Morning Glory

Tim Buckley

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 houseBefore he came, I felt him drawing near
And as he neared, I felt the ancient fear
That he had come to wound my door and jeer
But I waited in my fleeting house"Oh, tell me stories", I called to the Hobo
"Stories of old", I smiled at the Hobo
"Stories of cold", I wept to the Hobo
And I waited 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, it's just too high a climb"
And he walked away my fleeting house

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