes  
Like mountain ranges on a floor  
I pick my way through crusty dishes  
And their greasy chemistry  
I washed two cups and then remember  
That you've left already  
I let you go so reluctantly  
And I can still hear your lazy symphony  
And just when I think I found my calling  
It's another mourning morning  
They say the devil's in the detail  
I'm gonna blind my eyes instead  
I put my memories in a landscape  
Where only reckless angels tread  
And watch the fingerprints you left  
Like a secret code upon my skin  
And I remember when you told me  
A gilded crown won't make a king  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But sometimes it doesn't show  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
Let the conversation flow  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay

But sometimes it doesn't show  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
Have to go again  
I let you go so reluctantly  
And I can still hear your lazy symphony  
And just when I think I found my calling  
It's another mourning morning  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay  
But I know you have to go  
Have to go again

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