Morning Hollow

Sparklehorse

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

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